THE New Movie MAGAZINE

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES

JANUARY 1934

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VOL. IX, No. 1 JANUARY 1934

THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS *Publisher* HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!

The Most Fearless Expression of Opinion in Any Film Magazine

EDDIE CANTOR . . . . . **I Challenge the Producers!**
SAMUEL GOLDWYN . . . . . **You Can't Measure Genius in Dollars!**
B. P. SCHULBERG . . . . . **A Producer Speaks His Mind**
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NEW PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE AND WHY

Your Dependable Guide to the Films of the Month By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

and

Advance News of New Films in the Making By Franc Dillon

Cover Design by Clarke Moore

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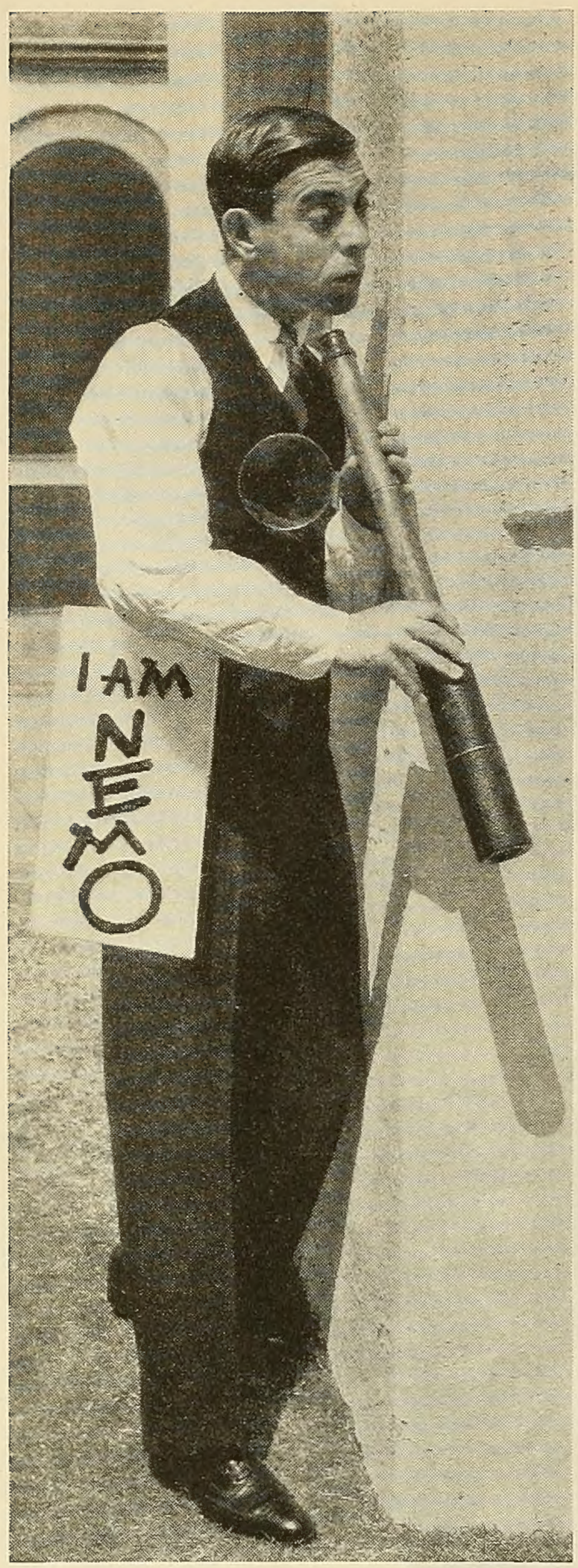

Eddie Cantor, giving his own unique interpretation of The New Movie Magazine's star reporter of unconsidered trifles, Nemo.

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

The New Movie Magazine's Man-about-town gives you all of the latest gossip from the movie colony

By NEMO

HOLLYWOOD'S fortunates are having their troubles with a real menace. The motion picture community is infested with racketeers who are exerting their best efforts to discover ways of divesting high-salaried personalities of their bank balances. Run out of New York and Chicago by the law or the depression, the lads who live by their wits, or worse, have flocked to Hollywood in droves. No one knows just what they have done, to what extent they have carried their depredations, because those who have suffered won't talk about it. And no one blames them.

Not so long ago it was rumored around Hollywood that Charlie Chaplin had been kidnaped by "snatchers" and had paid a large ransom to obtain his freedom. Other names have been mentioned in connection with similar occurrences. The police have no record of any attempt at kidnaping a picture celebrity. There have been threats, however, and many of the high-salaried ones now have to go about amply guarded.

There is scarcely a star's home in Hollywood or Beverly Hills or a producer's, in which there are children, that is not guarded day and night. There have been numerous robberies of picture people which bore the mark of the racketeer and in which the "finger" figured.

Warner Brothers even made a picture called "The Finger Man" which stars Jimmy Cagney as a former gangster who comes to Hollywood and becomes a big picture name. In case you don't savvy the term, the "finger man" of a mob is the fellow who points out the victim and the location to nab him. Mae West, Betty Compson and one of the many Marxes are only a few of those who are reputed to have had the "finger" put on them at various times.

THE most talked about achievement of the gangsters among those who discuss the lowdown in more or less certain terms is that which concerned a well known eccentric comedian. A former night club entertainer who made good in the movies went back to New York last year to appear in a musical comedy. These who profess to know all about it declare that the comedian didn't want to go back to New York at all but that only fear of bodily injury or even death was the impelling motive. True, he got a good salary but throughout the run of the play there was never a moment that he did not realize the menace which hovered over him.

Funny about Edward G. Robinson, who has won undying fame portraying the role of gang leader. As "Little Caesar," following his tour as the Chicago gangster in "The Racket," Eddie made nearly everybody in the country believe that he was the real McCoy. Again, as "The Little Giant," he was a sure-enough gangster. Just shows what a swell actor he is, because Eddie is as ignorant of gangland as his six-months' old baby. He knows even less about firearms, if that is possible. Yet he is just what everyone

(*Please turn to page* 8)

Busby Berkeley, dance director, goes to New York to sign eight of the most beautiful girls picked as contest winners. Here they are: Grace Moore, Blanche McDonald, Diana Bourget, Marie Marks, Claire Augerot, Jane Vance, Rickey Newell, Marjorie Murphy.

If you're looking for New Ideas on Food!

FACTS? Lots of them! Ideas? Scores of them! Interest in every line. Everyone who wants something new and novel and not at all difficult to prepare can find it in Tower Magazines' handy reference library of food books. Every housewife or like-to-be housewife ought to have them. Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars; Reducing the Right Way; 44 Easy, Economical Dinners.

Let's turn the pages first of Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars. Half the fun of knowing about Fredric March's recipe "Ham With Cucumbers" is seeing the accompanying picture of handsome "Fredric" at a cozy home meal. The other recipes have equal interest.

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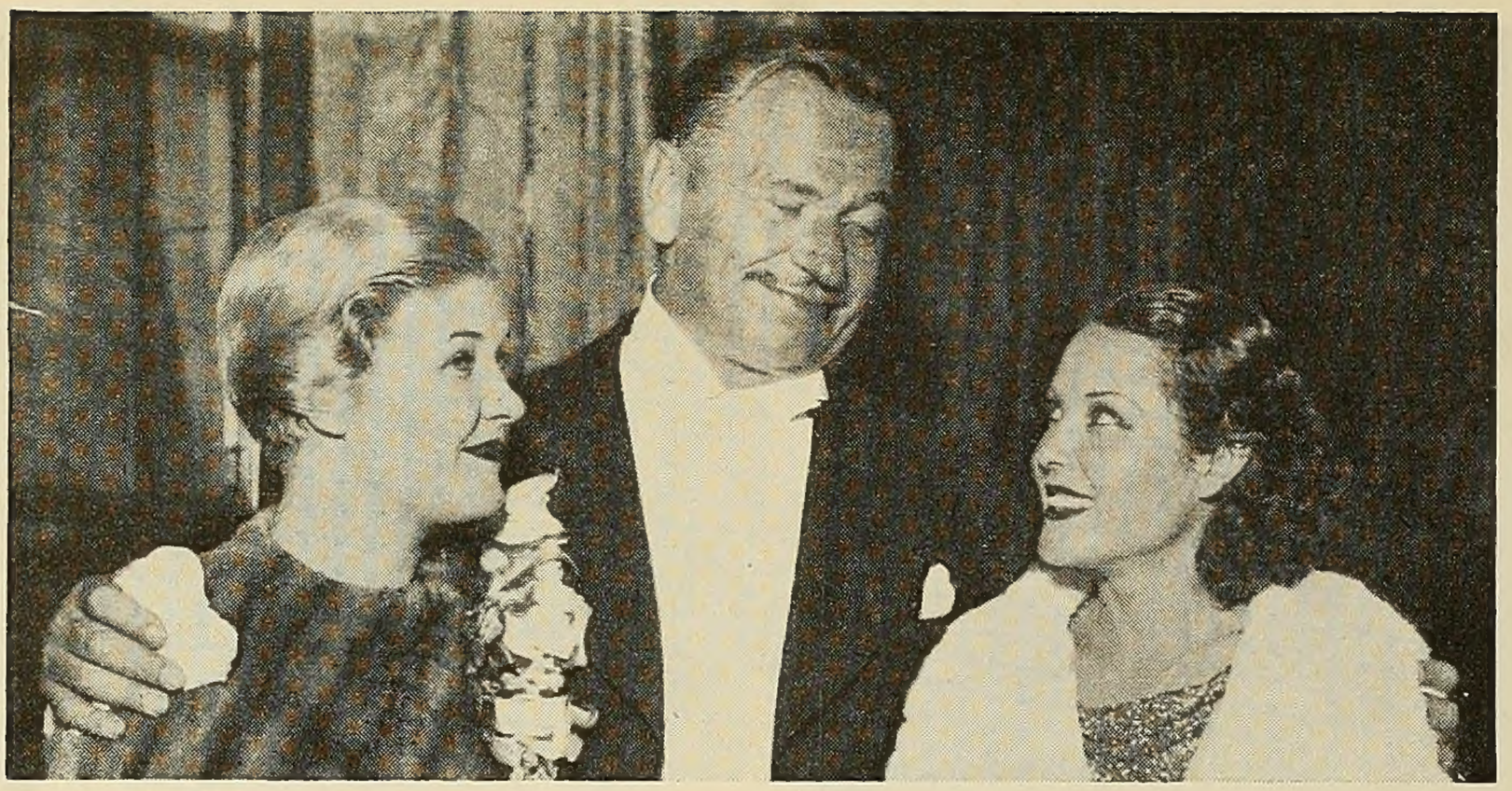


Photo by Wide World

Wally Beery, in London, hobnobbing with Hollywood friends—Laura LaPlante and Raquel Torres, both in England working in British films.

Mae West on the set, with Cary Grant, Romayne, secretary to Wesley Ruggles, the director, and William LeBaron, who is credited with having sponsored the stardom of both Miss West and Bing Crosby.

Hollywood chatterers have been frantically endeavoring to link the names of Sari Maritza and Sam Katz, the theater magnate, formerly one of the heads of Paramount. Here you see her in her latest picture, Ann Harding's "The Right to Romance."

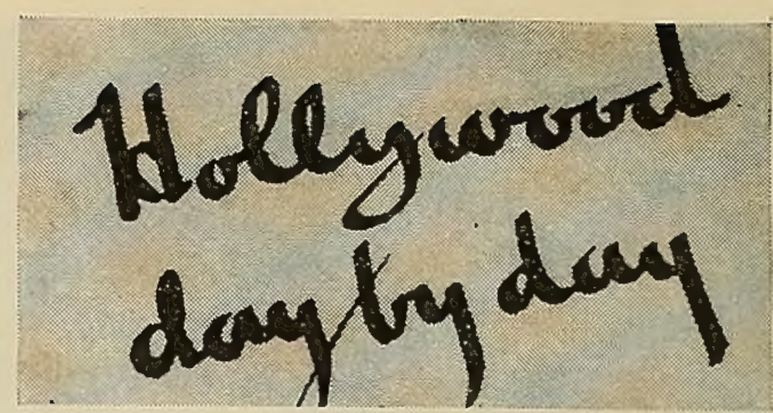
(*Continued from page* 6)

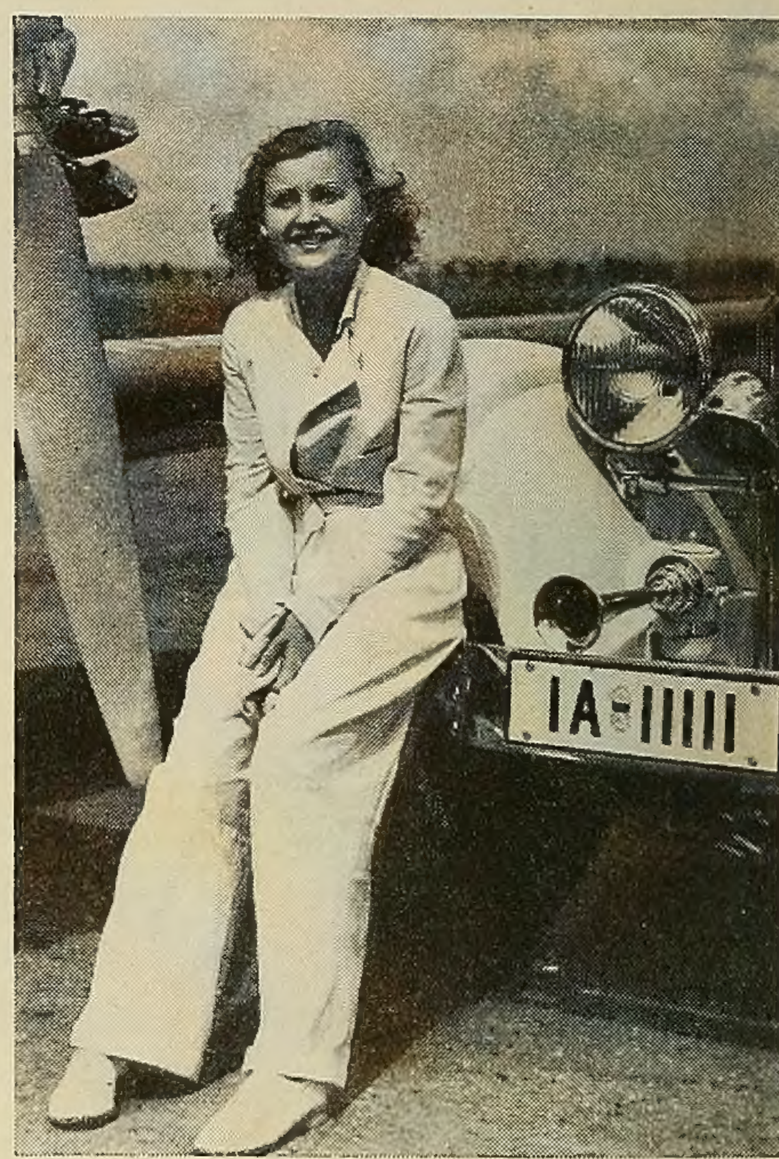
believes a boss racketeer should be in real life and it is doubtful if he will ever be accepted as anything else.

Recently he was starred in a picture of the Chicago stock-yards, called, for some reason or other, "I Loved a Woman" and critics generally agreed that he was woefully miscast.

WHAT threatened for a time to develop into one of the pepperiest scandals Hollywood has been afflicted with in years accompanied the arrest of a couple of young Eastern gangsters charged with the robbery of John Warburton, an English actor who came out to play in "Cavalcade." One of them made a confession in which he stated that they were hired by Sidney Bartlett to beat up the Britisher and disfigure him. Alice White's name was dragged into it. They've been writing pieces in the papers about Alice and Si Bartlett for many moons.

Well, the horrid fellows from the courthouse had Alice and Si go down and visit the grand jury. Alice told 'em that she didn't know a thing about anything and Si refused to tell 'em anything about anything. As a result the two gangsters were indicted for robbery and no official notice taken of the alleged conspiracy to muss up the Englishman's features so he'd only be good for Boris Karloff parts thereafter.





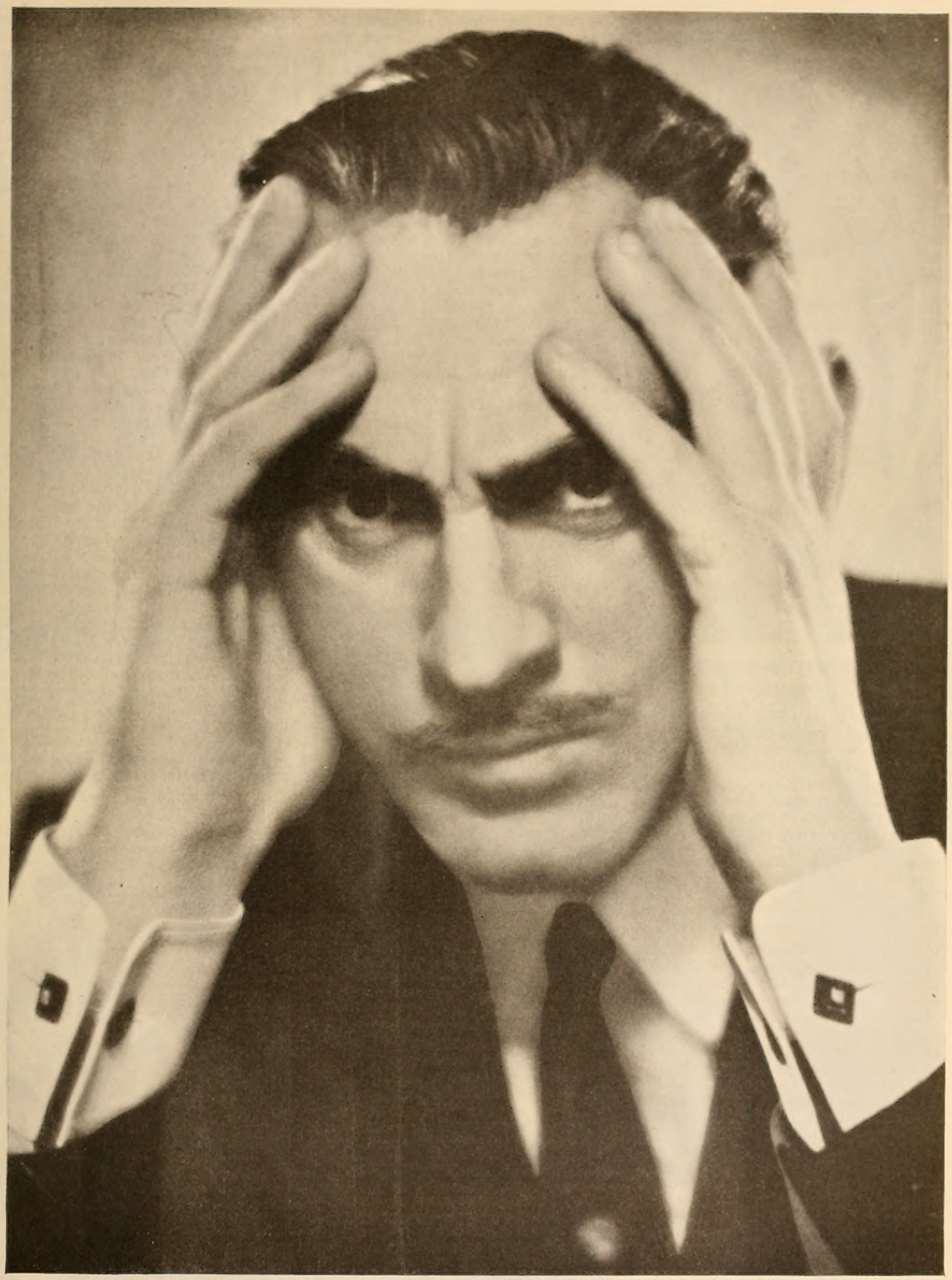
Lilian Harvey is still subject to some of the influence of her almost-native Germany. For instance, she drives a big German car, a Mercedes. The California motor vehicle authorities, just as star conscious as we lesser mortals are, have given her license plate No. IA-11111.

THE big literary captive of the season is Emil Ludwig, the famous biographer. Warner Brothers brought him to Hollywood from Switzerland to work on a treatment of his Napoleon biography which is to star Eddie Robinson. By the way, Napoleon was something of a racketeer himself, so Eddie ought to do a good job on him. Ludwig, who is a German Jew, has lived in Switzerland for some years because of discrimination against his race in Hitlerland. He is regarded as the foremost writer of biography of this era and is a leader in the anti-Nazi movement.

GERMAN actors in Hollywood are more than a little agitated by the Nazi activities. Most of the picture producers are Jewish and several of them are heavy contributors to the movement to offset anti-Jewish machinations abroad.

Naturally, the actors known to be in sympathy with Herr Hitler's views aren't getting a great deal of consideration and the chief indoor sport among the Teuton Thespians is to write letters to the producers telling them that the other actors are

(*Please turn to page* 10)



John Barrymore, in real life Hollywood's proudest father, now at work, paradoxically, on the dramatization of G. B. Stern's popular novel, "Long Lost Father." Later on he is tentatively scheduled to do "Break of Hearts," with the dynamic Katharine Hepburn.

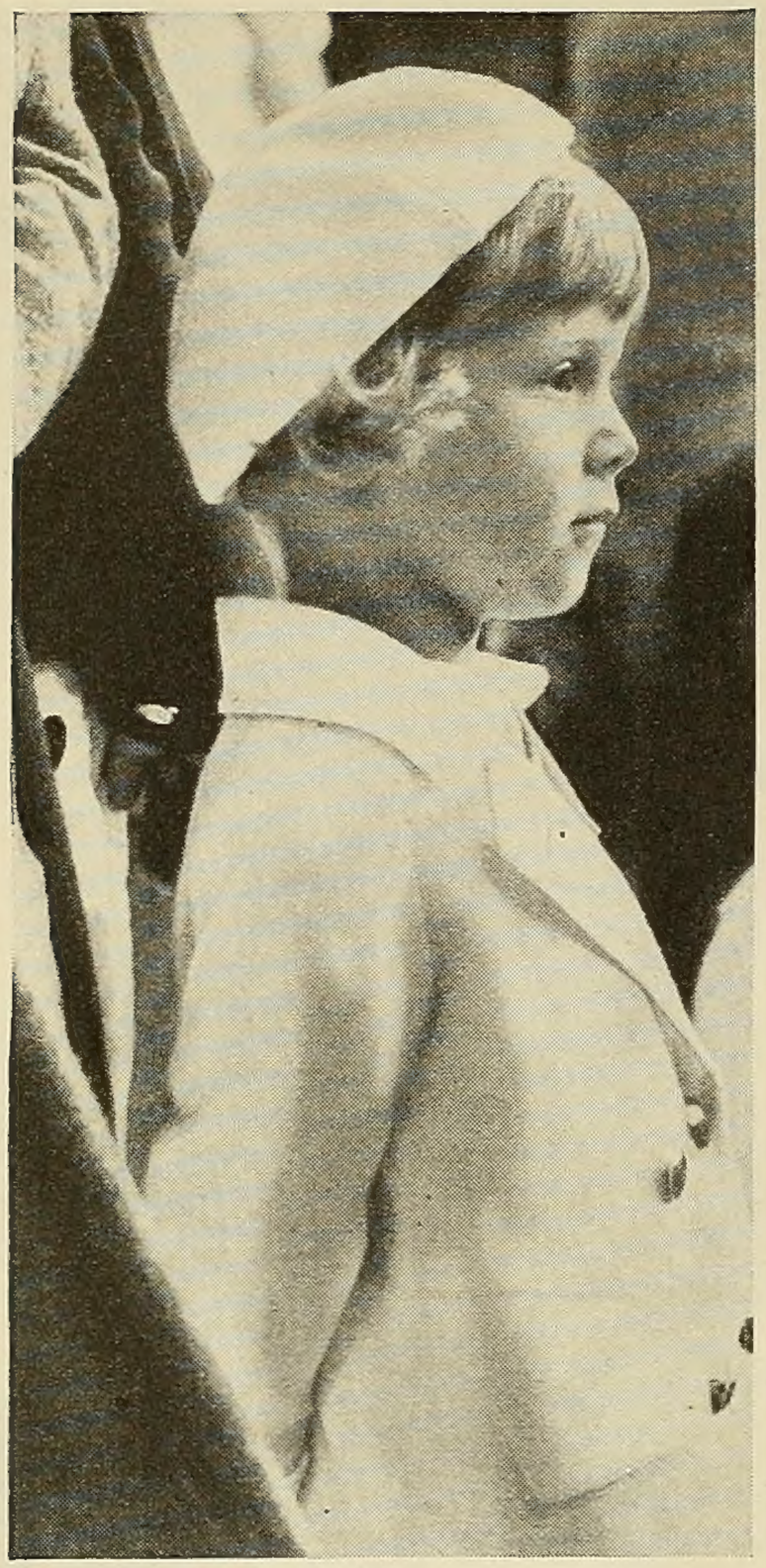


Photo by Wide World

Peter Bennett, four-year-old adopted son of Constance Bennett. This is one of the first pictures ever published of the little blond, blue-eyed boy because, hitherto, Connie has refused to permit it.

This is the first introduction to the camera of Miss Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, shown for your inspection by her proud mother.

Photo by Wide World

(*Continued from page* 8)

Hitlerites. That good old fellow countryman spirit.

Ernst Lubitsch was one German who got a laugh out of newspaper stories that he, among others, was being recalled to Germany to make pictures which would add to the glory of Deutschland. Ernst is a Jew, and about the last person Hitler wants to see making pictures for UFA or anybody else in the Vaterland. Besides Ernst is on the way to becoming an American citizen.

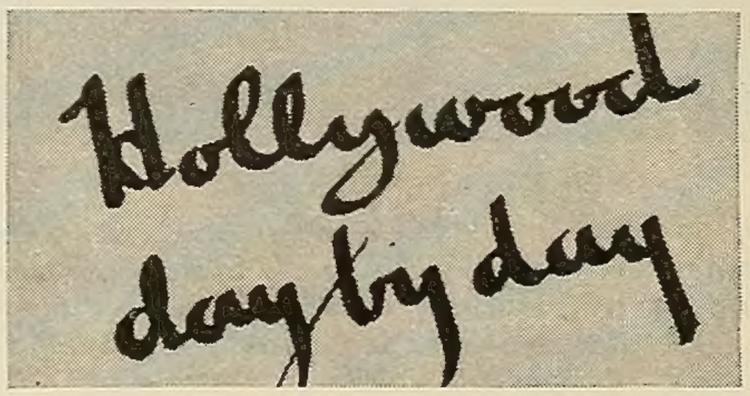
AND, while discussing the Teuton situation, the fair Marlene's name was also mentioned as one of the wanted expatriates, but there is little likelihood of *die* Dietrich ditching the U.S.A. Not unless Mae West gets her goat. Of course, that was mostly publicity—that feud between Mae and Marlene—and pretty good press agent hooey at that. The famous old Negri-Swanson feud was raked up and warmed over for the benefit of the present generation and the public was almost convinced that Mae was ready to take aim at Marlene, or vice versa, at the very first time they got within a mile of each other. But at this writing there have been no fatalities.

BET you never knew that Jean Harlow was a Hollywood school girl. Yep, she once attended the very exclusive Hollywood School for Girls which was located on LaBrea just a block off Hollywood Boulevard. She was about twelve then and among her schoolmates were Milton Sills' daughter and the tw odaughters of Louis B. Mayer.

And maybe you'd be surprised to learn that her hair wasn't any darker than it is now. But they called her a "cotton-top" then instead of a platinum blonde. Only two boys ever attended that school, and who d'ye suppose they were? Young Doug Fairbanks and Joel McCrea! Honest! Cross my heart!

THE latest Hollywood garment is the "earthquake pajama." You see, there is no telling when old Mother Earth does a shimmy out here—by the way, why not call the gaudy suits "shimmies?"—and no

self-respecting picture star wants to dash out on the street or into a crowded hotel or apartment house lobby attired in an unattractive outfit. So they have the deluxe garment handy to slip on when the house starts to shake, and any old-timer can make the change between the bedroom door and the hall, without losing a step.



"HOOPLA," which is the latest Clara Bow vehicle, is "The Barker" which first brought Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert to the attention of film magnates while the play was running on Broadway some half dozen years ago. Later it became a First National picture, starring the late Milton Sills. It was while playing on the stage in this play that Claudette met Norman Foster and married him.

THERE was a unique reunion at the opening of Mae West's newest opus, "I'm No Angel," at Grauman's Chinese. Cary Grant, Mae's leading man, made a personal appearance with other members of the cast. On the prologue bill was a troupe of stilt walkers and it was immediately Old Home Week. Cary ran away from home to join a circus when he was a kid and became a stilt walker, and this was his old gang.

BY the way, Mae is now working on her new contract by the terms of which she gets $100,000 a picture. They also say that the curvaceous one also gets about half that amount again for providing her own story and, be it known, Mae won't stand for anybody's writing stories for her pictures but Mae.

Well, it's quite an achievement, and you must hand it to Mae. Not so long ago, she came to Hollywood with ominous prophecies echoing in her ears. The smart fellows on Broadway opined that she could never get into a studio, let alone get herself a lucrative contract.

They figured that, because of those ultra-sexy things she did on the stage. Will Hays would frown upon

(*Please turn to page* 12)

Jack L. Warner, Jr., following in his successful father's footsteps, strolling with Ricardo Cortez on the Warner Brothers' studio lot. "Rick," beginning his new Warner contract, is first seen in "The Shakedown."

NEW FACES

The new star, John Lachlan Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown. Who calls him a star? You just ask Papa Johnny and Mama Cornelia Foster Brown, and you'll soon find out.

Wini Shaw was a torch singer in a Cleveland, Ohio, night club when Lenore Ulric and Arch Selwyn, the theatrical and movie producer, heard her. They rushed her to New York for a Fox contract. You'll see her soon in Fox's Movietone Follies.

Photo by Wide World

Paramount conducted an international beauty contest in Great Britain, and here are the four answers, en route to Hollywood—Loretta Walker, of Ireland; Lucille du Toit, from far-off South Africa; Gwenllian Gil, of Scotland, and Nita Harvey, of England.

Frances Drake, the little English actress, just signed by Paramount and rushed to Hollywood. She'll be up for your inspection soon.

Jacqueline Wells, stage ingenue, playing her first leading role in Paramount's "Tillie and Gus."

Recent recruits in the movie producers' world-wide search for beauty and talent—and one new star

Photo by Wide World

Jack LaRue, Paramount's professional menace —if George Raft doesn't get the part—and little Margie Lucille, dancer of the stage. Maybe so, maybe not—as we go to press.

Photo by Wide World

The bride and bridegroom go out stepping! Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett, at a Sunday night dance at the Beverly-Wilshire hotel. Just to look at them you'd never suspect them of being honeymooners, would you? Oh, certainly not.

Photo by Wide World

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee "went and done it." And everyone's been saying for months that Joel was "just a big brother" to all the girls.

Hollywood day by day

Photo by Wide World

Harry Joe Brown, Hollywood producer and director, and his bride, Sally Eilers. Their marriage contained every element of surprise for Hollywood, first because it followed so quickly Sally's secret Mexican divorce from Hoot Gibson, and, second, because the bridegroom, quiet, unassuming, greatly admired and respected in a community that strives for the spectacular, was never suspected of romantic tendencies.

(*Continued from page* 10)

her cinema ambitions sufficiently to wilt them. Instead, Mae started a vogue that will net her a fortune before they get tired of her so-called "restricted" talents.

All Hollywood has been wondering about the ultimate fate of Sylvia Sidney, who walked out on a Chevalier picture before it was finished. She is now at home again. To Hollywood, walking out on a picture is the unforgivable sin.

AND did Hollywood laugh about the elopement of Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez who came back from Nevada admitting that they had invested in a marriage license but protested that it wasn't used. Just wanted something to frame and hang on the sun-porch, no doubt. But later they decided they couldn't keep up pretenses any longer and confessed.

THREE Hollywood celebs were in auto wrecks in one night—a producer, a director and an actor. The latter, Lyle Talbot, was the most seriously injured. "Woody" Van Dyke, the director, was badly bruised in a collision which cost the life of the other car's driver. The producer, Jack Warner, miraculously escaped after a small car had crashed into his Rolls-Royce, wrecking both cars.

AL JOLSON is going to try for a come-back in a screen version of his last stage success, "The Wunder Bar." And it will be on the lot where he first won fame in pictures. The famous Mammy singer touched top and bottom in the pictures quicker than any star in the history of the industry. "The Jazz Singer," first feature picture to have sound and which revolutionized the cinema game, played to a gross of $2,000,000 in the very limited number of theaters that could play talkies. A short time later when many more theaters had been wired for sound his next opus "The Singing Fool" did a gross business of $5,000,000, an enormous figure. Just a few pictures later a Jolson talkie played to little more

Photo by Wide World

The latest post-divorce picture of Carole Lombard and William Powell. Her "friendly" divorce was just that, because you'll see them everywhere together, just as attentive to each other as ever. Perhaps Barbara Stanwyck was right when she said that they are still madly in love with each other.

than $200,000 a big loser for the producer. Show business has its eyes on Al. The wise ones repeat the old adage: "They never come back."

POOR little Renee Adoree, the little French girl of "The Big Parade." She finally gave up the uneven struggle and her ashes are now mingled with the blue waters of the placid Pacific. That was her wish. A victim of tuberculosis, Renee might have beaten the white plague but the battle was too much of a strain. She left the Arizona sanatorium much improved but far from cured more than a year ago. She hungered for the lights of Hollywood and familiar faces of its people. The doctors told her that any attempt to live the old life would end fatally but she just laughed at them. She had faced death so long that she had lost her fear of it and she wanted another

Hollywood day by day

fling at life before she bowed to the inevitable. But Hollywood will always remember her and the game fight she put up.

CHRISTENING parties are the latest in Hollywood. Of course, the first requisite is a baby and emulators will have some difficulty in keeping up with the pace started at the first one when there were two.

The dual christening was given at Bing Crosby's newly built home at Toluca Lake when the crooner's first-born shared honors with the son of the Dick Arlens. It was quite an affair and most of the babies of filmdom and their parents were there.

Bing has just moved into his new house which is a short distance from that of the Arlens.

LOOKS very much like a palpitating public is going to be deprived of a look at Huey Long's life on the screen. For something like six months writers at First National have been trying to write a screen story which would provide entertainment, disclose the life of the stormy Louisiana statesman—so-called—and at the same time be acceptable to the subject.

They started out with a title "The Kingfish" and when one scenario was completed to the satisfaction of the studio, contact was had with Huey for his okay. He gave it with reservations. They couldn't have anything in the picture which would reflect on the senator and he'd have to initial the shooting script.

That provided something of a problem. Nearly everything Huey has done has reflected on him, according to his critics. Again a script was prepared and Senator Long was given a slant at it. He said it was pretty good but he wasn't going to give it his sanction because he had just sold to another producer the

(Please turn to page 16)

Here's the pathetic gent who sticks his head out at you at the carnival shows, and you throw baseballs at him. But this time it's Ed Wynn in "The Chief." The sign reads, "Sock him!" You get an Ed Wynn giggle for every sock.

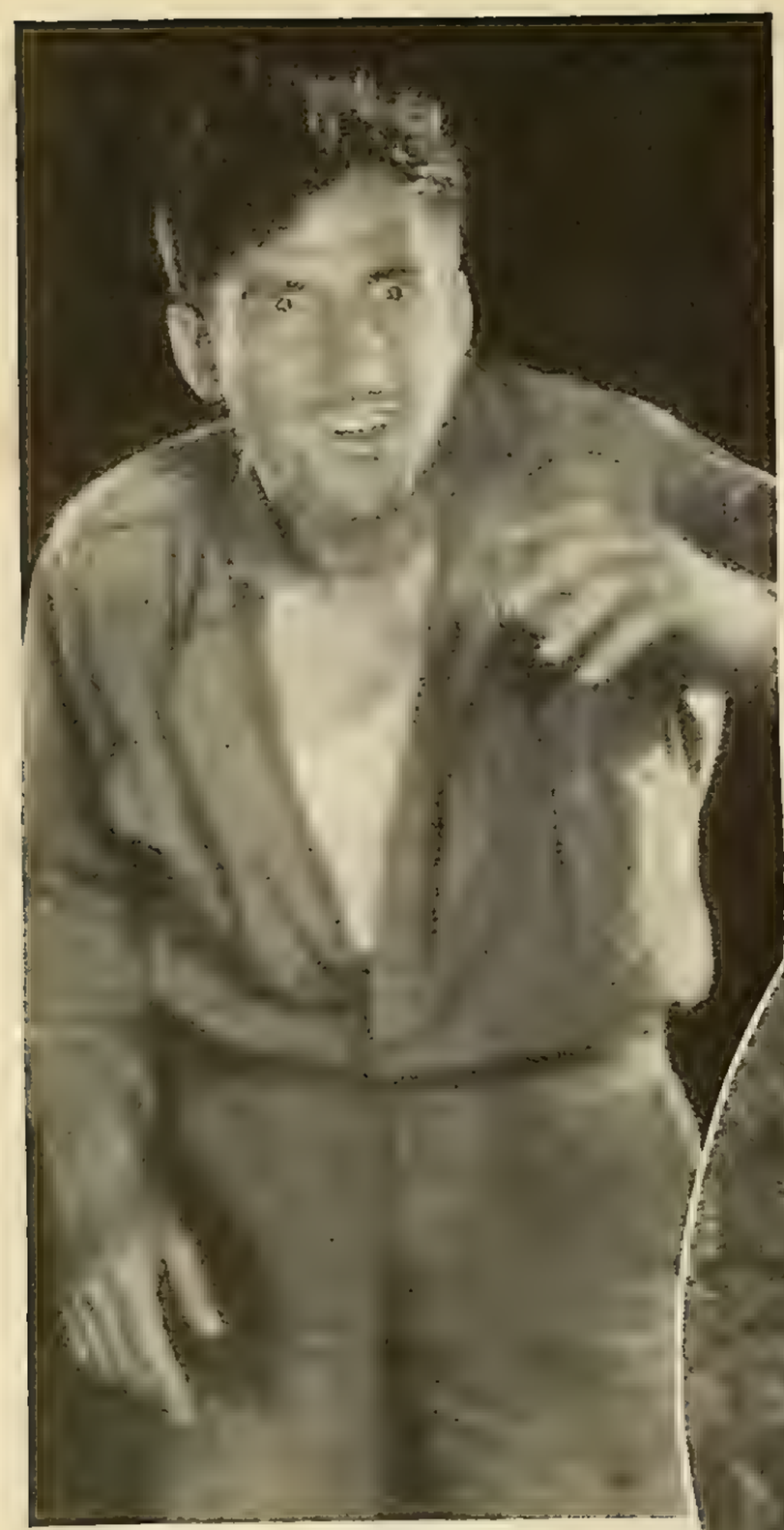
Mary Boland, who crashed smack into picture fame in "Three Cornered Moon" and "Mama Loves Papa," in "Four Frightened People." Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall and William Gargan are the three others who are scared.

Photo by Wide World

George Barnes, cameraman, and his wife, Joan Blondell, chaperoning Dick Powell and the girl friend from the old home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Mary Lou Tucker.

Gr-r-r-r-r!

A villain at work and at play—or scenes behind the screen in Movieland



Insane in "Desired Woman."

(Right) The murderer in "Unholy Night."

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

The comedy villain in "What? No Beer?"

But when John Miljan takes off his make-up and goes home—what a difference! Here he is shown crooning to John, Jr. He is an enthusiastic gardener and a great lover of flowers. One of the most contented, home-loving actors in Hollywood, off-stage he is a complete paradox of his screen self. Yet, strangely enough, he prefers roles of villainly and dastardly deeds, and, believe it or not, his fan mail is enormous, particularly from women. They seem to like 'em bad these days.

Crooked in "Susan Lennox." And (left) a specially posed character picture.

The menace in "Son of India."

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Eugene Robert Richee

What is your verdict on Dorothea Wieck? Is she a new star? Tell us what you think of her in the new Paramount-made "Cradle Song." Do you like her as well as you did in the German-made "Maedchen in Uniform"?

Hollywood day by day

(*Continued from page* 13)
screen rights to a book he was going to write about himself, so Warner Brothers might as well forget "The Kingfish." They won't do the picture but it's going to be hard to forget the Kingfish and all the dough he cost 'em.

ACCORDING to O. O. McIntyre, Jack La Rue of the Paramount payroll carries a toothbrush in his vest pocket. Of course he really would carry it in the band of his hat except for his inherent modesty. He doesn't like to be a show-off.

ROLAND HAYES, famous negro tenor, has written a story glorifying his race and friends are trying to interest producers in it. With Paul Robeson making a hit in "Emperor Jones," it is not unlikely that someone will follow it up with the Hayes story. The negro concert star is now staying in Santa Barbara.

THE Writers Club on Sunset Boulevard is again showing signs of life after a long period of inactivity and the old timers are glad to see it because the club is the pioneer social organization in Hollywood and the only one that has anything like a tradition. It is perhaps the only place where Charlie Chaplin ever performs before anything like a public gathering and those who attended are still talking about his stunts at the recent dinner in honor of Walt Disney.

Charlie had 'em in stitches with his bullfighter impression and then topped that with a French triangle in which he played all of the three angles. Funny thing about it is that the comedian speaks neither Spanish nor French but only a person familiar with those languages would have discovered it.

The Disney dinner was followed by one tendered to Emil Ludwig. So it looks like the good old Writers is in for a fine revivication. A feature of the Disney affair was the appearance in person of the three girls who provided the voices for the "Three Little Pigs" and the composers of the famous, "Who's Afraid of etc."

Oh yes, almost forgot to mention the fact that Will Rogers was there in all the glory of a light brown suit against a background of tuxedos and he had a lot of fun, closing his remarks with a parody on the wolf song. And the photographer men took a lot of pictures of Charlie and Paulette who accompanied him.

THE 1934 Harold Teen of the screen will be Hal LeRoy, the clever young dancer who knocked 'em cuckoo in New York during the last two seasons. Young LeRoy made a number of shorts for Warners and was unanimously selected by the casting officials after an inspection of various candidates. No relation to Mervyn LeRoy, the young director who is marrying into the Warner family.

JEAN HARLOW'S marriage to Hal Rosson, her cameraman, made her (*Please turn to page* 18)

Photo by Wide World

And this, for the romantically inclined, is the latest close-up of Lupe Velez, and her biggest heart-throb—and husband—Johnny Weissmuller. When Lupe was first accused of having married Johnny, she laughed and said she was having a lot of fun fooling the newspaper reporters.

Shirley Williams, twenty-one, hitch-hiked to Hollywood, with her dog, Tobyhanna. Arriving, she crashed the studio gates by giving imitations of animals for the benefit of the doormen. Now she's under contract to the sound recording department of Paramount. You'll hear her in "Duck Soup."

Marlene Dietrich, back from her German vacation, and at work again. Her first picture is "Her Regiment of Lovers," the Komroff story about Catherine of Russia.

WEDDING BELLES

•

Digging into the Old Family Album

•

Lucille Webster and James Gleason photographed the day they were married in Oakland, California, and neither apologizes for the fact that it was twenty-seven years ago.

(Above) Elsa Whitmer and Neil Hamilton at the time of their marriage ten years ago. Neil is togged out for one of his stock company parts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Maynard, from a snapshot taken ten years ago, at the time of their wedding at Arrowhead, where Ken was working on location.

Hollywood day by day

(*Continued from page* 16)
a member of one of Hollywood's pioneer film families. For about twenty years the Rossons have been identified with the pictures. Arthur, the eldest, is a director. He was with Doug Fairbanks for years. Dick was an actor for a long time and is now also in the directorial end of the game. He was once married to Vera Sisson, a star of more than a dozen years ago. Gladys is secretary to C. B. DeMille, a position she has held for about sixteen years and Helen Rosson used to play leads for the old American Film Studio.

ROWLAND BROWN, who is slated by the gossips who are in the know as Jack Dempsey's successor in the marital career of Estelle Taylor, was a lowly gag man and technical advisor on gangster stories before becoming a director. Brown has been a sort of stormy petrel of the studios and rarely finishes a picture that he begins. However he did complete "Blood Money" for Twentieth Century, thereby confounding a host of prophets.

FORD STERLING, once famous as a Keystone comic, returns to the screen after a long absence as the White King in Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland." He will have company. Louise Fazenda who also got her start with Sennett will appear as the White Queen; Polly Moran, another Keystoner, will be the Dodo Bird.

TIRING of Westerns, pretty Cecilia Parker who left a Hollywood convent to join the Fox company, has joined the comedies. She is now Andy Clyde's "daughter" in Educational laugh reels.

ADMIRALS, senators and congressmen and their wives were guests of honor at one of the most lavish Hollywood luncheons ever given. Jack L. Warner, who was chairman of the Los Angeles mayor's committee to entertain the visitors was the host and the scene was one of the big stages on the First National lot. There were thirteen admirals at the speaker's table, three United States senators, twenty members of Congress, one mayor and Will Rogers. Will's most quoted wisecrack, and he emitted plenty of them, was that the reason there were two congressmen seated between two admirals was so that the former could observe the tools used by the navy men in doing away with the food. "After a boy has spent four years at Annapolis," said Will, "he at least has learned how to eat properly."

Ruth Chatterton acted as hostess for the wives of the admirals and statesmen and the next day Mary Pickford entertained them at tea.

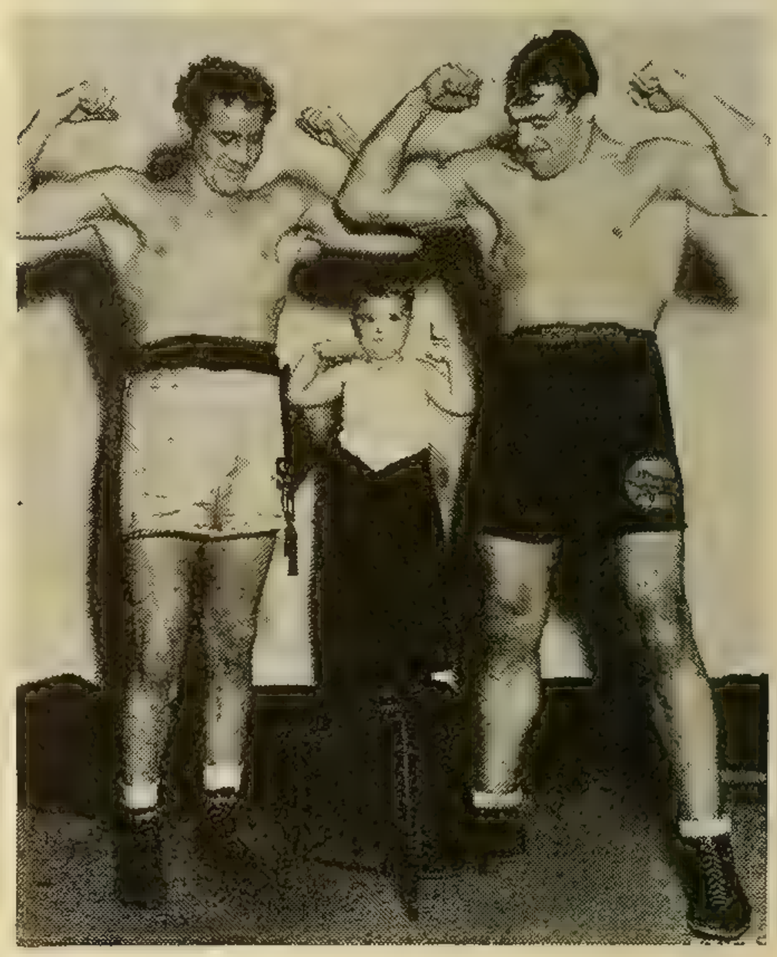
LIFE at college after a spectacular career as a child star isn't at all a bed of roses. Jackie Coogan has found that out. Recently a columnist unkindly remarked that Jackie was not so popular at Santa Clara where he is in his sophomore year. So his

(*Please turn to page* 101)

Photo by Will Walling, Jr.

Do you remember Leon Errol of the Follies, Leon of the rubber legs? Now you see him as *Uncle Gilbert* in "Alice in Wonderland."

Dorothy Mackaill, back on the screen again —and luck to you, Dot—with Ed Wynn in "The Chief."



What a thrill for Spanky! Borrowed from the Hal Roach comedy company to play with Richard Dix in "Forever Faithful," he immediately met up and became pally with Max Baer and Primo Carnera, appearing in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

May Robson celebrates her fiftieth anniversary on the stage and screen. Here she is shown with Polly Moran, a friend of many years, and Lionel Barrymore, whom, long ago she knew as "that naughty Barrymore child." She first appeared on the stage in 1883 as *Tilly* in "The Hoop of Gold." She has appeared in more than one hundred different plays, played some 38,000 performances, entertained some four million persons, and has traveled more than 38,000 miles on tour in the United States and Canada alone.

THE

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY OF STARS

Garbo, as the Swedish queen who was crowned "King," who abdicated her throne to marry the man she loved—Garbo, the Magnificent. This is her latest portrait, the first one made of her in more than a year.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Milton Brown

CONSISTENT

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Miehle

Clive Brook, star of "Cavalcade," one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood, now in "Family Man." This is the latest portrait of the English actor who is rated as one of the most consistent performers on the screen.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach

UNUSUAL

You never see Katharine Hepburn in a conventional pose. This, her latest portrait, is no exception. With "Morning Glory," this unique and eccentric actress definitely established herself in stardom. Now she comes with the most exacting role of her career—as Jo in "Little Women." It is difficult to imagine her in the part but she's marvelous.

EDWIN C. HILL, *radio's star reporter,* interviews—

The WONDER WOMAN of PICTURES

The most remarkable interview that Marie Dressler has ever given, which presents in a new light the woman who has been in the spotlight for forty-four years — and is today the biggest box-office bet of pictures.

YOU know, my dear," said *Tugboat Annie,* crossing her legs and setting fire to a cigarette, "there are three kinds of ladies in this world. There are ladies, perfect ladies and ladies, by heck! Me, I'm a lady. And I can prove it."

"Not in the least necessary," I replied, all of a chuckle inside as I studied that map of Ireland face which owes not a thing in the world to the Auld Sod.

"Oh, yes, it is," said Annie. "When a woman weighs as much on the hoof as I do, proof is required every little now and then. And here's my proof: any fat woman who can stand on her head in a perfectly decent, self-respecting way is a lady, me lad!"

And she laughed, that grand old girl, Marie Dressler, until her sides shook in her stays, until her cheeks, cheeks pink as those of a young girl, were distended with the gusty vehemence of her mirth.

Glowing and blooming with health regained, looking not a split second over forty-five—so help me by the Book!—although she is crossing her sixty-second birthday, America's girl friend, the greatest star of the chattering tintypes, was talking to me about this and that and other things, including a few carpenters and a flock of kings, in her suite at the Savoy-Plaza in New York.

"Don't mind my comedy," Miss Dressler went on, in that low, beautifully modulated voice of hers (for don't think for a moment that the same voice which can blast down the side of a wall can't charm a bird out of a tree or the heart out of your breast), "don't mind my monkey shines, please. I'm feeling so well that I could actually kick a football down the Milky Way and then boot it clear over the Solar System." She who was about to check out of this sinful world (and how I love it!)

Photo from Culver Service

Two poses of Marie in her sixty-second anniversary picture, "The Late Christopher Bean." Above, with Lionel Barrymore . . . . "The fact that I was never a beauty," she says, "has actually been an asset."

"You know," Miss Dressler said to Mr. Hill, "I had to learn to laugh, for I had hard going when I was a girl, mighty tough sledding, and it was a case of keeping my chin up and laughing out loud or taking the count."

and is herself again. I wish I could tell you the story, but it's all tied up with a secret and a pledge and I have to keep mum until the world is ready for the secret to be released—the secret, mind you, which will save thousands of the doomed and bring to ten thousand homes unbelievable happiness.

SHE paused for a moment, looking off into space, her mind for the moment going out along those dark and mysterious roads her gallant spirit so narrowly avoided. The living room of her suite was heavy with the scent of flowers—the loot of half-a-dozen hot houses, poured in upon Marie Dressler as a tribute from a score of devoted friends. She caught my eye as it wandered from vase to vase.

"What fools atheists are," said Marie Dressler. "I haven't any special religion—any denomination or sect, I mean. I accept all religions as the spontaneous effort of the various races of mankind to acknowledge the existence of God, whether we call him God or Jehovah or Allah or Buddha. Who could look at a flower without sensing the existence of God? But this is no theological discussion. .

"I was about to say that I am a happy woman for two big reasons. One is that I have got my health back again and ought to be good for another thirty or forty years (I expect to lead some poor deluded male to the altar about the time I'm seventy, but no hurry, no hurry!), and the other is that I can do something for my country in these tight, tense days.

"You know, I'm one of those folks they call a patriot, and I don't mean maybe. For me it's my country, right or wrong, but my country. Pacifists make me sick. Every time we get into trouble we have an awful time getting out of it because those damned pacifists have hamstrung us with their mincing ways. Hell with 'em! Where was I?"

"You were talking about the NRA and what you could do to help."

"Oh, yes, so I was. Here's what I mean. The big thing about this whole recovery business is to get people to believe; to help them regain confidence, not only in their country and in their government, but in themselves; to get them to understand that the old American 'varsity has a star quarterback handling the ball. If he can't send (*Please turn to page* 102)

NOTHING but the TRUTH

CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH:

EDDIE CANTOR, SAMUEL GOLDWYN, B. P. SCHULBERG, WILLIAM C. DeMILLE, E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, CLARA BERANGER, R. H. COCHRANE, AND FREDERICK L. COLLINS

I CHALLENGE THE PRODUCERS!

EDDIE CANTOR

IT is my belief that the producers and their representatives in Washington who instigated the demands for a salary control board on actors' salaries used it merely as a smoke screen to stop a senatorial investigation of their ways and means of dissipating the stockholders' money. These major producers know, or should know, that you can never set a maximum salary on creative talent.

Some actors are overpaid if they receive fifty dollars a week, others are being underpaid at five thousand dollars a week.

One star's name in front of a theater will pack the house. Another name will not only keep the people out, but the ushers themselves won't show up.

The producers who squawked the loudest recently in Washington are the very ones who voted themselves large salaries and fat bonuses and gave their stockholders such a raw deal that it makes Wall Street and its methods a Sunday School picnic.

As president of the Screen Actors' Guild, I have pledged myself to fight these unscrupulous individuals with everything at my command. It goes without saying that the entire membership and the honest producers in Hollywood stand back of me.

Eddie Cantor

YOU CAN'T MEASURE GENIUS IN DOLLARS!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

I BELIEVE in a free market. It is only in a free market that a man can get paid what he earns. I'd much rather pay a man one hundred thousand a year if he earns it than to pay a man one thousand a year who didn't earn it. I don't see how any law or any code can make it a crime, either.

We've just seen the effects of a prohibition law that didn't prohibit. Nor did it make a crime of drinking. The motion picture industry—and through the industry, entertainment—suffers not from actors who get paid too much, but from factors which laws of the United States have already taken into account.

I think that anyone who wants to help us find an economic salvation will first show us how to prevent in the future any repetition of the stock manipulation, real estate speculation and reckless expansion, and the wholesale waste and extravagance in overproduction, usually on pictures that the public never sees.

If they think that good pictures are going to help us, they'll assist us in finding more of the Jackie Coopers and the Baby Leroys, the Marie Dresslers and the Wallace Beerys, who so fully earn all that they get out of it. They do us no harm.

Samuel Goldwyn

WHY MUST THEY LOOK BEAUTIFUL?

CLARA BERANGER

NO matter in what rôle or situation a Hollywood heroine finds herself, her beauty is undisturbed. She may play a scene in the fields, on the desert, on the sea or in the jungle wilds, but always her hair is set in even waves, her eyebrows plucked, her lashes beaded, her nails and skin perfectly tended, as though she has just stepped out of a beauty parlor—as, in fact, she has.

This emphasis on the necessity for personal beauty in every situation takes the truth out of characterizations and destroys all sense of realism.

For instance, in the first sequences of "The Song of Songs," when Marlene Dietrich was supposed to be a simple country girl, she wore country clothes, arranged her hair in peasant fashion, but made up her face as no country girl would or could make it up—even to artificial eyelashes. Her standard Hollywood make-up killed an otherwise good characterization.

French and German pictures are 'way behind us in technical development, but are 'way ahead of us in the realization that honesty of character portrayal is more important than camera angles of standardized beauty. A comparison of "Mäedchen in Uniform" with Hollywood's "Zoo in Budapest" will illustrate my point. In both pictures there were girls wearing uniforms of an institution. The German girls had on no theatrical make-up; they looked like regular school girls. The American girls, with the usual Hollywood garnishing, looked like a chorus. The heroine of the German picture was a simple, natural young-girl type. Loretta Young, the Hollywood heroine, was the immaculate beauty, even after she had been immersed in the lake (although the mascara did drip down her face).

Let us have more real faces and fewer beauty-parlor masks, and you'd be surprised what a difference it would make in giving reality to the characters and truth to the whole picture.

Clara Beranger.

The first editorial forum in any film magazine where you can read the unbiased facts by writers who dare to tell the truth. The editors have told the contributors that there will be no blue pencil on any opinions they desire to express. New Movie will be glad to receive any contributions for this forum designed for the free expression of honest thought and conviction.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE MOVIE CODE?

R. H. COCHRANE

"WHO'S afraid of the big bad wolf?"

The big, bad wolf is the new NRA code which is to govern the motion picture business during the next eighteen months or more.

Like everybody else in the motion picture business, I was afraid of anything new, especially a new code drafted under a new law by a Congress which acted in a hell of a hurry.

So, when I went to Washington with other men of the movie industry, including representatives of all branches of it, I wondered whether I could come home with a whole skin or none at all.

For nine weeks, like everybody else, I fought shadows. I argued hither and yon, back and forth, and even to and fro, about things which might happen under the new code. Like my old pal, Shakespeare, I died a thousand deaths anticipating the one which I will eventually die.

So did the actors and the producers and the distributors and the poster makers and the women's clubs and the pottery makers (because pottery makers make pots which theaters give away as souvenirs)—and so did their cousins and their sisters and their aunts.

I argued at the top of my voice, because I discovered long ago that in the motion picture business the man with the loudest voice and the man who interrupts most frequently wins the greatest number of arguments.

And what came out of weeks of arguing and yelling and code-fearing? Nothing but a mouse in the form of a code which won't hurt anyone but the crooks of the business.

The new motion picture code is bad for the unethical; bad for the dishonest; bad for the trickster. For any decent man with decent instincts, it contains nothing but protection.

The code is not a big bad wolf, but just a decent, respectable code of ethics for ethical men. All others can go to hell and probably will.

R. H. Cochrane

A KANSAS HICK ON TRAILERS!

E. HALDEMAN JULIUS

NOT that it's important to you, but it happens that I live down in southeastern Kansas, in a town of only 2,600 people. Good roads stretch in all directions—north to Kansas City, south to Tulsa, west to Wichita, and east to—well, the Atlantic Ocean. Being a hopelessly lost movie fanatic, I find those roads useful, for I think nothing of driving a hundred miles to see what I hope will be a good picture.

Naturally, I have to depend a good deal on such things as trailers.

The publicity department of a movie studio must give a great deal of thought and effort to these trailers. They are supposed to bring the customers back for more. But I'm here to say that such is not always the case. In my experience, it frequently happens that a trailer will warn me, in all seriousness, to stay away.

If only the publicity department knew how dangerous a thing it is to let the public take a free look into a few scenes! If I were connected with the industry I'd be careful to give pre-views only of those pictures that are very good and then ballyhoo the bad ones with adjectives and loud-sounding phrases.

Language can deceive, but pictures can't.

Here are some sure-fire means of deciding me against a film:

A trailer that shows a woman (or a man, for that matter) shouting, "Get out! Get out! Get out!" That's supposed to be very dramatic. It makes me positively ill. When the director can't think of anything else with which to close a scene, he has his slave yell: "Get out! Get out! Get out!" That means, to me, just one thing—"Stay out! Stay out! Stay out!"

A trailer that shows any kind of a dressed-up mystic moaning: "I see that which will give me power over the world—"

A trailer that shows a child prodigy bawling real, real tears. (I was wrong once about this, but that doesn't mean there's nothing to what I say.)

A trailer that has more than one "OK." in it.

A trailer that emphasizes the "problem" theme—What should a wife do if—What would you do if your husband . . . . . ? . . . . . Should the wife tell about her single mistake?

Yes, trailers *are* a great help in advising me what pictures *not* to see.

Well, I must stop now, because my car is ready and I must leave for a forty-five-mile drive to Joplin where I am to see the new Mae West picture.

E. Haldeman Julius

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

WM. C. DeMILLE

AND so Washington is investigating the high salaries of movie stars!

It is saddening to think of a wealthy, powerful and well-managed corporation like Paramount being wrecked by the grasping little hands of Baby Leroy. The mind whirls in contemplating proud Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer staggering from a financial punch administered by the cruel, merciless fist of Jackie Cooper.

Is the Government powerful enough to protect helpless producers from such doughty foemen? For

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!

The Most Fearless Expression of Opinion in Any Film Magazine

in one short year, it is said, Baby Leroy has reached the earning capacity of the President of the United States. We must remember, however, that when the President was one year old there were no motion pictures and so Baby Roosevelt was denied a similar opportunity. That, if you like, is injustice, but that is the price we must pay for the progress of the race.

At any rate, let us by all means have a law to curb generosity of the producers; let the Government come to their aid and check their uncontrollable impulse to pay artists more money than they are worth.

Most of the actors, writers and directors who draw down big Hollywood money are not trying to hold up anybody; so there can be no doubt that their over-payment is entirely altruistic on the part of the executives.

It is evident, too, that if the artist should be deprived of a competitive market for his services it would help convince producers that actors, writers and directors don't really make the picture at all and should not be considered as part of the cost.

In this year of grace, if a goose has the rare ability to lay a golden egg the poor bird finds itself in possession of illegal metal and in danger of arrest for hoarding, and yet by all the laws of nature the egg is primarily the property of the goose.

The question in the motion picture world today is not only whose is the egg, but who owns the goose?

At any rate, if the purpose of Washington is to effect a complete redistribution of the nation's wealth, I can think of no surer, quicker or more complete method than to give it all to the actors. They can use it!

Cecil B. DeMille

IS THE ACADEMY WORTH SAVING?

FREDERICK COLLINS

THERE are some people in Hollywood—and I don't need to mention names, because everybody in the industry knows who they are!—who have been putting the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences on the spot.

It isn't any ordinary spot. It is a spot red with the blood of movie martyrs.

Strong men founded the Academy. Other strong men have guided its destinies. In their hands, it has performed many useful services. But these strong men have retired from the movie wars—and in their place has grown up a race of pygmies.

I remember the meetings of the Academy back in the days when the so-called wise men of the industry were saying that this new-fangled talkie thing was just a fad. I remember Conrad Nagel, the actor, and William DeMille, the director, getting up in the one forum that was open to them and telling the industry where it got off.

Somebody—perhaps not an actor or a director; perhaps a producer—ought to get up in that same forum today and tell the industry where it gets off.

Instead, thanks to a cunningly conceived plan to demoralize and discredit the Academy, the men and women who should be fighting the common enemy are now fighting among themselves.

In 1928, the frank and open discussions at the Academy saved the motion picture industry millions of dollars which might otherwise have been frozen forever in unwanted silent films.

Today, in this crisis of salaries and codes, the lack of this same frankness and openness, and the presence of sniper warfare from separate camps which has succeeded it, will cause the loss of many more millions—and this time, the motion picture industry cannot afford to lose anything.

The men and women who have left the Academy should come back. If their usefulness as leaders is over, they should be glad to serve in the ranks.

The Academy was the first—it is still the only—symbol of unity in the motion picture industry. It must be saved!

Frederick Collins

A PRODUCER SPEAKS HIS MIND

B. P. SCHULBERG

THE actors and writers who have protested against the desire and purpose of the New York producing heads to limit the salaries of their Hollywood employes have overlooked entirely the fact that a great army of mediocre talent has always been excessively overpaid.

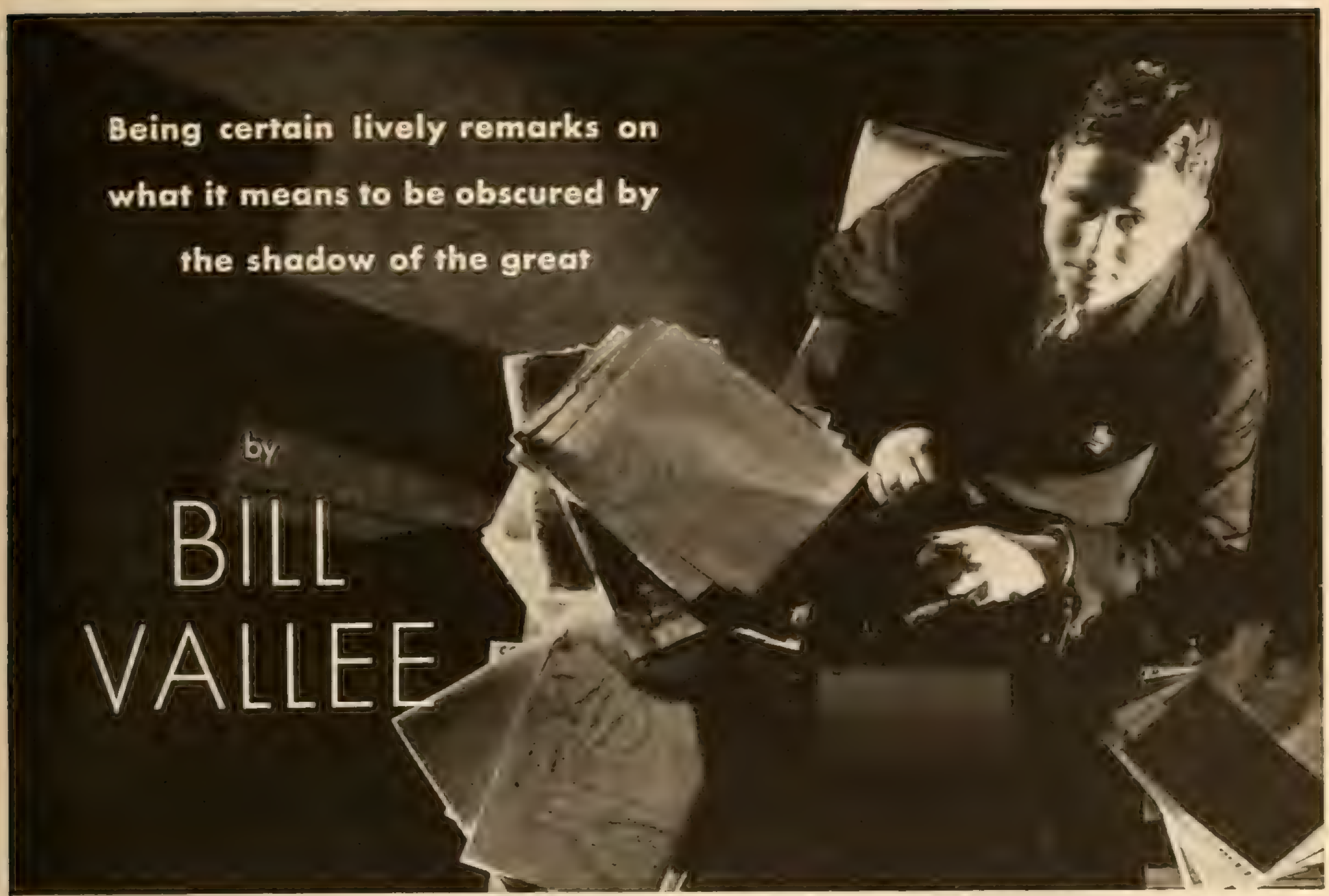
This is the secondary layer of Hollywood personnel composed neither of great artists, great directors, nor of creative executives. And this is where we must go if we want to stop the huge Hollywood waste which should properly go either to the creative artists or to the greatly underpaid hard-working studio help.

Certainly it is true that the great creative artist, whether he be actor, writer, director or production executive—and I distinctly include studio producing executives among the creative branches of the industry—has as much right to earn excessive salaries as great lawyers, great doctors, great engineers, great bankers or great industrialists.

It is my opinion that, if producing companies seek, by taking a technical advantage of the code, to give their important creative employes less than they are worth, the latter will revolt and form their own companies with their own financing.

If this happens, the large companies will have to absorb them on a basis that will restore to the creative employes, whether player, writer, director or executive, what they justly should earn. As for those who are not great—they, like their mediocre brothers in every other walk of life, will have to be content with less.

B P Schulberg



Photograph by Keppler

Brother of a Celebrity

Bill Vallee himself. If you don't ask him about Rudy, he may tell you about himself —that he was born in Maine, took a shy at amateur theatricals, went to New York to study art, then tried Fordham and Columbia universities, graduating into the advertising business.

MUCH has been said, both pro and con, of the delights of being a celebrity's brother. It is, I'm afraid, the common or garden variety of opinion that such is the nearest approach to a heaven on this earth. Other and more plethoric individuals (mostly in skirts) have the notion that the mere fact that you are the brother of a celebrity carries with it, *per se*, inestimable joy. May I from this rostrum deny the joys so easily visualized by Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Public?

Since these simple words will perhaps go a long way toward making my life simpler and happier, may I establish my right to speak on this subject by explaining that I am the brother of one Rudy Vallee, an air personage? Perhaps it is best here at this point that I explain that there is naught of personal rancor in this monograph. That I respect, admire, nay love, the individual is beyond all doubt. That, however, I resent being cast as the brother is, or will be, equally beyond all doubt. With everything so carefully established may I proceed?

IT is hardly necessary to outline the career of R (Rudy, to me). Anyone who has read this magazine is quite familiar with the rise and continued success of Charley Vallee's boy, Hubert. What you didn't know was my side of the case, but after you finish reading this, there won't be any more of that!

To start with, let's take yesterday. Early in the morning the phone rang. Beating the butler to the instrument, I listened to a pleasant voice. The pleasant voice asked for R. Sorry, but Mr. Vallee wasn't awake. He had worked late last night and would probably sleep late today. Was there anything I could do?

Who was this? Why, his brother, just his brother (in the meek tones I affect for such emergencies). Yes, the new program was good, quite good, in fact. Was it true . . . the pleasant voice started to say, and the talk gurgled off to the commonplace remarks used by the majority of callers. What was wrong with this picture? Nothing except that I knew the caller and would have been quite satisfied if he had only asked me how *I* was!

The morning papers held several misstatements and a columnist had called him a dirty name. Both required several calls in the interest of fair play, and so, of course, my hot breakfast became cool. Pardon, I mean cold and *quite* cold.

LEAVING the apartment I stumbled over a megaphone. Picking myself up, I quit the domocile hastily. The lobby held a girl who searched my face eagerly and then snapped her autograph book closed.

The office produced several inquisitors who managed without any apparent aid to think up several questions like these:

Q. What does he like best? Ans. Well, he's very fond of eating.

Q. Does he breathe from the chest or the abdomen? Ans. From both; he's quite impartial.

Q. What does he dream about? Ans. Food. Thick steaks a la Mannie.

Q. Does he take dope? Ans. No, but apparently I am taking one seriously. (*Please turn to page* 85)

MEN I HAVE LOVED

Photo by Wide World

If you had had thirteen men make devoted love to you—love-making witnessed by millions—what would be your emotional reaction?

Jean Harlow and her bridegroom, Hal Rosson.

For the first time, a famous star's revelations of what she thinks of some of the great Lotharios of the films

THERE have been thirteen men in my screen life. Thirteen film lovers, each one completely different from the others. And, when you count Laurel and Hardy, my very first lovers, it makes a grand total of fifteen. But you could scarcely call the amorous antics of those two gentlemen, the small and meek and the fat and coy, serious love-making. They belong in a class by themselves.

However, you can't discount the importance of Stan and Babe. I can't imagine a more educational course in screen love-making than that afforded by these two gay *Lotharios*. I learned about timing from them—just how long to hold each gesture, each motion, in order to build laughs. A short time ago, when Lee Tracy and I were doing a rapid-fire comedy scene in "Bombshell," I remembered the serious Stan Laurel's wise words: "Don't rush your laughs. Time each action carefully to build a climax."

Laurel and Hardy remained only a short time in my life. But I shall never forget them and the Hal Roach Studio with its friendly, homey atmosphere. It didn't seem like a picture manufacturing plant. It was more like a continual family reunion where the members discussed one topic only——gags.

A new gag could bring a light to the eyes of Stan and Babe which no love scene could ever produce. They weren't very satisfactory lovers, as screen lovers go. I always had the feeling, when they held me in their arms, that they were mentally counting the clicks of the camera in order to be sure that the timing was perfect.

With the passing of Laurel and Hardy, Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall entered my life. They were grand boys and experienced at love-making. But they were casual and friendly. They fairly exuded brotherly interest. I knew that I was but a passing phase in their busy young lives.

In the first place, I was sort of a protegee of the two. They discovered me, when I was working in an obscure comedy scene at the Christie Studio. They literally took me by the hand and led me to the office of Howard Hughes, with the announcement that they had found the right girl for the picture, "Hell's Angels." I felt the same unsureness that Mr. Hughes looked. But he gave me a test. When I was given the role in that so-much-talked-about picture, Ben and Jimmy were as proud as peacocks of their "discovery."

Then, having dragged me out of my short comedy career and launched me in the feature class, they devoted their time and attention to helping me make good. They had been working in "Hell's Angels" for three years. Finally, it had been completed.

Then along came the talkies and most of the picture had to be re-made with sound. Greta Nissen, who had been the girl in the silent version, was tied up with other contracts and couldn't re-make the picture. So I was given my chance.

Now, if there's anything not conducive to romance, it's a brotherly interest. And two brotherly interests complicate matters still further. The only time either boy dropped that protective attitude was when the actual "shooting" was taking place. Then they were ardent enough to please any girl. But, the minute the cameras stopped, they became my serious advisors and instructors.

Naturally, I was terribly nervous and excited about the picture. It was my first big chance. The boys knew and understood. And they were almost as nervous and excited as I was, trying to help me. I hope some day to make another picture with Ben and Jimmy, now that I'm more used to the camera and microphone.

WHEN we finished "Hell's Angels," I felt almost like a veteran. Then I met Lew Ayres and we worked together in "The Iron Man." He was so young and so sort of naïve, the kind of sweetheart every high school girl dreams about.

I liked to watch him smile. His whole face seemed to glow. He and I were bound together by the bond of a mutual desire to please everyone. He took away from me all the sophistication which I thought I had gained in the torridness of "Hell's Angels."

We used to talk between scenes, long and seriously, about our hopes and ambitions, as very young people do. And there was a serious, youthful intensity in his love-making, a far cry from the smooth experience of Ben Lyon or the exactly-timed buffoonery of Laurel and Hardy.

Then Lew's youthfulness faded to make a place for the more mature strength of Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy was riding at that time on the crest of the wave of sock-'em-on-the jaw popularity. In his whole-hearted laughing, Irish way, Jimmy made fun of that popularity. He was about as "tough" off the screen as Wally Beery, who was to come into my life many times later.

Working in "The Public Enemy," with Jimmy, was one never-ending round of fun. Jimmy's sense of humor is as potent as his fist. In the midst of the most dramatic scenes, he would murmur some fool remark under his breath, without moving a muscle of his face. The rest of us weren't so skilled in the art of keeping a poker-face.

But, like all laughter-loving Irishmen, Jimmy had a sentimental phase. And he possessed a great sense of the dramatic. All of us, who worked with him, could feel an electric vibration when Jimmy really threw himself into a dramatic scene. He was the strong, conquering lover—the kind so many women with gentle, considerate husbands and sweethearts secretly dream about. His was an unpolished force, completely masculine.

NEXT came "Goldie" and Spencer Tracy. The step from the brusqueness of Jimmy Cagney to Spencer's slower, more deliberate love-making was a breath-taking one. Almost every girl, at some time in her life, has known a man (*Please turn to page* 82)

on the SCREEN

By JEAN HARLOW

As told to Eleanor Packer

Clark Gable

James Cagney

Chester Morris

Lee Tracy

Wallace Ford

Some of the men who have made love to Jean Harlow in the movies.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Hurrell

After a Continental concert tour that amounted virtually to a continuous ovation, the gorgeous, golden-throated Jeanette MacDonald comes to the screen again, first in "The Cat and the Fiddle," with Ramon Novarro and Nelson Eddy, and next—or so the story goes as we go to press—with Maurice Chevalier in the beautifully melodious "Merry Widow."

Meet the PUPPETS!

Sixteen members of the Puppets, posed on the club grounds. Front row: Anita Louise, assistant director; Tom Brown, director; Helen Mack, script girl; Earl Blackwell, Gertrude Durkin, chief cook and waitress; and Ben Alexander. Standing: Frank Losee, Grace Durkin, Henry Willson, author of this article; Dianne Axzelle, Tex Brodus, Kathryn Lee, Bob Horner, Maurice Murphy, Patricia Ellis and William Janney.

Hollywood's younger stars put some odds and ends together and—presto!—they have a club house. By one of them—HENRY WILLSON

I'M here to tell you about a crowd of movie stars, who took an old-fashioned house and completely remodeled and furnished it, practically without cost, making new furniture out of old, dressing tables out of orange crates, beautiful flower gardens from a weedy field—and above all, an old Western saloon from a two-car garage.

No? You don't believe me? Well, step right up and meet the Puppets, Hollywood's newest club made up of filmland's younger stars. They have formed this club in a common interest—to enjoy themselves at the least cost.

Anita Louise and Tom Brown decided, one bright day, that it would be a swell idea if all the "kids," like themselves, who knew each other back East, could get together, form a club, rent a clubhouse, give shows and have a good time. It would keep them all together and give them a place to go in the evenings after work, and during the days when they weren't busy on a picture.

Tom and Anita presented the idea to the Durkins—Junior, Grace, and Gertrude—and to Joseph DePew, Helen Mack and William Janney. All of them went to school together, acted in the same plays, and enjoyed the same parties in New York. They thought the idea a great one, and those eight became the charter members of the Puppets Club.

"NOW, here's the idea," said Tom. "We'll draw up a constitution, but instead of having it in the same old cut-and-dried form, we will make all the rules and regulations in picture language. Instead of having a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, we'll elect a head person, who will be the director of the club. Then we will elect an assistant director, script girl and cashier."

Tom was elected director, Anita Louise, assistant director, Helen Mack, script girl, and William Janney was voted cashier.

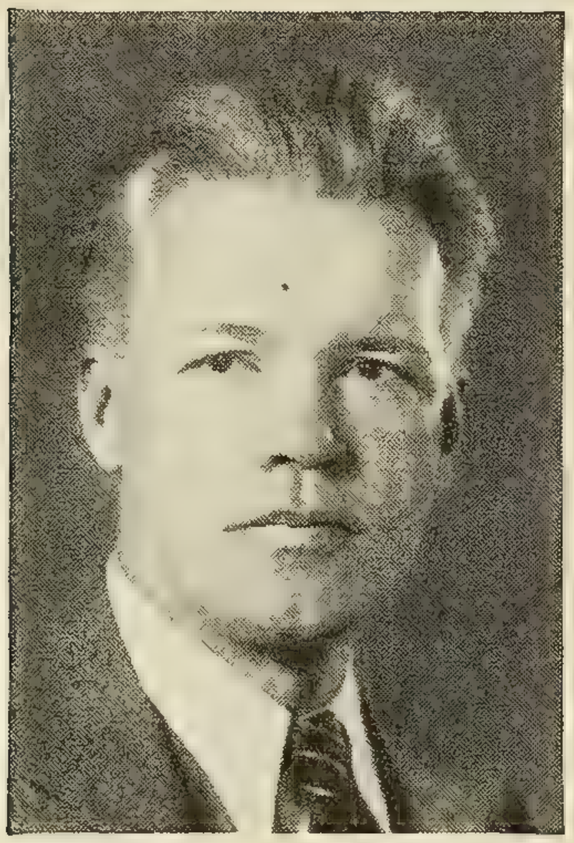
No sooner said than done! A constitution was drawn up, dues set, initiations for new members planned—and the Puppets Club was on its way to fame. The charter members decided to get about fourteen new members right away, then choose a clubhouse.

"After that," suggested Anita Louise, "let's give a show, invite all the picture stars and give the proceeds to charity."

"Swell, but let's get the new members and decide on a clubhouse," suggested Helen Mack. "Then we can talk about the show."

So Patricia Ziegfeld, Ben Alexander, Maurice Murphy, Patricia Ellis, (*Please turn to page* 78)

NEW PICTURES You



Martin Vos

With this issue New Movie Magazine begins the most frank and fearless review of current motion pictures ever published by any film magazine. They are written by Frederic F. Van de Water, noted author and critic, but they were not written from the angle of the professional critic but from the angle of the audience. The editors will be glad to hear just how much you agree with Mr. Van de Water's opinion of the new pictures

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

PICTURES this month reach back as far as the Sixteenth Century for their source material and range, geographically, from the Arctic to the pampas of South America. They include two films either of which, by itself, might be hailed among the best of the year—"The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Berkeley Square." Among them, too, are several that lack only one ingredient for conspicuous success.

"The Bowery," "I'm No Angel," "My Woman," "S.O.S. Iceberg" and "Before Dawn" are finely photographed. They have competent direction and most of them are weighed down to the loadline with excellent actors. Every one of them suffers from story trouble. It is possible that some day Hollywood will wake to the realization that if you haven't anything worth shooting, it's better not to open fire at all.

Charles Laughton has humanized many monsters of fiction and history. In "The Sign of the Cross," he clothed *Nero* in mortal flesh. His lusty, lustful Henry VIII is a great achievement.

Story trouble hampers Wallace Beery in "The Bowery", story trouble hurts a magnificent Arctic exploration picture, "S.O.S. Iceberg." No month that sees both "Berkeley Square" and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" can be in the red, however, and, besides these two great pictures, "Night Flight," "Ever in My Heart" and "Saturday's Millions" are worth seeing.

The Private Life of Henry VIII—AA

Directed by Alexander Korda. Released by United Artists

ALEXANDER KORDA, who has directed this magnificent picture has been chiefly remembered for his calamitous film version of John Erskine's best seller. "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." If Mr. Korda's first "Private Life" were better forgotten, his second is memorable. In it he has accomplished all those excellences that people have come to expect only from German superfilms, and has done them better.

Whether the Lord has laid an inspiring hand on Mr. Korda, or whether his "Henry VIII," being made in England, was immune to those importunate hands that guide directors in Hollywood, is a problem for others to solve. This much is certain: Mr. Frank Lloyd will have to move over a little on the seat of the exalted and make room for Mr. Korda.

Charles Laughton has humanized many monsters of fiction and history. In "The Sign of the Cross," he clothed *Nero* in mortal flesh. His portrayal of the lusty and lustful *Henry of England* is a still greater achievement.

Here is a picture, superbly directed, splendidly photographed and played by a British cast who wear their costumes not like fidgety guests at a fancy dress party, but as though they had lived their lives in such raiment. Through this brilliant host lurches and blusters the bulky figure of England's marrying monarch who, despite his hobby for collecting wives, was a great king.

Leslie Howard's performance as the bewildered, then wistful, then heartbroken victim of time, in "Berkeley Square," is one of the finest the screen has reflected.

Should See and Why

MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AA—Outstanding)
Berkeley Square
The Private Life of Henry VIII

(A—Good)
Ever in My Heart
Night Flight
Saturday's Millions

(B—Fair)
The Bowery
I'm No Angel
My Woman

(C—Average)
S.O.S. Iceberg
Before Dawn

Flashes of that greatness burst through Mr. Laughton's portrayal. Disappointed by *Katharine of Aragon*, betrayed by *Anne Boleyn* (Merle Oberon), Henry waits, fuming and fretting, for the cannon signal from London's Tower that will free him to wed *Jane Seymour* (Wendy Barrie). *Jane* dies in childbirth and *Henry* turns from domestic products and imports her successor, *Anne of Cleves*, played by Alice Lanchester who in private life is Mrs. Charles Laughton.

Before *Anne* arrives, the king's roving eye is caught by *Kathryn Howard* (Binnie Barnes), who weighs the love of *Thomas Culpeper* (Robert Donat), lord-in-waiting to the king, against her dangerous longing for a crown.

How *Kathryn* gains the diadem only to lose this and her head is the major theme of a picture that glows in the gusty flame of a great king's personality—whimsical, lustful, peevish, comic but blazing, when occasion demands, with majesty and power.

Mr. Laughton has deserted the films temporarily. He joined an English repertory company at $100 a week, for he feels his acting needs improvement and background, which only proves that some fifty million film fans must be wrong.

High Spots: The face of Anne Boleyn, *stark against the sky beneath the bitter line of the headman's blade;* Henry, *forgetting* Jane Seymour's *death in bubbling joy at his son's cradleside. . . . Laughter at the king's jest spreading slavishly through the whole palace. . . .* Henry, *trying to explain the facts of life to* Anne *of* Cleves *. . . the old and failing monarch bullied by Wife No. 6 (Everley Gregory).*

Berkeley Square—AA

Directed by Frank Lloyd. Released by Fox

THE young antiquarian, *Peter Standish* (Leslie Howard) inherits an old house in London's Berkeley Square. Thither, one hundred and forty-nine years before, the Continental army captain, *Peter Standish*, has come to wed his kinswoman, *Kate Pettigrew* (Valerie Taylor). The twentieth century *Peter* steps back through the years and takes the place of his eighteenth century ancestor.

Out of this fantastic situation, Frank Lloyd and Mr. Howard have made a lovely and tragic story. *Peter*, whirled into the past, finds himself in love, not with *Kate*, whom his ancestor married, but with her intuitive younger sister, *Helen* (Heather Angel). Eighteenth century London first laughs at *Peter's* blunders, then dreads him as devil-possessed; but *Helen* recognizes him as a wanderer from another century. After brief happiness, time's stream sweeps *Standish* back into his own era.

This is a theme that is as delicate and difficult to reproduce as moonshine, but it has been made into a picture of great pathos. A second laurel wreath, quite as large as Mr. Lloyd's, should adorn the bald brow of Jesse L. Lasky. "Berkeley Square" was a stage hit years ago. Its film rights have been long on sale with no bidders. Only Mr. Lasky, of all the story-destitute film chiefs, had the foresight and the courage to purchase and produce it.

Mr. Howard's performance as the bewildered, then wistful, then heartbroken victim of time, is one of the finest a screen has ever reflected. The cast that surrounds him is scarcely less able.

"Night Flight" features Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Lionel and John Barrymore, Myrna Loy and Helen Hayes (above).

High spots: Sir Joshua Reynolds' (*Olaf Hytten*) *alarm when* Standish *speaks familiarly of pictures the artist has not yet painted. . . . The dawn of comprehension on* Helen's *face as she watches* Peter's *blunders. . . . The* Duchess of Devonshire's *terror when* Standish *speaks of her as one long dead. . . . The noise of today breaking in upon the quiet of the Eighteenth Century as* Peter's *dream fades.*

I'm No Angel—B

Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Released by Paramount

THIS month may also mark the beginning of Mae West's slide down from her current peak of popularity—unless she does something different. In "I'm No Angel," she repeats the formula that brought her such immense original success. No trick is quite so good the second time it's played, and Miss West's formula has been simple.

By all fictional traditions, stage, screen and print, the life of the light lady has always been simply terrible. Her wages of sin have been bitter and paid a hundred and ten cents on the dollar. The daughter of joy never has had a break. Miss West has turned tradition hindside before and has given her a break.

Her "fallen woman" has let men fall while she has triumphed. To an audience, the novelty of the situation has been delightful. The pursued rabbit has turned around and bitten a mouthful out of the dog.

The trouble with novelty is that it doesn't bear repetition and Miss West, this time, has merely recited her formula again. Furthermore, she has weakened

Lucian Cary's novel, "Saturday's Millions," has been turned into one of the better football films that centers less upon the game than the racket behind it. Robert Young and Leila Hyams are featured.

her performance by moving her scene out of the Nineties into the present.

The woman she plays was grampaw's type, not his grandson's. Miss West in "I'm No Angel" simply isn't the character of which men of 1933 and 1934 give their all, or a negotiable fraction thereof.

Mae West in her second self-written starring vehicle has taken off her stays and marred her performance. She has shifted her scene from the Nineties into the present, but her technique is still that of the Tenderloin.

Something has gone out of Miss West's art along with the fulsome curves that sent the gynecologist's convention at Chicago into professional raptures. The chief fault with her present role is that, as she plays it, it is doubtful whether she could lure a third-rate chiropodist.

Tira, in "I'm No Angel" is a lady of double-barreled professions. One of them is lion tamer. The film traces her rise from the job of sideshow star to a place in New York society, secure, though not blessed by the Social Register.

During her progress, *Tira* skips from man to man with the deftness of a "Tom Show" *Eliza* on the ice. The best sequence is the courtroom scene in which she manages her own breach of promise suit.

Miss West's slurring voice, her continual exemplification of the physiology textbook's insistence that the hip is a freely movable joint, her end-of-the-last-century toughness simply doesn't belong in a film laid in the present. Men aren't like that. Neither are women.

Fine photography, expert direction, a good cast, excellent backgrounds and lighting—and a sour story.

High spots: Tira *spraying the bare back of a rival with a mouthful of liquor. . . .* Tira *discussing her amatory technique with a quartet of negro servitors.*

Night Flight—A

Directed by Clarence Brown. Released by M-G-M

PELLERIN (Robert Montgomery) brings the Santiago mail plane across the Andes through a spawning cyclone. *Fabian* (Clark Gable), who flies the mail up across the pampas, is blown out to sea and death by the same tempest. Despite this disaster and the anguish of *Madame Fabian* (Helen Hayes), and the protests of his board of directors and the qualms of his subordinates, *Riviere* (John Barrymore), manager of the line, sees that a plane departs on time for the company's pioneer trans-Atlantic flight.

That is the story of the twenty-four hours spanned by "Night Flight." Upon the film has been spent a profligate amount of talent. Gable and Montgomery, Lionel Barrymore and Myrna Loy have bits. Helen Hayes, save for one hysterical scene, has little more. The picture centers on John Barrymore, the ruthless line manager. He holds the enterprise greater than any of its parts. He believes that individuals are of small account in mankind's struggle toward further empire. His performance, sound, stern, impressive, is matched in drama by the background of the play.

Shots of tempest and storm-buffeted planes and the wild confusion of cloud and sea alternate with scenes in the line offices where mechanisms work with unmoved certainty.

John Barrymore, as *Riviere*, has added another fine portrait to his growing list of characterizations. He has appreciated that a man's face and his worth as a film idol sag together. Intelligent, able, he has switched from his profile-displaying roles of a few years ago to character parts, unlike the broken actor he plays in "Dinner at Eight."

High spots: The Santiago plane fighting its way over the Andes, a tiny, crawling spot between cloudy mountains and mountainous clouds. . . . The flare dropped from Fabian's *ship to reveal, not the sought-for land, but storm-lashed ocean. . . . The serene beauty of moonlit clouds when* Fabian *uses the last of his gasoline to soar for a moment above the tempest.*

The Bowery—B

Directed by Raoul Walsh. Released by United Artists

THIS item is funny in spots but it doesn't make much sense. Wallace Beery is turned adrift once more in a not-so-good story. Not even the expert aid of George Raft, Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray and a host

Clara Bow in "Hoopla," her latest Fox picture in which she promises again to reveal some of the old-time Bow dynamite.

of others can make "The Bowery" anything but an implausible comic strip.

Half the story seems to have been taken from a Horatio Alger novel; the rest may have been made up as the company went along. The plot deals jerkily, when it moves at all, with a feud between *Chuck Conners* (Wallace Beery) and *Steve Brodie* (George Raft) which is patched up for no particular reason by the gutter waif, *Swipsey* (Jackie Cooper).

"The Bowery" asks you to believe that in 1897-8 fires in New York City still were being put out by volunteer hose companies; that people then were singing "The Good Old Summer Time"; that a youthful John L. Sullivan was engaging in saloon backroom prize fights; that Carrie Nation was raiding Manhattan.

This is an evident attempt to recapture the pop-

ularity of Beery and Jackie Cooper in "The Champ." George Raft and the rest of the cast do their best. The direction is good. Even all these merits can't get along without a story.

High spot: A street fight between volunteer fire companies with flailing barrel staves and hurtling ash-cans, while Chinese in a burning house yowl for help, unheeded.

Ever in My Heart—A

Directed by Archie Mayo. Released by Warner

BARBARA STANWYCK and Otto Kruger, in his first important cinema role, lift what otherwise might have been a routine picture into tenderness and beauty. Sentiment turns sour easily on film, or elsewhere, but its presence in "Ever in My Heart" will pluck at yours.

Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Bellamy in "Ever in My Heart," in which these two—and Otto Kruger—lift what otherwise might have been a routine picture into tenderness and beauty.

There is human blood in Miss Stanwyck's and Mr. Kruger's screen shadows. The plight of *Mary Archer* and *Hugo Wilbrandt* has been suffered by thousands.

Mary, scion of a patrician New England family, marries before the war. *Wilbrandt,* a young German professor, her husband, becomes a citizen. Then the conflict closes about them. One by one, their friends drop away and, after the *Lusitania* sinking, the witch-hunt for "hyphenate Americans" tears them apart.

From their first meeting in the garden of *Mary's* home to the picture's bitter ending in France, the love of the man and woman, warms the film.

Barbara Stanwyck actually has experienced both the suffering and the wedded happiness this film displays. An orphan, her rise to stardom, was rough and thorny. Her marriage to Frank Fay has been a permanent romance in a land of brief unions.

High spots: Wilbrandt's *cradle song breaking off as his little son dies. . . .* Mary, *her husband and her cousin,* Jeff, *(Ralph Bellamy), trying to talk of other things while a paper, headlined "Lusitania Torpedoed," lies on the table. . . .* Mary, *recognizing the back of her spy husband's head in a French army canteen.*

Saturday's Millions—A

Directed by Edward Sedwick. Released by Universal

LUCIAN CARY'S *Saturday Evening Post* serial has been turned into one of the better football films that centers less upon the game than the racket behind it.

Reporters and radio announcers; photographers and commercial agents seeking endorsements for their wares, trail *Jim Fowler,* (Robert Young), Western University's star halfback, like a comet's tail. Cash pours into his receptive pockets. His roommate, *Andy* (Andy Devine), is really secretary-treasurer of the one-man industry that is Fowler.

Campus, locker room and stadium scenes of "Saturday's Millions" have fidelity. Mr. Young looks and acts like Robert Montgomery and seems well launched on a similar path to popularity as a juvenile. *Jim Fowler's* sleek, cocksure insolence has probably been duplicated in a thousand colleges this fall. *Fowler's* regeneration under the sting of scandal furnishes a smart climax for a deft film.

High spots: The beaten team, jittery and exhausted in the locker room. . . . Jim Fowler *broadcasting an opinion on the morrow's game from a typescript just furnished by the radio announcer.*

S. O. S. Iceberg—C

Directed by Tay Garnett. Released by Universal

LOVE and sin have been replaced in this film by less human substitutes—geography and refrigeration. As a serial set of iceberg portraits, it is magnificent. As a film play, it could have been just as magnificent—but it isn't.

Hans Schneeberger and Richard Ernst, cameramen, are responsible for most that is best in this picture. That is a good deal—shots of huskies on the sledge line; of bears on ice pinnacles; of whirling snow clouds, avalanches, bergs and polar seas. There's more than enough to make a tremendous travel film, but these remarkable scenes have been strung together on a thread of plot that is weak and short.

Carl Lawrence (Rod LaRoque), while exploring the far North, is marooned on a drifting berg with his party. Their radio summons aid. *Lawrence's* wife (Leni Riffenstahl) cracks up her airplane in which she has responded, on the iceberg's side. Later a second plane finds and saves them.

Rod LaRoque might have chosen something better for his return to the films. Despite stage training, despite stardom in the silents, he went into eclipse when the talkies arrived. Through most of "S.O.S. Iceberg" his action is limited to sitting ill and semi-conscious in an ice cave. Though the rest of his party has grown great whiskers, he emerges beardless.

Other mysteries of this opus: Why does the marooned party let the villain (Gibson Gowland), run berserk with a knife, drive a fellow castaway over a cliff to his death and attempt assault upon *Mrs. Lawrence* with only the mildest objections? Why is one member of the group permitted to start to swim for shore—four miles away—in all his clothing and hobnailed shoes?

High spots: The birth of monster bergs at a glacier's crumbling rim. . . . Eskimo Kayaks *scuttering out to sea like a flock of startled ducks.*

My Woman—B

Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Released by Columbia

THIS is the old reliable, dusted off and used once more. In books, plays, earlier pictures, you must have met the devoted wife whose wit guides a useless husband to success. You must have seen her, too, cast off for lighter, less worthy loves and have witnessed how, always the husband, broken and penitent, creeps back for forgiveness.

Connie Rollins (Helen Twelvetrees) prods her shallow mate, the vaudevillian, *Chick* (Wallace Ford), into success and wealth as a broadcasting star. After a lot of (see preceding paragraph) the reconciliation and fade-out occur together in the Panama dance hall from which the couple set out toward fame.

Here, again, is everything (*Please turn to page* 106)

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Robert W. Coburn

It's Mae day in the movies. First, Mae West, the year's sensation. Not so spectacular, not so flamboyant, but Mae Clarke's coming, too. Not beautiful, not theatrical, but one of the best actresses in Hollywood. The hard-luck girl who won't be beaten. Don't miss her in "Finger Man"

Along Came Bill!

The story of Boots Mallory the girl who found herself through poetry

By JOHN JAMES

THE latest emotional cataclysm to send Hollywood spinning has to do with the inspired and miraculous Tia Juana elopement of Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney, brother of James.

"Inspired," I say, because it was immediately after wolfing a chop broiled by Bootsie herself that Bill decided he couldn't wait another month as she had insisted . . . the miraculous element entering into the matter when you consider that Boots actually cooked a meal, and furthermore, the chop wasn't burnt.

Fortunately, the romance proper is fraught with no such complicated psychology. Briefly, it was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

William Cagney, Jimmy's kid brother, and his bride, Boots Mallory, photographed shortly after their Tia Juana wedding.

Photo by Wide World

Both happened to be working at the business calling for pattering hearts, soft music and sighs; and had they never met, both very likely would have continued devoting 168 hours a week to their business. It so happens, however, they met; they sizzled; they burst into flame. And since neither could gain an advantage, they compromised.

The crisis passed with the affair of the chop; precisely at eleven-thirty P. M. on Friday, September the 22nd, 1933. After the first meditative swallow Bill gave a little start of surprise. Gradually a light of determination began to glitter in his eyes. He peered across at Boots. Then he made up their minds. "Listen, darling," he begged, "I see no good reason for putting it off until your birthday! Let's do it now!"

They drove to Tia Juana, dragged the Justice of the Peace from his early morning tennis game, got themselves all mixed and intermingled at the altar and returned to Hollywood. And how the jangle of the Mallory-Cagney wedding bells blazed through the country's press! Happy? Boots is wild about Bill! And *vice versa*. According to them, they are the first couple in the world to discover the real joy of true, lasting love! And when you read the tragic, poignant story of Bootsie's life up to the time she met Bill Cagney, you'll agree that such happiness is truly deserved.

IT was only a few months ago that weakened by continued illness, shocked by suddenly discovering legal technicalities about her former marriage, and faced with a major operation, (*Continued on page* 105)

TEARS

Tears falling like soft rain on green leaves
At eventide.
Tears like early morning dew,
Misty, cooling, comforting your soul.
Tears coursing down your cheeks
Like raindrops on a window-pane.
Tears from anger, hurt, happiness,
Trickling, splashing, spilling sadness.
Slow bitter tears, stinging, burning,
Salty tears.
Hot, sticky tears,
Leaving their traces on your cheeks.
Drowning your lashes.
Splashing tears.
Soft, silent tears like April showers
Falling on purple violets
Caressingly.
Sweet tears like a lover's kiss
Promising comfort.
Tomorrow's hope, today's pain.

BOOTS MALLORY.

Elsie Janis Discovers

"I chuckle now as I remember how sorry I used to feel for him," confesses the famous stage star.

Bing and his first swordfish, caught off Catalina Island, after a forty minute battle. But, because it didn't weigh more than 200 pounds, he didn't wir the Tuna Club gold button. But win it he will.

IT changes most people, that "Ole Davil Success," but I have never seen anyone grow more consistently charming, interesting and human with the mounting of each rung of the ladder of fame than has Bing Crosby.

Having fallen under the spell of that voice long before it echoed around the world, I sit back today and smile smugly at the doubters to whom I said way back in 1927, "Watch this boy Crosby!"

Some of them did. They now join me in a chorus of "I told you so's."

Many others, less credulous, probably don't even realize that the young man who has just signed a new contract with Paramount Studios, which will bring him two hundred thousand dollars in less time than it would take them to learn to croon, is the same lad who was permitted to sing a chorus now and then with Paul Whiteman's band six years ago.

When I say "sing," I mean sing. The word croon was still identified with mothers and lullabies. Crooners were as nonexistent as the depression—personally, I think they were a great help to each other.

Bing has survived both. Paul Whiteman also, since he took his losses in pounds. In 1927, when Whiteman's name on a phonograph record was magic, young man Crosby sang proudly, gratefully, without acclaim and probably at a salary which would pay for the postage on one day's fan mail addressed to the Bing of 1933.

Last night I heard a radio announcer saying, "And now, at the request of many listeners, we will play Bing Crosby's latest song hit, 'The Old Ox Road' as recorded by Paul Whiteman." Bing, himself, was not singing, but the fact that he had sung the song made it important enough for a Whiteman arrangement.

THE Bing of 1927 was not the calm, well-poised Bing of today. He had an arresting personality, aside from the God-given, microphone-developed voice. His tones said clearly, "It is my heart that is singing to you," but his long dreamy blue eyes said, "Don't expect a lot of help from me, I'm not going to throw myself around for anybody."

His expression wasn't sad. It wasn't bored. It just wasn't "among those present."

I chuckle now as I remember how sorry I felt for Bing. I wanted to do something for him. He was, no doubt, perfectly happy, though I didn't bother to inquire, but only the fact that I was sailing for Europe saved him from being adopted, promoted, managed, or perhaps kidnaped.

All of the time I honestly believed it was because I wanted to help him. Right there we have the real reason for his world-

Bing Crosby's new house at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, one of the swankiest in the film colony. It has just been finished. Be sure to read about the housewarming in "You Must Come Over," in this issue.

Bing Crosby's Secret

wide appeal. Sympathy! For example, take the records that have made him. "Stardust," "Just One More Chance," "I Surrender, Dear," "Now That You're Gone," "Faded Summer Love" and so on into the thousands of records. Always sad, sweet songs.

While the world has been going hi-di-hi-di, Bing has been doing half of the love making in it, by proxy. My own romance was a Crosby production—a lover's spat, a sad farewell, a turn of the radio dial, Bing singing "Just One More Chance" and I would bark my shins in my dash for the telephone to recall the young man who is now my husband.

No one can listen to Bing as he listens to Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas or any of those great voices which thrill you and leave you saying, "Boy, what a voice! He certainly can knock 'em for a loop!"

With them you feel that you are just a little listener, privileged to hear the glorious notes. You can almost visualize those big boy baritones, slapping the microphone on the back as they leave the studio, saying, "Thanks, Mike, old thing. I'll be seein' you, and you'll be hearin' me!"

With Bing it's a personal thing. He seems to be singing just for you and with one or two exceptions he always demands sympathy. Even when he asked the world to "Learn to Croon" via the screen, radio and records, it was much more of a request than a bit of advice.

I LEFT America for England in 1927 without helping Bing, the caressing Crosby quality (later to be called a croon) ringing in my ears. Months later an English friend of mine who apparently met the incoming ships from America to get a corner on all the latest American gramophone records, said to me, "I say, have you heard those Three Rhythm chaps? They're topping! Listen to this recording."

The needle dropped and we were into "Mississippi Mud," as recorded by the Three Rhythm Boys. I listened to the trio, feet tapping, eyes snapping, three voices with but a single rhythm. Suddenly my ears stood right on their lobes as I heard the solo bit, "For I Left My Sugar Standin' in the Rain and My Sugar Melted Away." "That's Bing Crosby," I cried. "It couldn't be anybody else." Well, it was, of course.

Life became one unending search for other Rhythm Boys records and, above all, one where Bing would sing more alone. I still felt sorry for him, still wanted to help him. By the time (*Please turn to page* 99)

Photo by Wide World

Bing, holding his newborn, at the son's christening recently. Others in the group are Jobyna Ralston Arlen and Dick Arlen and their son, Richard Ralston Arlen, and Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby). The babies were christened together.

YOUTH
LOOKS AHEAD

At twenty, Loretta Young, already a star, thinks of the time when she'll retire and become a mother

By FRANC DILLON

AS SHE THINKS

"I want a lot of romance in my life—and a lot of children. . . . I want success, then leave it all and live my life. . . . When I retire I want to live in Europe, because it is so different from Hollywood. . . . It's funny to think of myself, as I am now, as just so much stock, just an investment. But that's what I am."

AT twenty, Loretta Young is an investment. Her life is in the control of strangers. At twenty, she can look back on a full life, more filled with events than that of the average woman of fifty. But Loretta doesn't look back. She is too busy looking forward.

What does the future hold for Loretta? One can't, as she admits, go any higher than the pinnacle. One can't do better than be a success in one's particular field. But Loretta is looking further ahead than her immediate career. She is looking forward to the time when, career over, she can retire to a normal, happy married life.

"Of course, I want to marry again," she told me quite frankly. "Being married is the only normal way to live. During the past year my life would have been empty without my work. I'm often terribly depressed. I think it's silly for people to commit suicide, but there have been many times when I could understand a person's reason for doing such a thing. I know I should simply die without my work!

"Acting is my profession," she continued. "I want to achieve success. And then I want to leave it all and live my life. If I can I'd like to work eight or nine years longer and then go to Europe, marry and have lots of children.

"I want to give up my work entirely when I do quit. If I stayed in Hollywood, I couldn't. I'd have to keep right on acting. I'm sure Europe is the place I want to live because it is so different from Hollywood. I want to cut myself off completely.

"And I think I ought to be able to find a husband when I'm twenty-nine years old," she added, naïvely. "Perhaps my career won't last that long. Think of all the stars you know. Few of them have maintained their positions as stars for more than five years—even three years. So, when I say I hope to work eight or nine years longer, I know there's just a chance.

"It's a case now of fighting to retain my present position and that, in a way, is out of my hands. It depends upon proper stories, good direction and excellent casts. But I don't have to get gray-haired over those responsibilities because I'm an investment to the studio, and the studio's going to look after me as it would guard an investment in the stock market. It's funny," she said in her husky voice, "to think of myself as just so much stock. But that's what I am."

WHEN Loretta was fourteen and still in school, her sister, Polly Ann Young, was a contract player at First National. Polly Ann was wanted at the studio one day for a retake, but she had gone out of town on a vacation. So Loretta was sent to the studio to take her place. The sisters looked so much alike, that, dressed (*Please turn to page* 74)

"I should be able to find a husband when I'm twenty-nine years old, shouldn't I?" Loretta asked, naively.

Photographed exclusively for the New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine

Karen Morley's screen career, halted briefly by her role of mother, in real life, begins anew. After "Dinner at Eight," you will see her in a succession of pictures. . . . Here you see her in the garden of her Hollywood home.

SPEAKING of MONEY

Drawing by Ken Chamberlain

Just imagine what might happen if the code epidemic were to break out in the movies.

I DON'T see why Hollywood actors were criticized for wiring the President their complaints of the movie code. They couldn't very well wire General Johnson—a five-thousand-a-year man. Too, *too* embarrassing! For that matter, the President gets only $68,500 since foolishly cutting himself ten per cent. Wonder how he feels being told that one's pay is determined entirely by one's popularity. Smaller than Mickey Mouse, I guess.

STARS say their names draw business, therefore they earn the money. Names like Standard Oil and Ford also bring cash, but no one ever argued they were self-made.

Most players come to Hollywood as rookies to the army. If they show talent, they are taken in hand by directors, photographers, costumers, make-up artists, publicity perfumers. They're done over so their best friends wouldn't recognize them and, for that matter, they don't always recognize their best friends.

Doubles perform dangerous stunts, doubles stand in while lights and cameras are trained, doubles even sing for them if occasion requires.

When at last the "name" is a draw, little star yowls for a thousand a week more and usually gets it. The builder-uppers go right on at the old wage.

Proof that stars are synthetic: Give them bum stories, poor lighting, bad direction, inexpert photography and punk publicity, and see how long the "name" draws. Don't take my word. See "Bombshell," Hollywood's own version of a star.

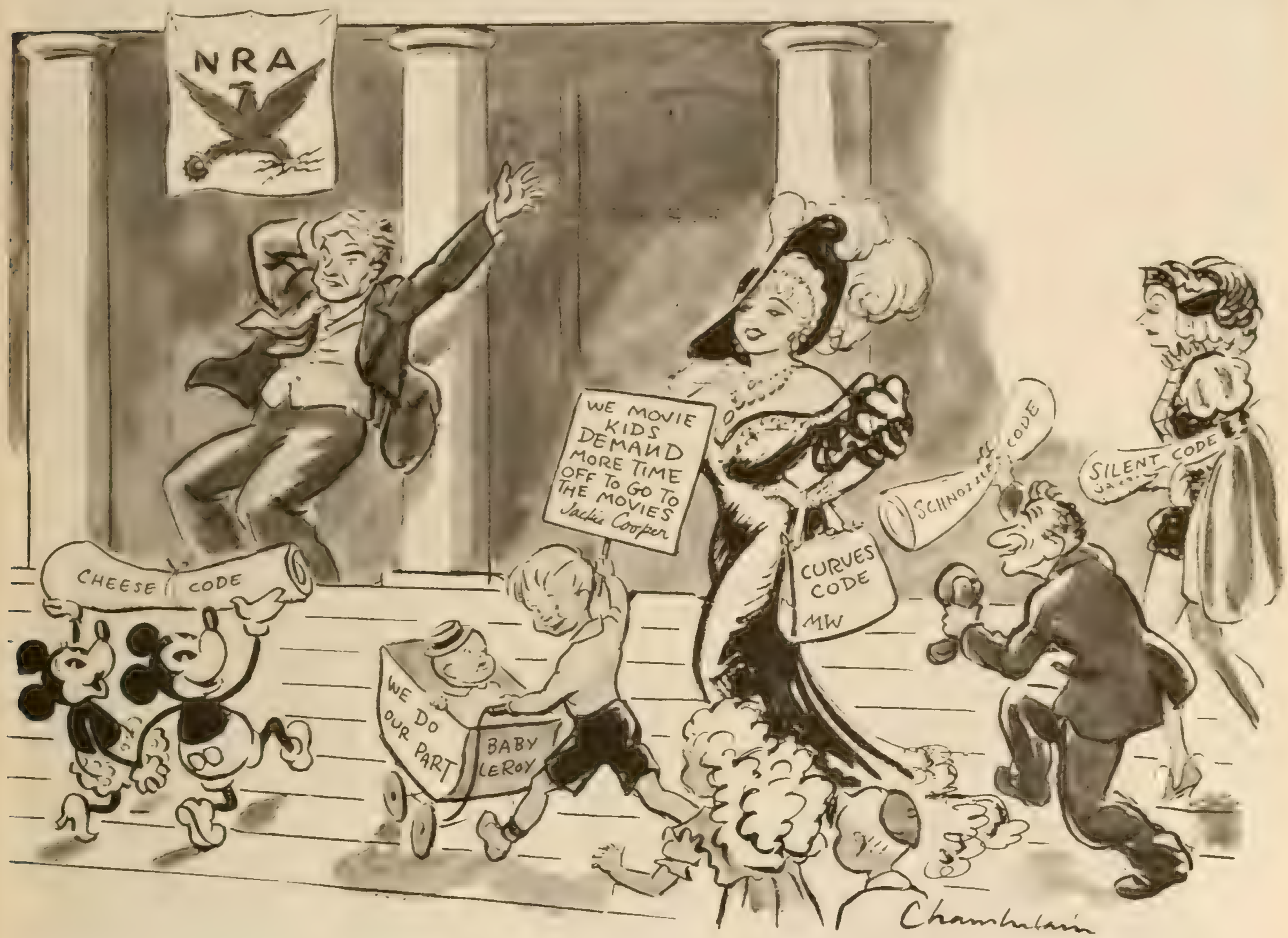
I SIDE with the actors in feeling that if cuts are to be made, they should start with the big-bonus executives. This attempt to limit salaries has brought the inevitable shriek, "Communism!" This, in turn, must bring ironic smiles to the capitalists who have lost some five hundred million in movie stocks during the past three years and to the bankers who have cancelled fifty-five million in loans. From where they sit, Hollywood must look redder than Moscow.

PERSONALLY, I don't think anyone should be cut. Instead, I think everyone's salary should be raised to equal Garbo's . . . well, anyway, Baby LeRoy's. Didn't those monstrous Technocrats claim we could all be making twenty thousand a year under a Square Deal? That wouldn't be bad for a start.

AND I don't mean to say that all stars are entirely synthetic. Mae West, f'r'nstance. Mae gives her heart, her soul, her everythin'. Conceives her stories, writes her lines, sings her songs herself and has such a way with reporters that Paramount has had to substitute bouncers for press-agents on her set.

And, while others were wiring complaints to the President, Mae was wiring a plea to the Governor of South Carolina to pardon a technician of the company

The Hollywood Boulevardier—HERB HOWE—takes the President's investigation of movie salaries to heart, and then goes for a stroll



who broke jail ten years ago and has been a good boy since. It's all I can do to keep from wiring General Johnson to exempt Mae. I mean no blanket code should cover Mae!

The Governor of Kentucky has made Mae a colonel. That should calm those who worry about defense. In case of war, with Mae as Colonel, you'd never have to conscript us boys.

WHEN screen history is written it will be recorded that the Golden Age of Art began with Mae West and the Three Little Pigs. It took Mae's "cumup'n see me s'm'time" to bring Prosperity around the corner into the theaters. "I'm No Angel" was appropriately premiered at the Seamen's Church Institute in New York.

I tried to join the Navy and see Mae, but didn't get by, because sailors are now required to have a high school education. Nevertheless, I did drive down to the Institute, hoping to see the Admiral whose life I saved in the Long Beach earthquake by sharing a pint. No use! The defenders of our land overflowed the auditorium. All I got was the critical comment of a gob who hurtled forth, screaming: "Am *I* drunk and is *she* handsome!"

P.S.—Don't be surprised to find Mae's head on your sailor boy's chest. Latest fashion in tattoo!

DIRECTOR LEWIS MILESTONE went to Russia to film scenes for "Red Square." The thing that amazed him about the Russian film studios was the hearty coöperation of all workers, the absence of envy and "politics" that render Hollywood studios chaotic. Recently, it has been reported the Russians will install the star system. Good-bye cooperation; hello envy!

PRODDED into line by twenty-four cops, frightened stiff by four mounted Cossacks, all but crushed by a spectacled female tractor suspiciously resembling the old-time reformer, I finally got into the Paramount Theater and saw "I'm No Angel."

But I'm soured on New York's Broadway movie palaces. Even when you succeed in getting in, the battle is not over. Big palooks keep charging up and down the aisles, the screen is blotted out by others passing in front of you, and the toes are turned to ragout by fat ladies treading heavily to seats in the same row.

I've turned Bolshie. If television doesn't arrive pretty soon, I'm going to Moscow, where you can dance in the foyers of the theaters while waiting for seats, listen to concert orchestras, gnaw on caviar sandwiches, have your photograph taken and your hair cut. T' 'll with entertainment in this land of rugged, individual shoving!

ONE abuse the NRA movie code should slap down is voice dubbing for songs. Peacocks who sing with the voices of nightingales should get the axe. One of the worst examples was in "Too Much Harmony"—and I don't mean Bing Crosby. I see some art in picking a man's pocket but none in lifting his talent. Here's an example of the (*Please turn to page* 80)

Hurrell

New Movie's HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Lilyan Tashman, "Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman," passes the compliment on to Norma Shearer

I think Norma Shearer is the best-dressed woman, both on and off the screen. Miss Shearer is not only well dressed, but she is always beautifully groomed. In fact, to my notion, she is the best-groomed as well as the best-dressed woman in pictures.

Norma's hair and nails always look so perfectly done. She has always that scrubbed, immaculate look. She dresses in a grand, conservative, luxurious style and looks as though she uses care and thought in buying as well as in wearing her clothes.

—LILYAN TASHMAN.

BLACK FOR FORMALITY

Alice White follows the French tradition in choosing black for formal street wear. It's a black wool tunic dress, with matching cape trimmed with Persian lamb. Hat, bag, gloves and shoes also are black.

Fashionable dark green is well displayed in Alice White's new gabardine with matching skirt and sports sweater. A scarf and small black tam complete the ensemble.

Photos by Freulich.

BROWN FOR SPORTSWEAR

A brown wool sports suit with wide lapels is just the thing for informal daytime occasions. A tan wool sweater-blouse is snugly tied under the chin, and the diminutive brown cap is drawn rakishly to the right.

SQUARE NECK-LINES

Are featured in these dresses worn by Alice White for both afternoon and evening wear

Red wool embroidered with gold blocks brightens the landscape when worn by Miss White. It's a practical dress made with a becoming square neck-line, ruffles at the top of the sleeves, and kick pleats at the front of the skirt. The small black hat sports a diminutive black veil.

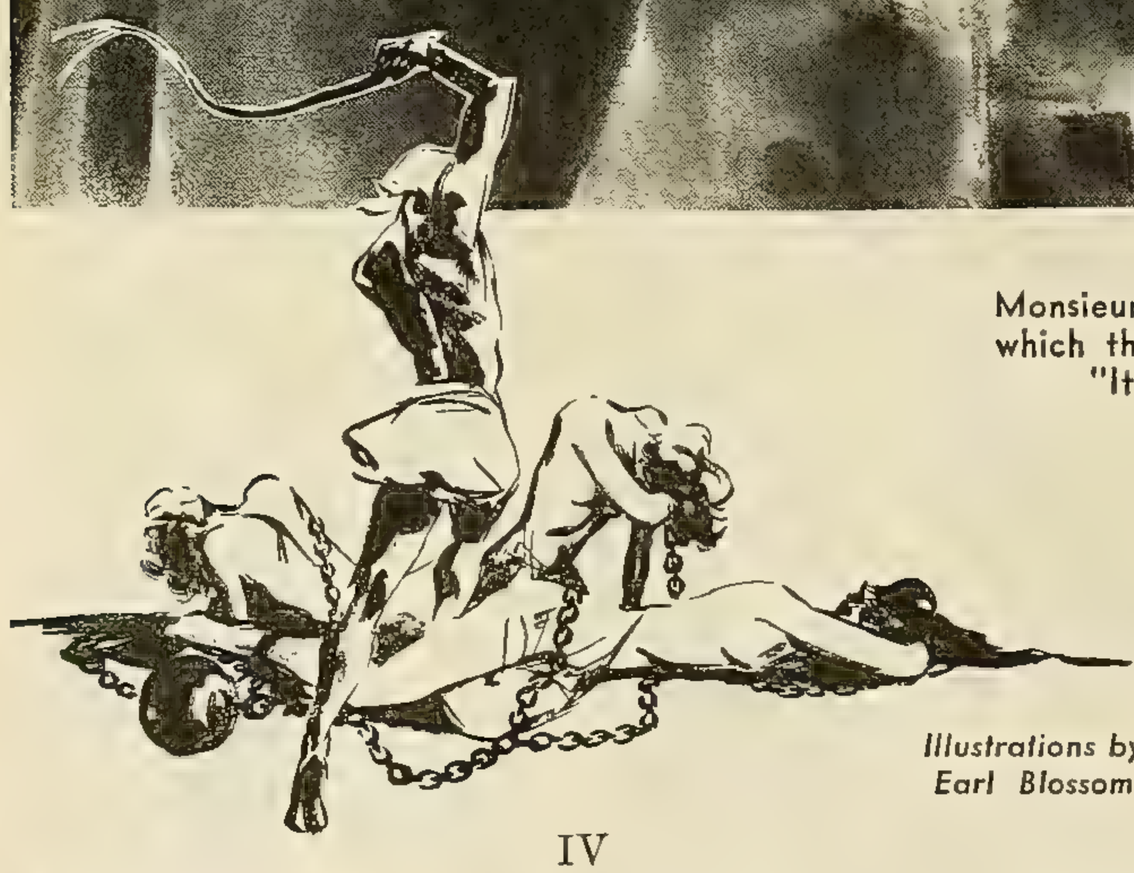
Photos by Freulich.

Alice White, appearing in Universal's picture, "Kid Gloves," is a good fashion pattern for the petite blonde. She is dainty and slender, yet well formed, and she wears clothes that neither accentuate nor conceal her graceful figure. Black, brown, green, red and violet are all included in her autumn wardrobe, and they are all equally becoming. The dinner gown shown at the left is made of violet colored crepe with low-cut neck and flattering cape sleeves.

Shimmering panne velvet, black lynx fur and Marion Nixon. It's the 1934 style in tea gowns, made with flattering fullness below the hips at the back, sedate neckline and sleeves that wrinkle closely at the wrist.

Hollywood SLAVE

Monsieur Pierre himself was approaching with an antique tray on which there stood the largest bottle of perfume I had ever seen.... "It is yours," said Fritz. "It is you. Look! It is 'Astra.'"



Illustrations by Earl Blossom

IV

I FEAR I looked far from "divine" as I eased myself out of Fritz Stresseman's roadster—late that night after a wild, vain ride to Fresno and return—and battered at the locked door of my little side-street Hollywood hotel. I had driven a good deal in my life; otherwise, I should not have dared the trip; but never so far or so long; and never recently. I was stiff and lame and tired and hungry—and I had a broken heart.

I might have known that Travis would not have gone to Fresno, that he would have scorned to profit by the generosity of Fritz Stresseman—the price, as I am sure he thought, of my desertion and deceit. But when I reached our little room that Sunday noontime, after a none too carefully driven dash down the wide circling grade of Stresseman's hill, and found that he had gone without leaving a note or even a message with the hotel people, I didn't know anything except that I must find him.

Fresno! That was the one word in my mind, the one clue. So, breakfastless, hatless, brainless, I slipped again into the driver's seat behind the big wheel and started the high-powered machine on a journey which could have no end. Luckily I had in my bag my half of the last week's salary. It sufficed to buy gas and oil, and later, when fatigue brought me perilously near to collapse at the wheel, it bought ham and eggs and good hot coffee. It is amazing how healthy an eighteen-year-old girl can be—even when her heart is crushed.

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

MOLLY, the little girl from Cadiz, Ohio, virtually hypnotized into leaving the husband she adores and living a life of lies to become "the mystery woman of the screen."

TRAVIS, the husband, a young singer, touring with Molly in vaudeville, ignorant of the role in life and in films that his wife is to be required to play.

FRITZ STRESSEMAN, world-famous director and star-maker, who, glimpsing Molly in the Brown Derby, determines to make her his next great star. Traces her to the theater and immediately offers her a dazzling contract—provided she will place herself completely in his hands.

The anonymous confession of a famous movie star who risks her soul for a strange career

Of course, he wasn't there. Apparently he had telegraphed the San Francisco office of his withdrawal, for a replacement had come down on the morning train to fill his spot on the bill. It was like Travis to do that: he never let anybody down. He wasn't letting me down. He was just letting me out. I didn't blame him. I simply made up my mind to devote my life to finding him, to getting him back. First, though, I must return Fritz Stresseman's stolen car and I must gather up my belongings in the little room—my stage costumes, which I would need if I were to keep soul and body together while I searched for my man. It was for this that I had come back to Hollywood.

There was no answer to my battering from inside the hotel; but the noise had evidently awakened someone in the all-night parking place next door, for I could distinctly hear the unlatching of a car door, and the murmuring of masculine voices, followed by the switching on and off of headlights. Finally, two sleepy, disheveled figures appeared around the corner of the building. One I recognized at once as the usually impeccable chauffeur, who, I had already learned, answered to the first-class movie name of Claude. The other was the man, Sam, who had called me "baby" and "kid" and had warned me that little Isadore preferred blondes.

I DIDN'T know what to say to these men. Did they come as friends? Or as jailers? I decided to wait and see. They were in no hurry, either. They were evidently still half asleep—the tall man, Claude, especially. Sam managed to stagger sleepily to the headlights of my car, and stick one hairy hand and wrist into their piercing rays. I was standing near enough to see the hands on his heavy gold wrist watch. They said two o'clock.

"Well, baby," he said, turning to me with a not unfriendly smile, "how'd'ye like the buggy ride?"

"All right," I said. I wasn't in the mood for humor.

"We've been waitin' for yer."

"Yes, I see. Mr. Stresseman wants his car, I suppose."

"Sure he wants his car! 'Sam,' he says, 'you bring back that car, dead or alive—an' if you find any Egyptian goddesses hidden away in the rumble, bring them back, too.' "

"Dead or alive?" I laughed. Sick and tired as I was, I couldn't help liking Sam.

"Well, wha'd'ye say, baby, will you drive yerself or will yer ride in style with Claude?"

"Thanks, Sam—and you, too, Claude—it was swell of you boys to wait up for me. But I've had enough of what you call 'buggy-riding' for one day. You take the car back to Mr. Stressman with my apologies and thanks. It's filled with gas just as I found it. I'll go upstairs and get a little sleep."

"Sorry, kid, but the house is full. Ther' ain't a vacant bed in the place."

"But my things!" I cried. "My costumes."

"Don' worry about yer things, baby. They're all safe—"

"But where?" I was now genuinely alarmed; for all that I had in the world was what was left of last week's salary check, and I couldn't buy costumes with that.

"Oh, up there in the old ancestral castle," answered Sam, with a lordly gesture toward the hills. "I tucked 'em away meself, just as cute as a pea in a pod."

I WONDERED if Sam's duties, which seemed to include everything from the work of an upstairs girl to the rescue of strayward ladies in distress, extended also to the artistic arrangement of clothes over the backs of Spanish chairs—(*Please turn to page* 94)

TED COOK'S MOVIE COOK-COOS

Wise and otherwise comments on the Picture Parade

HALF a dozen universities are offering courses in "Motion Picture Appreciation." Over in Edinburg, Scotland, faculty groups invite working girls to c'mon up one night a week and talk about the movies. Distinguished sociologists have issued one report, and are preparing another, to show just how pictures shape public attitudes in this broad land. Which brings us smack up to Topic A—Mae West.

In Hollywood they speak of Mae West as Paramount's hope chest.

But she's bigger and broader than that, if we may be permitted to say so. We do say so, and thanks for the loan of the hall.

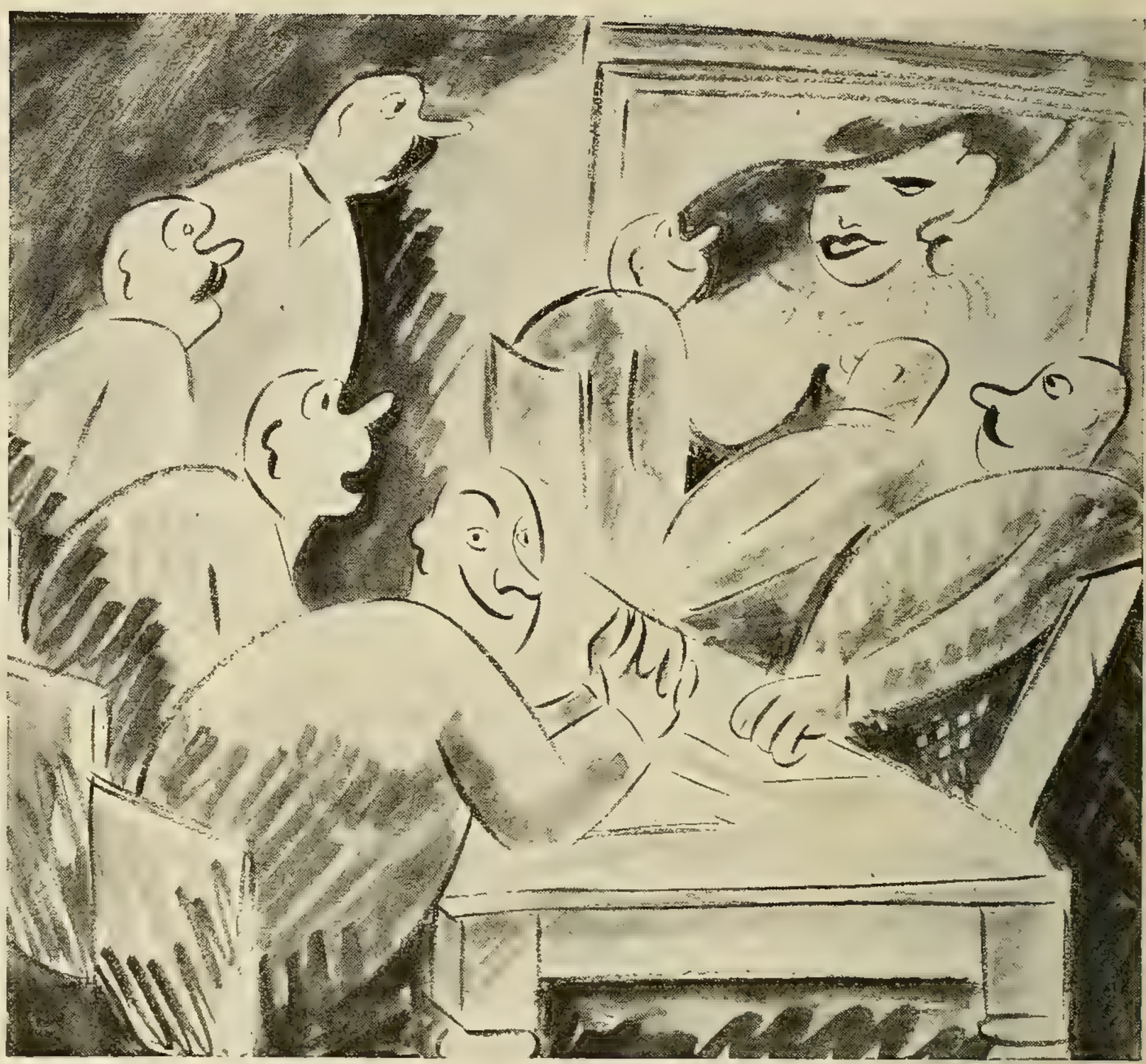
Of course Mae doesn't know it—and neither does Paramount—but in some circles she's considered a wholesome influence. (Yes, you are, Mae—and don't talk back to the Professor.) We said Mae doesn't know it. We did not say Mae doesn't know IT.

MAE'S characterization of the big, bad she-wolf (in silver fox trimmings) is teaching Americans to come right out and laugh loud and hearty at sex. Of course, we're not saying that you can laugh sex right off the agenda of the oh! so human, race. But we're saying—and we speak for the moralists—that she makes people laugh at the way fancy ladies undo the big, strong chumps.

Indeed, it might not be a bad idea—or it might not be a good idea, for that matter—if Mae West pictures were shown at every board of directors' meeting, as a matter of regular business. The Mae West showing could be scheduled in place of the routine exchange of smoking compartment stories which so often delay a vote on resolutions to pass a dividend.

WHILE touching on smoking-room stories, did we ever think to tell you that Mae supplies practically all the laugh lines for her own pictures—not to mention a lot of laugh lines that are too peppery to handle. Then it must have been someone else who told you. Say what you will about Mae West's acting, she knows her lines. She not only knows her lines, but has an excellent memory, because the lines that get the big laugh in "I'm No Angel" are:

"When I'm good, I'm very, very good, but when I'm bad I'm—better."



Drawing by the author

Why not show a Mae West picture at every board of directors' meeting? It could be scheduled in place of the routine exchange of smoking compartment stories which so often delay a vote on resolutions to pass a dividend.

AND, speaking of Mae West's lines—there is actually a Mae West, listed in the Los Angeles telephone directory, who is a corsetiere. And the Mae West who sells corsets complains that her phone rings at all hours of the night. Drunks think it is fun to call up and ask if they can c'mon up some time. One call came long distance from Arizona.

At this point we pause gracefully to ask why it is that most musical pictures show so many legs and so little promise.

And an advertisement in a Waterville, Maine, paper says:

If You Are Going to the Movies
You Can Leave Your Clothes
To Be Cleaned and Pressed
Just at the Left of the Lobby.

Be that as it may, we will never have much faith in human nature until it stops applauding movie-house organists.

PREVIEWS are now being scouted by cough detectors, whose business it is to spot scenes during which the audience starts coughing.

All of which is a result of some wide-awake executive's quaint whimsey.

He has deduced that the audience cough is a definite reaction to the feeling of boredom caused by an overacted scene.

Of course, if overacted scenes made people cough audiences would have blown down all the theater walls by this time. And the so-called silver screen would look like the tattered sails of the good old schooner *Hesperus*.

There isn't an actor or a director who can prevent some of us old habitual coughers from coughing. For that matter, there isn't a cinema artist who can make pictures good enough to prevent ladies sitting in the next row back from discussing yesterday's bridge game.

A movie-taught dogma
That's current as sin
Is: The worst of the gals
Get the best of the men.

"THERE are too many present-day wives playing bridge, at-

(*Please turn to page* 93)

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Jack Freulich

Do you remember Pearl White, the serial queen, and her *Pauline* of the perils? And only a few years ago, too! . . . Here you see the 1933 version of *Pauline*—Pearl brought up to date by Evalyn Knapp. And, in addition to the Peril series, you'll find Evalyn in Universal's new "Beloved."

Hollywood's

The strange story of Whitley Heights, where glamorous ghosts gather, rising high above the common world

Blanche Sweet, still slim and romantic looking, is seldom heard of or seen in pictures.

After many tragic episodes, Helen Lee Worthing is in a sanitarium.

THERE is a hilltop in Hollywood where glamorous ghosts gather . . . some of them the ghosts of people who are still alive.

There is an insidious charm about this spot possessed by no other residential district in the environs of Hollywood or Los Angeles. Stand on a balcony on Whitley Heights some deep blue, velvet night, when the perfume of orange blossoms and roses mingles ever so faintly with the fragrance of burning eucalyptus logs, and Hollywood stretches before you like a handful of jewels waiting to be scooped up, and you will know what I mean.

Bel-Air, Brentwood, Beverly Hills and the Los Feliz estates have dignity, beauty, stability. Malibu offers fun, freedom and relaxation.

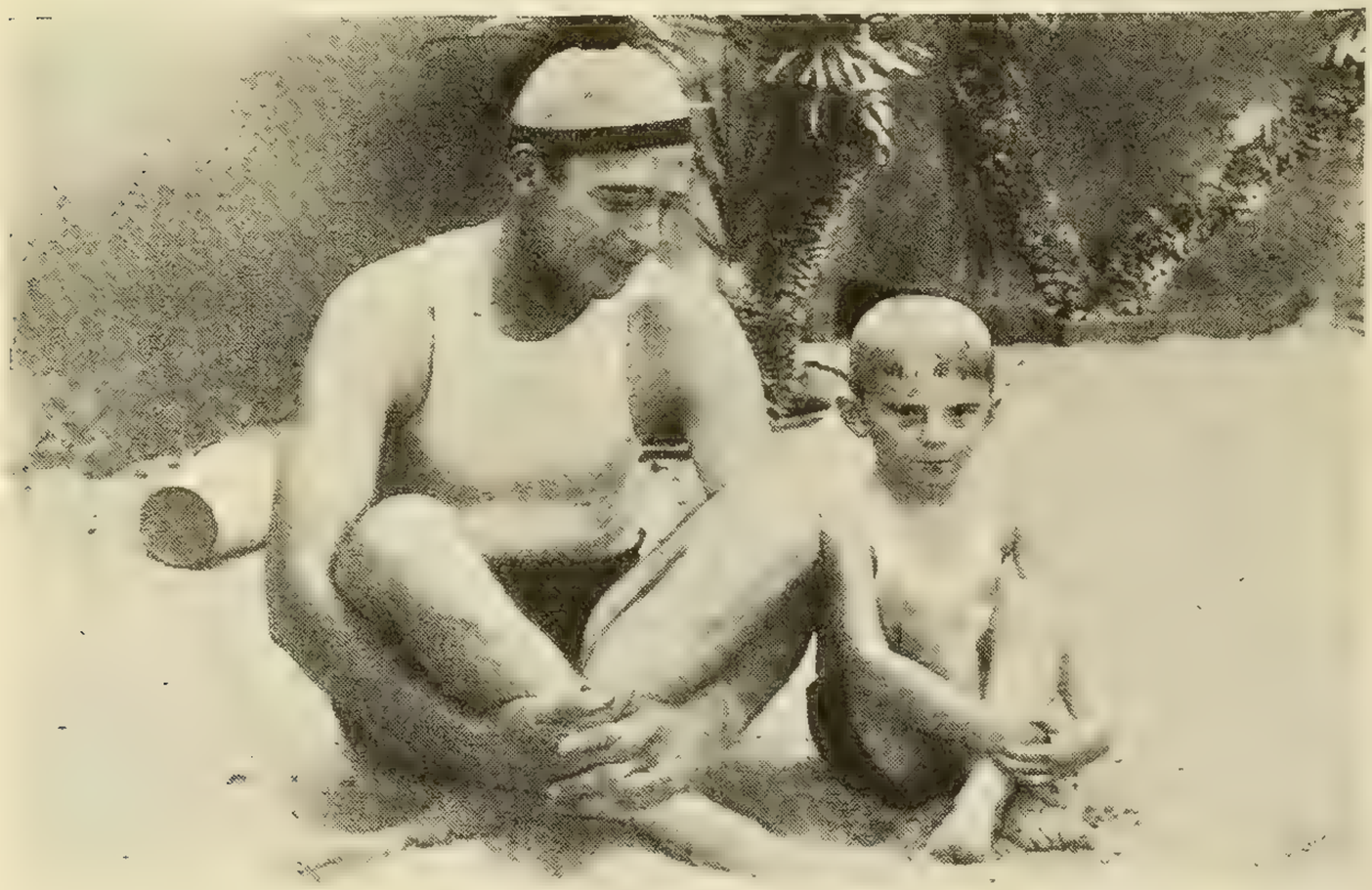
But Whitley Heights has the ecstatic quality of impermanence. The houses cling perilously to the hillside. Bedrooms may be downstairs and kitchens upstairs. There is a profusion of flowers and foliage. Red roses hang over small green gates. Hibiscus blossoms line the winding paths. Bright-colored birds dart from tree to tree, and when it rains you can watch the rain drops falling on the roofs below. People on the way up the ladder of fame live here, and people on the way down.

Real estate men will tell you, and tell you truly, that on a clear day you can see a shimmer that is the Pacific, and that on summer nights your ears will be regaled with snatches from the symphonies in Hollywood Bowl.

But the real estate man doesn't know that if you listen ever so carefully you may hear the eerie whine of Valentino's specially-built foreign roadster as it creeps up the steep hill that leads from Hollywood. The roadster lies in a junk heap somewhere, and Valentino, greatest of screen lovers, in a crypt, not even his own, a short distance from the foot of the hill.

And, late at night, the fog creeps in from the sea to clothe the hill in silver and to enfold with loving fingers the graceful wraith of the too-beautiful Barbara La Marr, who traveled so far in the eight miles that stretch from the shabby cabaret on Main Street to the odd little pink house that still clings trustingly to the hillside.

And if your ears are tickled by a vagrant refrain from a song you have almost forgotten . . . "Wally" Reid lived not far away, and impromptu orchestras composed of his friends were his chief delight. And strange unhappy fates overtook others who were beautiful, gay and gifted and who looked triumphantly down on Hollywood from this picturesque hilltop.



Wallace Reid loved the hilltop, too. Memories of gay parties and Wally's Pan-like pranks still abound. . . . Above, one of the last pictures taken of Wally, with Wallace, Jr.

Photo by Wide World

Wanda Hawley lived in the house next to Eugene O'Brien—Wanda, blond and dimpled.

By ELEANORE GRIFFIN

TEN or twelve years ago so many celebrities lived on this one hilltop that a sightseeing bus laden with tourists made the almost precipitous climb every afternoon.

Valentino lived there then in the blue honeymoon house to which he brought the exotic Natacha Rambova. Valentino, who in his brief career, enjoyed an adulation accorded no other actor in the history of the stage or screen.

But the darling of the gods died at the age of thirty-one. Rioting lines, blocks long, waited to view his casket. Women all over the world wept. Two girls who had never seen him except

HAUNTED HILL

An airplane photograph of Hollywood. In the circle marked No. 1 is Grauman's Chinese Theater, where Hollywood holds its swankiest openings; 2, the Roosevelt Hotel, center of much movie gayety; 3 and 4, Levy's Cafe and the Brown Derby, respectively, where the stars dine; 5, Sardi's restaurant, a comparatively new social center; and 6, the hilltop known as Whitley Heights.

Falcon Lair, the honeymoon house, where Rudolph Valentino took his exotic bride, Natacha Rambova, and still visited by countless sightseers. . . . At right: Rudy who, in his brief career, enjoyed an adulation accorded no other actor in the history of the stage or screen.

on the screen, girls he didn't know existed, committed suicide.

The blue honeymoon house still stands, and curious fans continue to ring the doorbell and humbly request that they be allowed to go through the house. The present tenants are amazingly gracious about it. Perhaps Rudy, who died at his zenith, will be the screen's only immortal.

And children who are now grown up remember begging their nurses to take them walking by the pink house where Barbara La Marr lived, because Barbara was so beautiful she seemed to them like somebody out of the pages of a fairy tale . . . Barbara, who crowded the adventures, the tears, and the joys of several lifetimes into her pitiful twenty-nine years. She loved the hilltop and the glittering lights below her.

Wally Reid loved the hilltop, too. Memories of gay parties and Wally's Pan-like pranks still abound. Everyone loved Wally, who looked like a young god, and who died waging a glorious but futile battle.

Scoff, if you will, but is it not strange that three individuals, each one glamorous, beloved and gifted, (*Please turn to page* 88)

Eleanor Boardman lived up here when she was considered one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger actresses.

Gloria Stuart and John Boles in Universal's new costume musical, "Beloved."

MUSIC

IN THE MOVIES

By

JOHN EDGAR WEIR

What's new and best in melodies in the movies and on the records

BIGGEST HITS

"It's Only a Paper Moon," fox trot—played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"By a Waterfall," fox trot—played by Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" vocal—sung by Ethel Shutta. (Columbia)

"The Day You Came Along," vocal—sung by Bing Crosby. (Brunswick)

IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON" played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra start things off this month, and I think this is the best dance record that Whiteman has turned out in quite some time. In fact, it's so good that it doesn't even sound like Paul. All of the phoney over-arranging and fifty fiddle effects are pretty well done away with in this one, and you get just what you want in a dance record: rhythm and licks and a good vocalist. In fact, Peggy Healy, who does the vocal work, deserves a good deal of praise, as she does plenty to put the record over. However, this is my idea of the King of Jazz at his best.

The other side is also played by Mr. Whiteman. This time it's a tune from the Paramount picture "Take a Chance." "Night Owl" is the name of this one, and it will get by but only through the vocal work of the Rhythm Boys. Not that you can blame Whiteman though, for this is an insipid tune if there ever was one. Even good arranging can't disguise that fact. (This is Victor Record No. 24400-B.)

"BY A WATERFALL" is the title of the next, and now it's Guy Lombardo we're listening to. This is from the Warner Brothers film, "Footlight Parade," and when you hear this record, you'll think that the tune must have been written just for Lombardo. I think it's impossible for Guy to record a bum tune and this just goes to prove it. Of course, Carmen Lombardo sings the vocal refrain.

Another number from "Footlight Parade" is on the other side, called "Shanghai Lil," also played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. However, if your memory reaches back a couple of years you'll easily recognize this one as "Cryin' for the Carolines" with very little change outside (*Please turn to page* 89)

Herbert Marshall's back — and how! You'll remember the smash hit he made—and then left us. "The Solitaire Man" was his last appearance in American films, but now, again, you see him in Cecil B. DeMille's "Four Frightened People," featuring Claudette Colbert, and Honolulu-made.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Engstead

If Ruby Keeler says her eyes are set on a bassinet instead of top billing, that she would rather have a baby than a new contract, she is being honest. She's not just talking; she means it.

About marriage, Ruby says: "Al and I just enjoy being together—not doing things together, but just being together. You know, the way you like to have someone around, someone you really like."

THE Fairy Princess OF THE FILMS

By HESTER ROBISON

ALL of her life—and she is now twenty-three years old—Ruby Keeler has snapped her fingers at things that seem all-important to other people. She has snapped her fingers in defiance—and she's happier than most girls are at her age.

That is why, in the near future, she expects to snap her fingers at her movie career and give it all up to start having a family.

Certainly, it is not publicity!

Ruby Keeler never jokes about things as sacred as marriage and babies. Didn't you hear about the time she walked out of Ziegfeld's "Whoopee," and the reason for it?

EDDIE CANTOR, who was the star, was using the Al Jolson-Ruby Keeler marriage as the basis for a joke that got a lot of laughs. Now, if there is anything more marvelous to Ruby than Al and her marriage to him, she hasn't disclosed it. When Cantor went on using the joke, little Ruby just up and walked out of a leading role and went to Hollywood to join her husband.

So, when Ruby says she may quit the movies just when she has started her career, at a time when she is kicking her toes against the top rung of the ladder of fame, she isn't just saying it. She is being sincere. If she says her eyes are set on a bassinet instead of top billing, and that she would rather have a baby than a new contract, she is being honest and not looking for publicity.

BACK in Halifax, N. S., where Ruby was born, people usually say what they mean, and Ruby never talks unless she knows what she is going to say. If being born in the atmosphere of rugged honesty that characterizes the folk in Halifax hadn't given Ruby the courage to respect things other than fame and money and a career, then her training in Catholic convents would have done it.

She was only five when she moved to Long Island, New York, with her family. Her mother put her into a Catholic school right away. Don't get the idea, however, that little Ruby was always pampered and petted until she was spoiled. She was one of six children—four beautiful sisters and

RUBY KEELER whose only thought in her stardom was "to take care of the folks"—and her Prince Charming

a younger brother—and she took pot-luck in most things with the rest of them. It is true that she had a little the advantage of them, being the oldest.

When she was a little girl she spelled her name Rubye Keeler, but she dropped the extra "e" when she became known around Broadway as a "grand little hoofer." Her kid sisters, who used to cut out clippings about her and keep scrapbooks to show off to their friends, teased her about changing her name from Rubye to Ruby. They pretended that she must think herself a grand person to do it. All the time they were saying to her face that she wasn't so good as a dancer, they were boasting about her behind her back. A prophet is without glory in his own country.

AT the age of six Ruby was attending a Catholic dancing school. She made other children look like clumsy oafs when she danced. She was so conspicuous by her grace that a teacher, who came once a week to train the little girls in their school "drill," singled her out for attention.

"This little girl," she predicted, "will be famous some day."

In those days Ruby was a serious-eyed child, deeply religious. Her religion came first, then her dancing.

It was not because she decided Ruby should be a dancer that Mrs. Nellie Keeler sent her child to a dancing teacher at the Metropolitan. It was done merely because it seemed the natural move for a child who adored dancing.

Gradually, though, it became obvious to Mrs. Keeler that there was more to it than mere love of skimming around the floor of a dance studio. She understood that Ruby loved dancing more than anything else she did; that it was something deeply rooted, as love of painting or writing is deeply rooted in other children.

Understanding, Mrs. Keeler sought advice from Ruby's teachers. She was told that Jack Blue (the man who taught Marilyn Miller and other famous dancing stars) could do wonders for her child. Whether it was as a result of her innate talent or the training she received from Jack Blue is hard to tell; but shortly after she entered his classes, she became a professional dancer.

It is said by those who knew Jack Blue that sometimes he was harsh with his pupils. But with the child, Ruby, he was as gentle as a lamb. All of her life Ruby has had the same effect on persons supposed to be too hardened.

SHE was only thirteen when she took part in a play, "The Rise of Rose O'Reilly." At this play Mrs. Keeler met other mothers whose children were professionals, and one of them advised her to enroll her daughter in the Professional Children's School.

In the school with Ruby was a titian-haired little girl named Lillian Roth; a dark-haired, statuesque girl named Marguerite Churchill, a youngster named William Janney and a tall blond youth named Gene Raymond.

Of them all, Ruby was the quietest. She was different from the other children in her serious outlook on life; she knew, young as she was, that on her success depended the welfare of her family. They staked everything on her and she had to make good.

She worked like a little slave. At fourteen she could out-dance anyone her own age or older. She could make professionals look awkward and amateurs hide with shame. She was a "dancing fool" who loved her work. She could stand in the middle of a floor and drum out more taps to the second than any other girl tap dancer around Broadway.

That reason, and the fact that she was fourteen

Ruby Keeler, as she appeared in her latest smash hit musical production, "Gold Diggers of 1933."

and a soft-eyed little beauty, led Texas Guinan to take her on as a dancer in her Three Hundred Club.

THERE have been all kinds of stories about what a hard-boiled person Texas of the night clubs is, and Miss Guinan herself does nothing to soften the reports. Yet Texas would have slain any man who tried to paw Ruby. She would have torn the man to shreds who cracked a joke about Ruby's religious medal which she wore even when appearing in the middle of the night club in the scantiest of costumes. Texas loved Ruby and Ruby, who stayed in her show for three years, adored Texas Guinan.

Ruby danced all night and slept all day; but on Saturday nights, she and Texas went swimming or attended prizefights.

Texas saw to it that Ruby's mother was waiting in Ruby's dressing-room every night, or else she wouldn't let Ruby leave the club to go home. In those days Ruby shared a dressing-room with another dancer who called herself "Princess White Deer." (*Please turn to page* 90)

Ralph Morgan and his daughter, Claudia, refresh themselves after a strenuous game of tennis

Ken Maynard goes without lunch when working—between pictures he lunches with his wife outdoors.

BREAKFAST AT SEVEN

By MARGARET SPENCER

IF you're going to Hollywood—with serious intentions—be prepared to get up early. Looking at rushes, waiting for retakes—any number of incidents—may delay a player from half an hour to two hours at luncheon or dinner, regardless of the importance of the engagement. Hollywood hostesses have learned to accept that situation calmly. They try to plan menus that will wait without spoiling. You cannot count on luncheon or dinner hour, but on working days, breakfast is usually served at seven or earlier.

Will Rogers, who always rises early, believes that meal times are six A.M., twelve o'clock noon and six P.M., although his wife declares that breakfast is the only meal he attends on time. He is always the first one at the table for that meal. When it is noon the director might just as well (*Please turn to page* 76)

Gary Cooper doesn't feel hurt when he breakfasts alone.

No such thing as regular dinner or lunch hour in Hollywood—but breakfast is served early

YOU MUST COME OVER TO THE PARTY

Let's go along with GRACE KINGSLEY, The New Movie Magazine's Hollywood Society Reporter

HOLLYWOOD gone Bowery! Can you imagine that? Also gone Gay Nineties.

It was a picture, that Vendome Cafe, turned into a Bowery dance hall, with all sorts of characters there—even "Anna Held," in the person of Jeanette MacDonald, huge picture hat and all.

On the walls pictures of fighters and of burlesque queens of a bygone day, while the famous ones, in all colors and styles of dress and character danced the old-fashioned dances, sat and chatted, stood about in colorful groups, or went down to the bar to refresh themselves and listen to the old-fashioned quartette sing old songs.

Here Sally Eilers as a Salvation Army lassie danced with Richard Dix as a Bowery slicker, cigar and all. (And the cigar, he admitted, was making him awfully ill; he never smokes at all!) There Jean Harlow in a bathing suit which covered her from neck to ankles. She sported a skirt as well, not to mention bathing shoes and stockings, romped through an old-fashioned waltz with Jimmy Gleason, who was a bold, bad gambler. Ginger Rogers, gorgeous as a Floradora Girl, hobnobbed over a glass of ginger ale at the bar with Sidney Lanfield, the director, who had a hand-organ and a monkey. The monkey took a fancy to Fay Wray, who was dressed like a sweet-sixteen Bowery miss, but Fay, remembering "King Kong," didn't care for the animal, so she just simply wouldn't dance with Sidney.

Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz were our hosts. Mrs. Zanuck was a vision in a pink silk Floradora costume with a big picture hat, Zanuck was the tattooed man, and Mr. Goetz was a Rough Rider. Mrs. Goetz was charming as a Mae West type.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON came in an old-fashioned dress suit, with pink silk vest and a huge diamond. And Eddie was amused, because he kept catching glimpses of costumes worn by him in various Bowery and Gay Nineties pictures, including one worn by no less a person than Jesse L. Lasky himself!

Mrs. Robinson wore one of the most charming costumes, and, with her blonde wig, looked like Lillian Russell. Her dress was a white embroidered linen, with a peek-a-boo waist! It had belonged, she said, to her mother.

Cute as a bug's ear was little Shirley Mason Lanfield, dressed in a Jackie Cooper "Bowery" costume.

Louis B. Mayer considered himself sufficiently living up to costume by wearing an old-fashioned derby. George Bancroft was "Chimmie Fadden." Mrs. James Gleason was "Mrs. Thomas Whiffen," antedating the gay nineties, and being dressed in early Victorian clothes, and displaying a twenty-inch waist!

Dorothy Mackaill came dressed as "Oliver Twist." Ricardo Cortez was the handsomest Bowery-ite of them all, clad like a Bowery gambler. He brought Ginger Rogers. Blossom Seeley wore a Mae West costume.

One of the most amusing costumes was that worn by Arline Judge. Her pretty face was framed in an old-fashioned bonnet, and her costume was all right—Bowery and silk—down to the waist, when it went suddenly and amazingly wrong and changed into

Photographs by Wide World

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

"There was a commotion at the door, and a couple, in tights, rode up on a bicycle built for two. It proved to be Benn Levy, the playwright, and his wife, Constance Cummings." (Left) . . . at the Darryl Zanuck-William Goetz Party.

Karen Morley and her husband, Charles Vidor, at the Bowery party.

Richard Dix, as the gambler of the Gay Nineties, cigar and all.

ordinary silk pants! She sported a small black silk parasol which she said had been given her by Louise Closser Hale, and which she prized highly.

Richard Barthelmess was a Floradora boy.

But the pay-off happened when a bicycle built for two spun up to the door, and off hopped two "Black Crook" queens, clad in tights, "fats" and all. The wearers, we made out, were Benn Levy, the playwright, and his wife, Constance Cummings.

Charlie Chaplin came with Paulette Goddard, but not in costume.

There were any number of Bowery dudes—Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, George Bancroft, Sid Grauman, Sam Goldwyn, Jimmy and Bill Cagney, Harry Beaumont, Gene Raymond and Lyle Talbot—who was badly hurt in an automobile accident on his way home from the party.

Raymond Griffith was a sailor. Archie Mayo clad in tights, wore across his vest front the label, "Flying Trapeze Artist." Ruth Selwyn was lovely as a sort of sweet-sixteen Bowery miss.

Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge) was a burlesque queen, tights and all. And could she have gone into the front row!

When the bugle sounded, our host, Darryl Zanuck, made an announcement. He said it was time for the grand march, and the best couple would be awarded William Goetz as the first prize!

Photo by Wide World

Charlie Chaplin, always keen for literary celebrities, gives a dinner party for Emil Ludwig, the famous German biographer. Left to right: Rupert Hughes, the American novelist, Paulette Goddard, Charlie himself, and Herr Ludwig, who is in Hollywood assisting in the dramatization of "Napoleon," to be played by Edward G. Robinson.

WE are going rather continental in Hollywood on our christenings. Instead of making them ultra solemn occasions, they are being followed by gay parties.

A joyous combination christening and house-warming party was that given by Papa and Mama Bing Crosby and Papa and Mama Richard Arlen, at the beautiful English Colonial mansion just erected by Bing in the Toluca Lake District near Hollywood.

Huge crowds were there, overflowing the white drawing room with its green and white chintz curtains and its gorgeous big bouquets of flowers, and parading the terrace overlooking the sunken garden with its barbecue oven and rustic chairs.

We left the crowd to go upstairs,—where we found still another crowd,—to look at the youngsters sitting quite tranquilly in their nurses' laps. Only the little Arlen heir seemed a bit peevish. But he is the darling of the world, with his rosy cheeks and his long dark eyelashes!

And, oh, that dainty baby suite! There is a great closet devoted to the Crosby infant wardrobe—tiny hangers and everything. And there is a little nursery with flowered paper on the walls and the loveliest pink silk, unrockable cradle. And a tiny bathroom and bedroom, too.

The whole house is early American, with fresh, dainty wall-papers and suitable furniture. Jetta Goudal and her husband, Harold Grieve, who attended the party, were rightly taking the credit for the beauty of its furnishings and drapes.

ALL the young papas and mamas were there—Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Stuart Erwin and June Collyer, Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody, Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, Bessie Love and William Hawks,—and even Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, but not together, Sue had come with Ken Murray. Later I spied them feeding each other bits of sandwiches!

Ken Murray was friendly with both! I saw him and Nick off in a corner talking like two old buddies.

Then there were the romantic, or, at least possibly romantic, pairs—Esther Muir and Sam Koslow, Russ Columbo and Sally Blaine, Barbara Weeks and Big Boy Williams, Mary Brian and Russell Gleason, Hoot Gibson and June Gale. Fifi Dorsay was to have come with Lyle Talbot, but he was in the hospital, following his accident of the night before.

Fifi explained sadly that he had "contortion of the brain," meaning concussion. So Fifi came alone.

Other guests were Jack Oakie and his mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rogell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albertson, Richard Hemingway, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mack, Joe Crespo, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Regis Toomey, Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney, Bert Wheeler, Eddie Sutherland, and a score of others.

Photo by Wide World

Hollywood, so recently devastated by an epidemic of divorces, has now taken a turn about and become highly romantic, what with marriages everywhere. Richard Cromwell, young screen idol, and Katherine DeMille, pretty daughter of Cecil B. DeMille, are the latest to get within Cupid's range.

And the clothes were lovely. Fifi Dorsay wore a black velvet dress with short tunic and skirt, silver fox furs and a small black satin hat with tiny flaring veil. Helen Twelvetrees wore a black velvet dress, princesse, with muffs at top of sleeves and rhinestone buttons down the back. Arline Judge wore a pebble crepe, simply made, with big rhinestone buckle on the belt and a small black toque. Mrs. Edward G. Robinson wore a chocolate colored satin Maggy Rouff model from Paris, skirt and tunic, and a little chocolate color antelope skin hat with Mercury wings. Mrs. Skeets Gallagher wore a black velvet princesse gown trimmed at the neck in white ermine.

Lola Lane came with Al Hall. She wore a black corded silk dress with belt, a buckle of rhinestones, and a white corded silk yoke, the sleeves consisting of short drapes over the shoulders, also of corded white silk. Her costume was completed with a little black velvet hat. Barbara Weeks wore a green silk afternoon gown, tight fitting and plain. June Collyer wore a white corded silk dress, with rhinestone buckle on the belt, and a tiny hat of the same material.

Sue Carol was clad in a black taffeta, belted, its long collar flowing over the shoulders and trimmed with narrow white taffeta silk pleats, and a little white hat to match.

Jobyna Ralston Arlen wore a suit of pale blue flannel, slacks and jacket.

We chatted with Frank Craven and

(*Please turn to page* 102)

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN BEAUTY

"When I was making a small salary I always managed to have one good-looking outfit."

IT'S almost the most important thing in a girl's life," Jeanette Macdonald told me, "and it's every girl's duty to look her best on every occasion, to be well groomed and to make the most of her good points and try to cover up the bad ones."

I was walking across the studio with Jeanette and as the sun shone on her bare head it brought out all the lights in her red-blond hair. I noticed her lovely skin, her well-groomed appearance, her general air of healthy exuberance and I said to myself: "Why shouldn't she be lovely? She has money, maids, everything done for her. What does she know about the beauty problem of the average girl?" Aloud I said: "What advice would you give the girl who hasn't all your opportunities?"

"I'd suggest going on a beauty budget," she said. "The very first day of the year every girl should sit right down in front of the mirror and honestly take stock of her appearance—her clothes, her hair, her face, every phase of her personal appearance. And then plan her campaign to make the most of every advantage she possesses.

"Many girls fail to give their hair proper attention," Jeanette told me as I lingered in the studio while she ate her light tray luncheon.

Jeanette has the loveliest hair. When you are talking to her you can't keep your eyes from wandering to it.

"Light hair like mine," she told me, "has to be washed more often than dark hair to photograph and look well.

"Sometimes in the middle of a picture it is impossible to get a shampoo, so I dry clean it. I take a thin layer of absorbent cotton and push it well down into my hair brush and give my hair a good brushing.

"I keep my nails pliable and the cuticle healthy by putting liquid vaseline or cream on them and going to bed wearing a pair of white cotton gloves two or three nights a week.

"When I was making a small salary I always managed to have one good-looking outfit. If I had to make my choice now I would prefer one really smart outfit to ten ordinary ones. Accessories are my passion. They make or ruin an outfit in my opinion. And it's such fun to wear a new set of accessories with an old dress and have everyone think you have a new outfit. The hat is most important, I think. When anyone tells me I am looking particularly well I always think to myself that it must be my hat.

"When you step out of a car your feet are the first thing anyone sees. When you are walking away from anyone, your feet are conspicuous, so it is important to have good looking shoes and nice stockings. And I don't try to save money on stockings. I don't buy the sheerest ones because I think that is extravagant; but I buy good ones.

"It depends on where a girl lives whether a fur coat is a necessity or a luxury. In California a fur coat is purely a luxury, but in a cold climate it is almost a necessity. There is nothing nicer than a good cloth coat with a good fur trimming, however. If you can afford it, invest in a good piece of fur that can be used on different coats or suits for years. If you can't afford good fur, don't have fur at all, for while cats and bunnies make nice pets they don't stand up very well under hard wear and nothing looks cheaper than cheap fur.

"In fact, I think the best of everything is the most economical in the end. I like the best of everything in my home, too. Years ago, before I could afford to buy many things I chose a sterling silver pattern for my flat tableware. I told all my friends the name of the pattern and hoped for the best. Before I knew it I had a complete set.

"I like to live well. I think everyone should live as well as he can. I always have, but—and this is very important—I have always saved ten per cent of my income first!"

(Above) Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond in "I Am Suzanne," produced by Jesse Lasky for Fox Films. Included in the picture are the Piccoli Marionettes, the Yale Puppeteers and sixty of the Lasky dancing girls.

(Left) Spencer Tracy and Glenda Farrell in Columbia's "A Man's Castle," directed by Frank Borzage, one of Hollywood's megaphone aces.

(Below) Anna Sten in "Nana," which Samuel Goldwyn is producing for United Artists. In the cast are Richard Bennett, Phillips Holmes and Lionel Atwill.

Advance News of New

All of the latest facts from Hollywood about the movies in production and those planned

BY FRANC DILLON

EVEN before it is finished, Greta Garbo's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Queen Christina," seems to be the most important production of the month. Not only because it marks the reunion of Miss Garbo and Jack Gilbert, but also because of its lavish costumes and settings and its peek behind the scenes during one of the most interesting periods of Swedish history.

The story concerns Christina, who succeeded her father, King Gustavus Adolphus, to the Swedish throne. She was crowned *King* of Sweden instead of Queen, and loved to disguise herself as a boy and ride about the country alone. Although she loved to wear boys' clothes, she was really a very feminine woman and had many suitors.

While in Sweden recently, Miss Garbo obtained much authentic material—old prints, pictures, histories and data from historical societies. Not one full-length picture could she find, however, of the beautiful young queen. For that reason you will see Miss Garbo in costumes that are exact copies to the knees, but from there down they are guess-work. But, so far as anyone knows, Adrian, the costume designer, may have guessed right. And who is going to worry about the hem of Miss Garbo's garment, anyway?

The most dramatic scene in the picture comes when the beautiful young queen (or king) throws off her royal robe and tells her people she is abdicating her throne. The crowd has gathered, the people think, to hear her accept the proposal of marriage of Prince Charles, their war leader. After the first shocked silence an angry protest arises. And then, like a crowd of Hollywood fans, they rush forward to snatch a piece of her royal robe for a souvenir.

But the scene the Garbo-Gilbert fans will like is when, disguised as a boy, she meets Gilbert at a lonely inn, where she had arrived before him and engaged the last vacant room. It was necessary for them to share the room

John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in one of the most effective scenes in "Queen Christina," the most-talked-about picture of the season in Hollywood.

(Above) Loretta Young in the first of her pictures under her new five-year contract with Twentieth Century, "Born to Be Bad."

Films in the Making

and John discovers that the young boy is a woman.

ELIZABETH YOUNG, a young actress who has won her spurs on the New York stage but is new to pictures, gets a great break in this picture. Lunching at the Paramount Studio, where she is under contract, she was startled one day to have Rouben Mamoulian rush over to her with outstretched arms shouting: "My Ebba! After two months I have found my Ebba!"

Miss Young had never heard of Ebba, but she had heard interesting tales of the goings-on in Hollywood and thought the man must be insane. He quickly explained that Ebba was the lady-in-waiting to Queen Christina and he wanted her to play the part. She is the only woman in the cast with Miss Garbo.

She was thrilled, she admits, and adds, "Miss Garbo and I have become great friends. I like her very much."

And so Elizabeth is now a member of the S. N. A. G. S. (Say Nothing About Garbo Society), whose membership is so small, the desire to tell what they know about the mysterious Garbo being almost too strong for most people to resist.

"And how do you like Miss Garbo?" we asked little Cora Sue Collins, who plays the Queen as a little girl. "She's nice," giggled little Cora Sue. "I took my false teeth out and showed them to her and she laughed." Cora Sue, aged six, is minus two front teeth, so she wore a tiny plate for her scenes in the picture.

THE Garbo set, as usual, was closed to all but the people actually working on it. There is one school teacher at the studio and it was necessary for both Romeo, the little Eskimo boy, and Cora Sue to have their lessons together. For Cora Sue's convenience, the school room was moved temporarily into the Garbo set, and it fell to the lot of Romeo to be dragged unwillingly into this sacred territory.

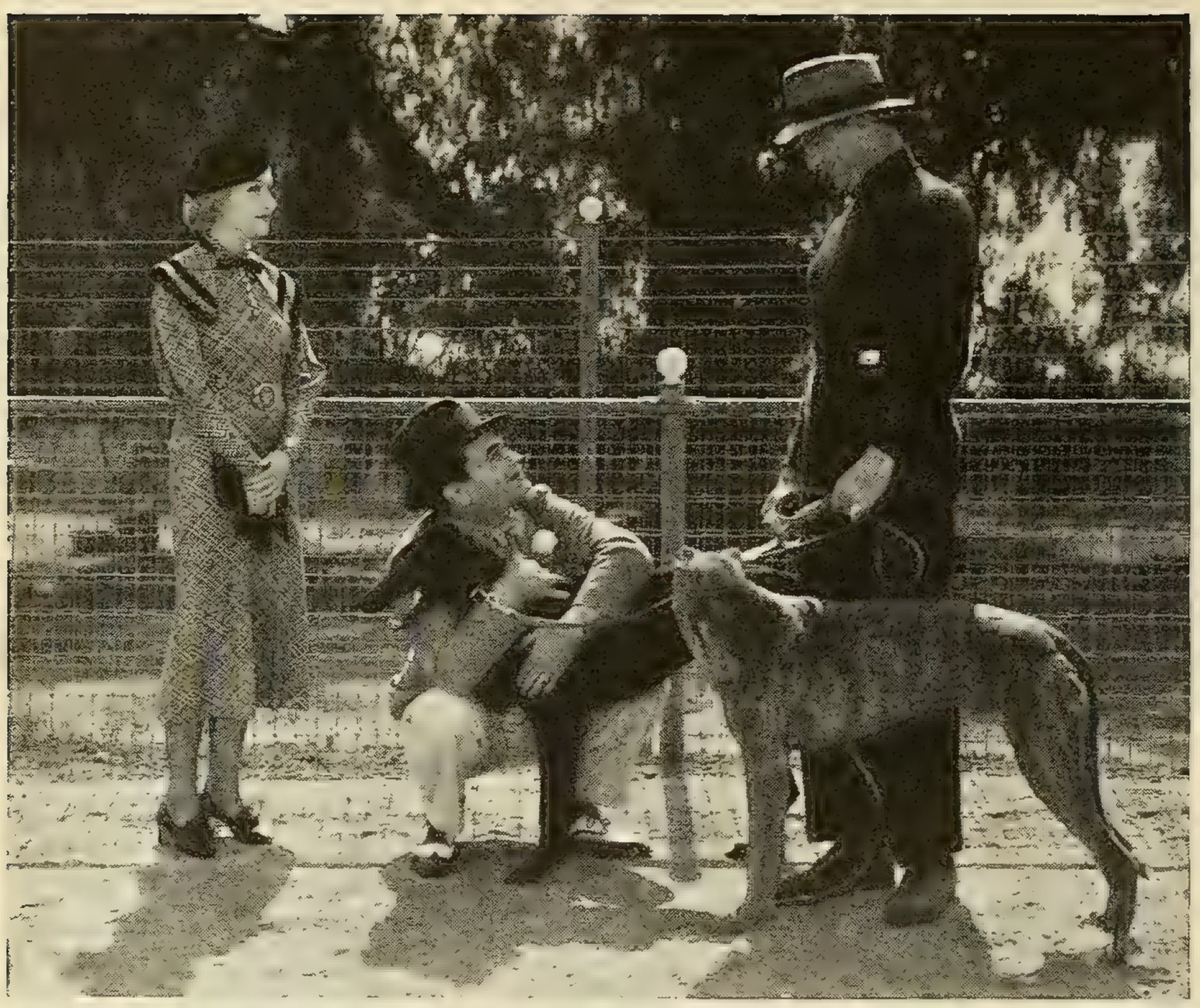
Miss Garbo's schedule during production never varies a minute. You could set your watch by the entrance of her old limousine through the front gates each morning at seven-forty-five.

She spends an hour studying her lines and being made up. At nine o'clock on the dot she arrives on the set. At nine-thirty, the first scene rehearsed or made, she disappears within her portable dressing-room and has fruit juice and tea—her breakfast. At twelve-thirty she goes to her dressing-room and has lunch alone and is back on the set promptly at one-thirty.

Usually at five o'clock, never later than six, she calls it a day and goes home. If it looks as if the company will continue working, her colored maid appears with a glass of water in her hand. That is the prearranged signal that it is time for the Great Garbo to go home. And she goes.

With Lewis Stone as her faithful adviser; Ian Keith as her jealous ex-lover and Reginald Owen as the war leader, Prince Charles, the cast is practically perfect. You may not be interested in Swedish history or in the love-making of Miss Garbo and Mr. Gilbert, but even so this picture must certainly win you for its sheer pictorial beauty.

MAKING motion pictures may be just a "Bed of Roses" to Constance Bennett, but to Lilian Harvey it seems to be a series of broken toes, torn ligaments and black-and-blue spots. When I saw her dance onto the set of "I Am Suzanne" and go gravely from one to another—director, cameraman, prop men, chorus men—and shake hands with each one, I wondered



(Left) Genevieve Tobin, Edward G. Robinson and Robert Barnett in Warner Brothers' "Dark Hazard."

Clive Brook and Irene Dunne in Radio's "If I Were Free."

Joe E. Brown and pretty Jean Muir in Warner Brothers' "Son of a Sailor."

(Left) When James Cagney finds that Mae Clarke is in the same compartment with him, California-bound, he decided to make the best of it, in "The Finger Man."

if that was a daily occurrence. But I was told that she had been home for a couple of days nursing her bruises which she got in a dance number for the picture.

Anxiously she stood in front of the camera and asked, "Do my black spots show?"

They did, so a make-up man was summoned to cover them up with grease paint and powder. Some of the spots were four or five inches square. Or round. So you can understand how Lilian suffers for her art.

"Toboggan riders, make your ascension!" sounded suddenly out of a loud speaker, and up the miniature mountain went the riders to the top of a real toboggan slide. The whole set, a copy of St. Moritz, was covered with snow and ice—only it is a composition of hypo-sulphate. And the trick skaters told me it was very difficult to skate on.

Soon the whole stage was crowded with dancers, skaters, toboggan riders and spectators dressed in gaily colored costumes of wool, silk, velvet, fur, cloth of gold, silver brocade and satin. How would you like to go for a sleigh ride wearing a satin blouse and crepe de chine bloomers? It might not feel so good at St. Moritz, but in the huge sound stage at the Fox Studio such a costume is just dandy.

THE story is by Rowland V. Lee, who also directs the picture, and Edwin Justus Mayer gives you a peep behind the scenes of a puppet show where Gene Raymond works; and a musical revue next door where Lilian Harvey is the star. It takes years to learn to manipulate a puppet, but Gene did so well in a few days that he was offered a job, which he did not accept.

There is comedy, romance and pathos. The scenes in the children's hospital where Gene takes his puppets to amuse the tiny invalids in order to pay the doctor who attends Lilian when she is injured, will wring tears from the hardest-hearted person. But the next minute you will be laughing at the antics of Georgia Caine, comedienne from the New York stage, who is a lot like Charlotte Greenwood.

The Teatro dei Piccoli Marionettes, famous in Europe, and the Yale Puppeteers, well-known in this country, will be seen. The Yale Puppeteers do a review number in miniature just as Lilian does it in the St. Moritz scene. One of the chorus men in this number, "I Want to Build a Snow Man," is Gilbert Wilson, who is Elsie Janis' husband. He is getting experience and learning the business for future ventures.

Leslie Banks, who was so frightening in "The Most Dangerous Game," menaces Lilian in this picture, and sixty Lasky girls, all chosen for exceptional beauty, add to the pictorial values. I left the set humming the music and you'll leave the theater doing the same thing.

Lilian continues to be Hollywood's most popular star. I mean, with the people who work with her day after day. With more energy than most people she works her director nearly to death, but is always gracious and charming. I overheard a reporter asking for an interview, but the director said that every minute of her time was taken. "Well, can you come over to my house at seven-thirty tomorrow morning?" Lilian asked him. When the reporter was convinced that she was in earnest he promised to *try* and be there.

Every Monday morning she hands the head prop man a twenty-dollar bill to be used for sodas for the crew on the set. She never forgets anyone. What a gal!

"DON'T collapse now," said Director Norman McLeod to 17-year-old Charlotte Henry, "but you are going to be *Alice*." And so Charlotte promptly collapsed. When she had finished collapsing she cried and cried and cried. And then she felt just dandy.

Even if you are more than seventeen years old, you can imagine the thrill of winning a role that was sought by 7,000 girls from all over the World. Blonde Ida Lupino came all the way from London to put in her application for the part and although she didn't get it, she did win a contract with Paramount.

Charlotte was the very last girl to apply for the job. In fact, the director had decided not to make any more tests, but changed his mind when he saw Charlotte, who thinks that prayer had a lot to do with his decision. That is, her prayers, of course. Now she is about the happiest little girl in Hollywood, "or anywhere," she says. Even when they kept her in a tank of water for two days, her ardor was not dampened and she is thrilled that many stars whom she has worshipped from afar for years are actually working in the picture with her.

THE very first day on the picture she collapsed again, which makes her a regular collapser, but Louise Fazenda did, too, which makes it all right. It all happened because everyone was very nervous and when a rubber tire, which Louise was wearing underneath her costume, exploded with a loud bang, both Louise and Charlotte fell on the floor in a heap of hysteria.

Her mother won't come near the studio. Says she doesn't want to be a stage mother, and Charlotte, left unchaperoned for the first time in her life, goes on a regular spree of ham sandwiches and sodas every day for lunch. You'll see the picture Christmas week. Charlotte goes to New York to make personal appearances with it. Her salary is a modest one, but her contract calls for more money soon. She's young, healthy, pretty and hasn't a teaspoonful of temperament —yet.

All the characters of the book will be seen in the picture—the *White King* (Ford Sterling); the *White Queen* (Louise Fazenda); the *White Pawn* (Billy Barty); the *White Rabbit* (Skeets Gallagher); *Mouse* (Raymond Hatton); the *Dodo Bird* (Polly Moran); *Caterpillar* (Ned Sparks); *Frog* (Sterling Holloway); *the Duchess* (Alison Skipworth); *Cook* (Lillian Harmer); the *Cheshire Cat* (Richard Arlen); the *Mad Hatter* (Edward Everett Horton); the *March Hare* (Charles Ruggles); the *Dormouse* (Jackie Searle); the *King of Hearts* (Alec B. Francis); the *Mock Turtle* (Bing Crosby), who sings "Soup, Soup, Beautiful Soup"; the *Red Queen* (Edna May Oliver); *Tweedledee* (Jack Oakie); *Tweedledum* (Roscoe Karns); the *Queen* changed into a sheep (Mae Marsh); *Humpty Dumpty* (W. C. Fields); the *White Knight* (Gary Cooper)—they're all there, and I imagine when you see the picture you'll imagine you are seven again!

Rochelle Hudson, Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts in "Mr. Skitch."

The eight beautiful girls in "Eight Girls in a Boat," the Paramount production directed by Richard Wallace.

Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi in a scene from "By Candlelight," produced by Universal, one of the most delightful stories of the year. Esther Ralston, Nils Asther and Dorothy Revier are also in the cast.

IF you like your pictures a riot of confusion and noise and laughs, don't miss "Hollywood Party." With Jimmy Durante going at his usual pace, to say nothing of Lupe Velez after him with a knife, Polly Moran and Jack Pearl adding comedy, you will be lucky to emerge from the theater in a sane condition.

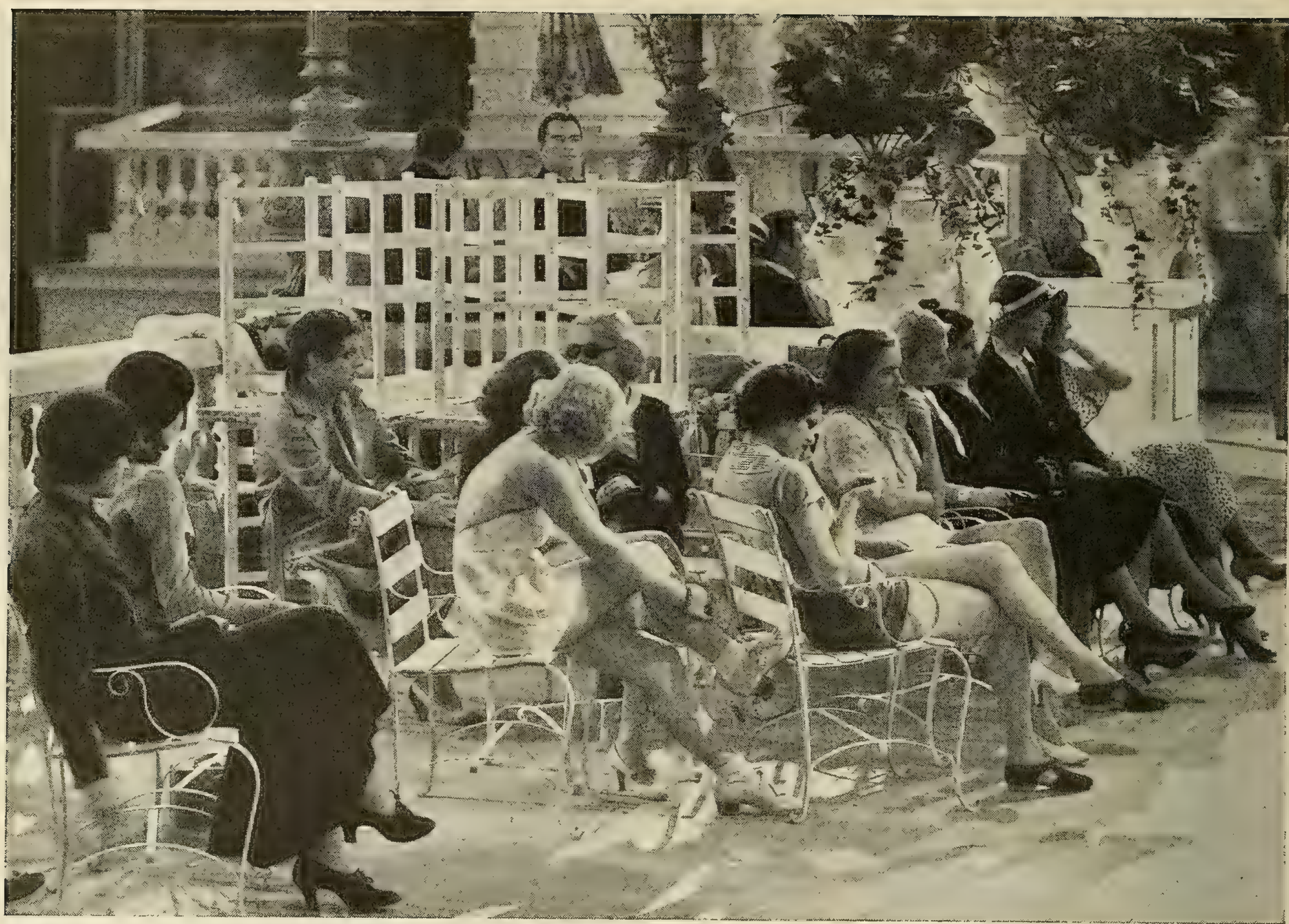
The picture moves so fast you can't possibly keep up with the plot, written by Howard Dietz and Arthur Kober. But when you can sit and laugh, why bother about plots?

June Clyde and Eddie Quillan furnish the love interest; Ben Bard is *Sharley* to Jack Pearl's *Baron Munchausen*, and Richard Carle and Tom Kennedy also appear in important parts.

Richard Boleslavsky, who ordinarily makes drawing-room pictures, directed this one.

Every morning before she went on the set Lupe Velez would rush up to someone and ask: "What is that director's name?" and then when she had to address him, having already forgotten his name, would say, "Oh, you bowl of sumpteeng!"

One day Lupe forgot her lines. Over and over they took the scene and every time Lupe forgot. Suddenly she looked up and saw Johnny Weissmuller watching her. "Now I know what ees the matter. You watch me. I make meestake. You go 'way!" Lupe ex-



The first airplane musical to sing and dance on the screen is RKO's "Flying Down to Rio," with a rhythmic cast containing Dolores Del Rio, Ginger Rogers, Gene Raymond and Fred Astaire. Above is a rehearsal in progress, with Miss Rogers and Fred Astaire at the rear right. This photograph is particularly interesting because it is typical of the "waiting time" so little understood by the layman who is permitted inside a studio. The actual "shooting time" is frequently not more than ten minutes out of the day's work. The remainder of the day is consumed with rehearsals and waiting time—waiting for lights to be arranged, for the microphone to be adjusted, for missing "props" to be found and for other innumerbale, unforeseen delays.

claimed. And Johnny ran off that stage faster than he ever swam in his life.

ANY picture with Jimmy Cagney as the star must be interesting, if for no other reason than because he is in it. In "The Finger Man," an original story by Rosalind Shaffer, you see Jimmy first as an usher in a movie theater, then a thief, next as a racketeer, a bum and then doing extra work in motion pictures, which eventually leads to stardom.

Someone had a brilliant idea to use scenes from Jimmy's pictures to show his rise from extra to star. "Which would make it look as if the picture was a story of my life," said Jimmy, who thinks, and yelled his head off until the fellow who thought that up disappeared in the direction of the Thousand Islands. Or was it Toluca Lake?

Mae Clarke plays the girl who lives in sin and comes to no good end when Jimmy grabs her by the hair and throws her out into the night. They had quite a time deciding just how Jimmy should manhandle Mae, because Jimmy has his public to think of and just *must* manhandle a woman in every picture.

Remember how he rubbed grapefruit in Mae's face in "Public Enemy?"

Margaret Lindsay is the good little girl who gets her reward—Jimmy, of course—but she also has to put up with animals of all kinds. Jimmy had just arrived at the stardom stage when I visited him on the set and I heard Margaret screaming: "They're in the bedroom, in the bathroom, in the ice-box—everywhere. I simply can't stand it . . . " But just at that moment she was interrupted by the butler. "I beg pardon, ma'am," he said. "There's a man at the door with an elephant." And it was only monkeys that Margaret was complaining about so bitterly, thirty-six of them. And Margaret was delighted when six of them were lost one day on location.

IN an exciting chase when gangsters are after Jimmy and the police are after the gangsters, a scene was taken that had never been written into the script. Speeding down the road at better than fifty miles an hour, Jimmy ran into a bit of wet pavement at the same time a car coming from the opposite direction reached the spot. Both cars spun around and stopped a few inches apart. Jimmy looked up at the driver of the other car. It was his brother, Bill.

"Have a heart, Jim," said Bill. "Remember I've been married only two days."

Roy Del Ruth is directing this picture and it looks and sounds like a natural for Jimmy Cagney's fans.

"BUT I don't want to carry an accordion. I want to carry a fiddle. I can play a fiddle."

It was Will Rogers, arguing over a scene for his current picture, "Mr. Skitch." The script called for an accordion; dialogue had been written about an accordion and so Director James Cruze won the argument that day and insisted that Mr. Rogers carry an accordion.

But when it came to an argument over letting Mary Rogers work in the picture—well, that was a different story. Mr. Cruze made tests of her. "She was perfect for the part and I wanted her," he said. But Will Rogers said, no. He didn't want people saying that his daughter got a job through her dad's influence.

"And after all," Mr. Cruze explained, "Mr. Rogers can be head man in his own family."

So Will won that argument and Rochelle Hudson, who has been seen too seldom recently, fell heir to the role. Good-looking Charles Starrett plays opposite her.

WILL ROGERS, who has been just about everything in his pictures, is seen as an extraordinary tourist in this story by Anne Cameron. Most of the settings for the picture are auto camps, so you can imagine the opportunities for the good old Rogers' touches.

Harry Green, as usual, wrote his

own dialogue and there are some very amusing situations between him and Will Rogers. Both of these comedians ad lib a lot, which caused James Cruze to tear his hair even though he had to laugh.

Florence Desmond, that clever little English girl who impersonates everyone of importance, plays herself in the picture. She has added an impersonation of Rogers to her collection and it's funny how people—even famous people—like to see themselves imitated.

ZaSu Pitts is also in this picture, just to complete an already perfect cast. Mr. Rogers calls her "Bazoo." "She's different from other Hollywood girls," Rogers said. "She looks dumb but she's really smart."

The script called for twin girls about ten years old. A search was begun and lots of twins submitted to Mr. Rogers, but to each pair he said, "No." "I don't want beautiful little made-up girls." He finally said. "I want little girls that look like little girls." The search ended when Glorea Jean and Cleora Joan Rubb were given the job. And they weren't twins at all—but cousins!

"BETTER than good enough" is the way Samuel Goldwyn described "Nana," the setting for his new Russian star, Anna Sten. And he has spared no expense to make it perfect.

A year was spent in teaching Miss Sten to speak English and not until her teacher pronounced her ready, did Mr. Goldwyn make preparations to present her in a picture. When the picture was half finished he declared it was "not good enough."

He scrapped every bit of the film, hired a new director and cast and started all over again. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at least thrown into the ash can. "But 'Nana' must be good enough to guarantee Miss Sten's future on the screen," Mr. Goldwyn explained; and with a hand that is as infinitely patient as it is lavish, he is spending a fortune on it.

Willard Mack and Harry Gribble adapted Emile Zola's bitter romance of the streetwalker who became an actress and a fine lady, with the circus-colored, gas-lit Paris of 1870 as a setting. And Dorothy Arzner, the only successful woman director at present, is in charge.

Lionel Atwill and Phillips Holmes are the brothers with whom *Nana* has her final fling; Richard Bennett is the *Greiner* who pilots her destiny in the theater. Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland are always at her side as the *Satin* and the *Mimi* of the story.

Mae Clarke, who is suing Phillips Holmes for damages she received when riding in his car which he ran into a curb, has ardent love scenes with him in this picture. The suit didn't seem to affect their ardor, however, and apparently they are still the best of friends.

WHEN it was announced that Dorothy Arzner would direct the picture, she received many telephone calls from her friends begging her not to undertake the job.

"That Sten girl is the most temperamental woman in the world. You'll ruin yourself and only get wrinkles," they said. But Dorothy, who has had experience directing many of Hollywood's stars, told me after three weeks on the picture that "never in all the years of my experience have I known a less temperamental woman. She is simple, direct and without affectation." Which, you must admit, is quite a statement.

Miss Sten gets quite worked up because writers continually refer to her as a German.

"I'm not a German. I never was a German. I'm a Russian and lived in Germany for two years. Now I'm a naturalized American citizen and, more than that, I'm a Californian."

Lionel Atwill, who replaced Warren William in the cast when Mr. William could not be spared from his own studio long enough to appear in the new version of "Nana," has curly hair and therefore didn't have to suffer the agonies of having his hair permanently waved as Mr. William did for the role.

Samuel Goldwyn pictures always maintain a high standard; you can't go far wrong in seeing them all. And "Nana," as a setting for Miss Sten's American debut, promises to be very interesting. There is a friendly feeling in the company that augurs well for the success of the picture.

THE presence of Ann Harding in a picture always makes that picture important to this reviewer, and, too, the fact that she considers "Gallant Lady" a good story and that she is surrounded by an excellent cast, make this picture one to be put on your list of pictures to see.

Gilbert Emery, who wrote "Tarnish" and many other successes, with Douglas Doty, wrote the original story, and Sam Mintz made the screen adaptation. Gregory La Cava directed.

I was watching them make a scene on a pier. The huge sound stage at United Artist looked like the inside of a pier without any alterations, and when a gangplank was built just out-

(*Please turn to page* 104)

The PEOPLE'S Academy

Fundamentals: Films are being emasculated by the new standard of taste which abject snobbishness has erected.

Is it "sophisticated?"

Neither story nor dialogue nor character stands a chance unless it comes under that head!

Unless, that is, it is shallow, affected or sexy.

I suppose it is no use pointing out that the greatest literature and drama has been made great by directly opposite qualities—by depth, simplicity and naturalness.

Was "Romeo and Juliet" sophisticated? Was "Faust" affected? Was "Adam Bede" shallow or "Ivanhoe" sexy?

Hollywood! Get down to fundamentals!—Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs, England.

Remakes in Sound: Since producers are having more and more old silent films made into talkies, why can't we have some of the old "kid" films remade? Jackie Coogan's pictures, for instance, especially that child classic, "The Boy of Flanders." We all loved that picture back then and, since our tastes haven't changed so much in a few years, we'd all adore it now. With Dickie Moore in Jackie's role, the film would be perfect. Another film I'd like to see with the addition of sound is "Ben Hur." I hardly think it needs to be remade (in my opinion the acting and filming couldn't be improved upon), but with the addition of sound it would be superb—what a thrill seeing those two pictures again would bring!—Mrs. Effie Myers, Williamsport, Ind.

Let Bruce be Himself: Who started this "he looks so much like Clark Gable" idea? Good grief! why don't they let Bruce Cabot be himself, instead of typing him? He's really good. It's about time he got a big chance. Clark Gable—poof! Why, Bruce can run rings around him any day. And while we're on the subject, who is dissatisfied with Adrienne Ames? Is it her fault that she looks as she does? Give the girl a break. Crawford is Crawford; there's no doubt about it; so let Ames be Ames. Even if you don't like her looks, there are others that do. Maybe you've never looked in a mirror. Here's to Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, and I'll stand up for them any time.—Dorothy Bel Cranston, 1145 A Madison, S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"We'd like to see more of Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans as a team. They balance and complement each other perfectly, we think."

"How about William Powell and Janet Gaynor in a picture together?"

Here's a Prediction: In anticipation of the coming Garbo picture I wish to make a prediction about John Gilbert. He will be a tremendous success. Why shouldn't he be, in the choicest male role of the season, opposite the one and only Greta Garbo? With this grand opportunity as a weapon he will gallantly fight his way back into your hearts as only John Gilbert can. He has the acting ability—the screen personality—and the manly vitality to win the admiration of everyone.

I am anxiously waiting to see "Queen Christina" and take a bow to Greta Garbo for her selection of John Gilbert as her leading man.—Albert S. Weiman, 4002 York Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

Come on, Joan: Instead of razzing Joan Crawford all the time, give her a break. I am tired of hearing fans criticize her since her divorce. What if she did divorce Doug? That is her own personal affair and you can be sure she had a good reason and didn't do it just for publicity. Come on, Joan, keep your chin up, square your shoulders and let's see lots of you. I loathe a weak woman. P. R. C., 101 Cornelia Street, Pittston, Pa.

Jean Not Herself: In all the pictures I've seen Jean Harlow in, she acts divine!—but I don't believe it is really herself. Why not put her in a role that is really Jean? I'm sure she would make a hit—and we fans would love to see what she really is!

You don't need to tell me that Myrna Loy is beautiful!—such perfect lips, nose and eyes! But why not give her some big roles soon?—Dixie Alice Franck, Route 2, Box 61, Denton, Texas.

That Mysterious Allure: My hat is off to that mysterious, handsome actor, none other than the incomparable Nils Asther.

There's an actor who has that mysterious allure which makes him create an impression without uttering a word. Besides that, he has that certain something which shines forth from no other screen actor. I never miss any of his pictures and I enjoy 'em tremendously. I wish they would team him with Greta Garbo again and I wish the fans would discover him the way they discovered her.

Nils is too wonderful for words—Marie B. Gutierrez, Albuquerque, N. M.

"You All" Are Wrong: I just want to know where you get that "you all" stuff when the actors and actresses are speaking to one person? You certainly couldn't have been South.

Jack Oakie did it in "Too Much Harmony." That negro did it in "Wild Girl," and I've seen it quite a number of other times.

That expression grew out of our southern hospitality, meaning to include everyone all of the time. We never use it to mean one person; not even the negroes do that. And I (quite a few others have expressed the same opinion) think you are over-doing it. You just show that you don't know the first thing about the southern people.—Mrs. Blanche L. Solomon, Savannah Beach, Ga.

Middle Age in the Movies: Why do young movie actresses think middle age is finis to their careers?

As I thrilled to "Lady for a Day," I thought I would rather play the part of "Apple Annie" than any other. It was a grand role and May Robson acted it superbly.—Mrs. C. D. Palmer, 2513 Northway Avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Which? The Garbo Influence vs. The West Habit: We are creatures of habit and how quickly we can form one! We, members of the great movie mob,

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The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

1—Best all-around feature picture
2—Best performance (actress)
3—Best performance (actor)
4—Best musical picture
5—Best human interest picture
6—Best mystery picture
7—Best romance
8—Best comedy
9—Best short reel picture
10—Best news reel picture
11—Best direction
12—Best story

"Why is it we all like Aline MacMahon? Because she is natural, and not affected, as most stars are."

see a glamorous, glittering, slender and appealing lady, illusive and with the mysteries of the universe in her fathomless eyes—and we all want Garbos on the screen henceforth. Nothing less will satisfy us. We have formed the Garbo habit; it's the Garbo influence at work.

Then along comes an "inviting" (c'm up 'n see me some time), sexy, curvy lady, who is no angel and has done him wrong—ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mae West! And now, what have we? A little more fat here, a few more curves there, hips to the right of us, busts to the left of us, every mother's daughter trying to develop. A million "inviting" little Maes, acting like no angel ever acted, are all about us. We now have the Mae West habit.

I'm biding my time 'till that thar *Queen Christina* flashes across the screen. Will we shed our Mae West habit and return to the Garbo influence? We shall see.—Kay Newton, 201 E. 24th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

C'mon Over Santa: I wish to contribute my little thought to your magazine.

Dear Santa Claus:
Dear Santa Claus, I don't want much,
Just one gift or two;
For a while I'll be content
With Bennett's eyes of blue.

Then, for a while, if you don't mind,
I'd like another gift;
This time I think it shall be
The figure of Mae West.

Then last of all, but far from least,
A present to make me content,
I'd live my life over, if I could have,
The look of ZaSu Pitts.
—Bernice Gregory, 1805 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

"Whether you agree with me or not, I think Miriam Hopkins is the best young actress in the movies." . . . Here you see Miss Hopkins entertaining an old-time pal of the New York stage, Peggy Conklin. Miriam is now in the oft-planned and oft-delayed "Chrysalis."

Give us more of Franchot Tone. He will surely be a great star. I liked him so much in "Midnight Mary" that I saw the picture four times. Girls, if you're looking for an ideal man, see how you like Franchot Tone.—Dorothy Black, 7648 Sagamon St., Chicago, Ill.

Powell and Gaynor: How about William Powell and Janet Gaynor in a picture together? It may sound impossible—but Powell is so worldly wise and Gaynor so "delicious:" . . . Why not?—Gwendolyn Woodward, 427 N. 18th St., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Suggestions: What is all this tosh about Nils Asther being the "male Garbo?" The handsome Swedish gentleman must either be sadly lacking in finesse or he has an exceptionally stupid press-agent. Possibly both.

Doesn't Asther know that such publicity will be actively resented by both Garboites and anti-Garboites? That the *pros* will want to boil him in oil for stealing the Great One's very special thunder, and the *antis* will heartily dislike him because he purports to be the masculine equivalent of what they most detest in the feminine original?

Puh-lease, Mr. Asther! Be yourself—an intriguing, exciting, fascinating, spectacular screen personality. (Who cares what you are off the screen?) And if you simply *must* go for those famous long, lonely walks in the rain—at least, take along an umbrella. Garbo may not catch a cold, but *you* might

"And when he rolls those eyes, why, my heart just seems to stand still. Who?—why, you know it's Baby Leroy."

contract pneumonia. *All* Swedes can't stand the California climate!—Irene M. Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass.

Encore! Encore! Katharine Hepburn—the very personification of individuality. That is my opinion of her. She has straight, perfect, white teeth; her nostrils have a cultured cut; her voice comes from the screen, so unexpected, but still, after a word or two, so satisfactorily. Her face and body are shapely and thin, but not bony, and she wears her clothes to perfection. Miss Hepburn certainly is "the year's outstanding star." Here's to her superb acting in "Morning Glory" and may we see more of her!—Miss Ruth Walker, 17 Plover Road, Quincy, Mass.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Simply Natural: Why is it we all like Marie Dressler, Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell, and Aline McMahon? Because they act natural, not affected, as most stars do. They are like people you know in real life, and that is the way they are in reel life.

All the world abhors artificiality in any form, so why make movies where the actors and actresses do not act like human beings? I am sure that much of the depression in the Hollywood studios could be traced to this one fault — artificiality.— Lucille Hanson, 2630 N. 41st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Slapstick Condemned: Some misguided movie critics have condemned "Tugboat Annie" as being pure slapstick, cheap comedy and unadulterated hokum. It must be something they ate!

If "Tugboat Annie" be pure slapstick, then I'm quite willing to make the most of it; quite willing to see a few more similarly slandered pictures. It is at least a picture that makes a fellow laugh . . . and that's something.

Call it slapstick, cheap comedy or hokum . . . if it tickles the risibilities it has achieved at least one definite purpose. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that the main purpose of a picture is to entertain. Surely if it sets

Douglass Montgomery, winning one of the prize roles of the year—*Laurie* in "Little Women"—is up and coming. You'll hear a lot about him during the next few months.

you into a rollicking gale of laughter it has entertained. And how could "Tugboat Annie" do otherwise than entertain when Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are teamed up together? Ask me another!—Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

What Do You Say? We'd like to see more of Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans as a team. They balance and complement each other perfectly. Together, they are doubly effective. And Miss Evans has the most beautiful feminine voice in the movies.—Mrs. Thomas Lockington, 109 West Mercer, Seattle, Wash.

Why Waste Montgomery? Ordinarily, Robert Montgomery is very clever and can steal a picture from the best, but in "Another Language" he was so weighted down with jealous characteristics that he could not carry any laurels. Anyone who heard him broadcast several weeks ago has to admit that he is in step with Hollywood's best. Why place Montgomery in such a role as the one he played in "Another Language?" Most Columbus fans disliked him and it will not take many pictures like this one to ruin him. Helen Hayes climbs a little closer to perfection with each picture she gives us.—Kathryn L. Uhrig, 310 South Burgess Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Varied Tastes: For real cultured entertainment, I liked "White Sister" best. "State Fair" was as good as a visit to the folks back home, whereas "42nd Street" was just what I needed to make me forget hard times. My favorite artist is Marie Dressler, though I like them all.

With millions of movie fans and varied tastes, there's room for much talent. But judging from some fan letters, they can't please everybody.

Personally, I can't see any sense in knocking those I don't happen to fancy, because the stars we are goofy about somebody else no doubt considers all wet—and there you are. I figure they have to be good to get where they are and the artist is not always to blame for a poor picture.

However, I find that I must first respect a person before I can appreciate his talent, otherwise I lose interest. And I cannot tolerate snob stuff or sex pictures that remind me of cheap carnival side-shows.

I like THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE because it is chock full of interesting material and priced so that we can afford to read it.—Mrs. Bessie G. Royce, 1203 South Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dimples Galore: He's got the sweetest smile I ever saw and dimples galore! And when he rolls those eyes, why, my heart just seems to stand still. Here's to the cutest and most captivating little kid on the screen—who? Baby LeRoy!—Lovina Spaulding, 128 S. Broadway, Redonda Beach, Cal.

Unhappy Endings: I wonder when the producers will decide that we have had enough tragedy for a while and give us a few pictures with happy endings. For the past year or longer the pictures of the highest ratings have been stories of grief and woe. Is it necessary to have death scenes in order for the players to show their best work? I centainly hope that future pictures will include at least a few more of the more pleasant type.

I should like to have more singing in the movies. There is plenty of talent, why let it go to waste? John Boles acts well enough and is certainly good to look at, but since he is endowed with a golden voice, why not let the public have a chance to enjoy it? Because of John Boles' singing, "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" are immortal in my memory. I plead for more on the same order.—Frances B. Lilly, Box 504, Welch, West Virginia.

Those Chronic Annoyers! Can't something be done to kill or cure the chronic peanut-eaters, sack rattlers, perpetual conversationalists and self-appointed vocal and foot accompanists to musical scores who spell absolute ruination to

Ida Lupino, sixteen-year-old member of the English stage family which has been prominent theatrically for more than three hundred years, traveled six thousand miles to Hollywood to take tests for the part of *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland." She didn't get the part, but she did get a contract—and you'll be seeing her in this and that Paramount picture, if not in "Alice."

Photo by Wide World

Pola's back, Pola from Poland. Her first venture is a New York stage play, then, perhaps, another adventure into American movies. This is her latest, and assures you that she is the same dashing creature.

an evening's entertainment?

It is amazing, the number of people who go to the movies for a lap picnic! The point of an entire picture may be lost when, at a highly dramatic moment, one's thick-skinned neighbor plunges into the depths of a sack after a chocolate caramel, starting a rattle like that of a tin roof in a rain storm! —G. Ann Shelberg, R. 1, Nelson, Minn.

How About Africa? Gable—I admit! He's all you say and more—tall, dark and handsome—and a regular fellow!!! But when it comes to good looks, Gene Raymond has it all over Clark like a tent. We want more pictures with Gene Raymond and Carole Lombard. What a couple!! What a couple!!

We also want some new and entertaining "Betty Boops" and "Mickey Mice . . ." (I guess that's right—plural of mouse is mice.)

I can truthfully say that the suggestion for more animal pictures didn't appeal to me and a number of my friends. We've too many animal pictures as it is. Give us a good drama and leave the animals in Africa.—Lily Schure, 212 Division Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Answers, Please: All these actresses that have been before the public for the last three years doing the same old stuff, over and over again . . . For instance, Janet Gaynor, Karen Morley, Carole Lombard and Myrna Loy. They never seem to change, always the same old poker faces who make one feel they are only acting to please themselves, and in a very indifferent way, too. Hollywood is full of good people who can ACT, with variations, at least. Why not give them a chance? They'll work for half the outrageous salaries, I'm sure.

I am very much relieved to find that Paramount has at last found some poor soul to play "Alice," in "Alice In Wonderland." (I can't see what they want to make that picture for, in the first place.) And the girl they picked (Charlotte Henry) is one who has been in pictures before. I thought they were looking for that "New and Different Type."—Bryan Waller, 222 So. Rampart Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

FASHIONS

DIRECT FROM THE STARS

Here is a new sort of fashion service for the New Movie Magazine Reader

WHO is the best dressed woman in Hollywood? That's a question that is so much easier to ask than to answer. In a way it's a little absurd to try to answer it with any intention of finality, because to do so would indicate a single standard of perfection in dress. And the real charm of fashion depends on variety, on personality and individuality. Your opinion on this subject would depend on your own personality and your own style in dress. You may especially admire the style of some woman whom you resemble in some way or another or you may be attracted by one who is your complete opposite.

Possibly there is no place where it is so difficult to settle this question of first place in fashion as in Hollywood because there is no place where one finds so many beautiful women with the good taste and money needed for perfect dressing.

Lilyan Tashman, one of Hollywood's best dressed women, has nominated Norma Shearer, while Lilian Harvey, another exquisitely dressed woman, decides in favor of Kay Francis. Other stars, whose names are most frequently mentioned when this topic of smart dressing is up for discussion, are Claudette Colbert, Constance Bennett, Ruth Chatterton, Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, Lilian Harvey, Miriam Jordan, Helen Twelvetrees, Sari Maritza, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow.

One of Mary Lane's correspondents wrote to ask her whom Lilian Harvey considered the best dressed woman in Hollywood and Miss Harvey names Kay Francis because: "She wears clothes that any lady could wear."

"I don't feel qualified to say whom I consider the best-dressed woman in pictures," Miss Harvey goes on, "because I'm a comparative stranger in Hollywood. But I think Kay Francis in 'Trouble in Paradise' was the most gorgeously dressed woman I have ever seen.

"Her clothes are never theatrical and are always in perfect taste. Any lady could wear Kay's clothes. She is never sensational in her clothes; she never tries to be exotic. She wears her clothes beautifully and adds to her attractiveness by carrying herself well and not slouching as many tall girls do."

"But I don't like it," says Miss Francis frankly, "I don't want to be known as a clothes horse. I want to be known as a good actress."

But because we insisted, Miss Francis gave us ten rules that she follows when buying clothes—rules which she believes will cover the problems of any woman in any profession or walk of life.

KAY FRANCIS'

TEN RULES

for

SMARTNESS

1. Study your figure carefully and wear only the lines that set it off to the best advantage.
2. Insist on good materials; to buy cheap ones is false economy.
3. Be sure that everything you wear fits perfectly. An extra fitting will pay high dividends in smartness.
4. Never buy anything unless you are positive that it "suits your type." I have few rules about what I wear and what I will not wear, but as soon as I put a dress on I know instinctively whether it is "my dress" or not.
5. Again, when buying, be practical. Don't let fads or the gorgeousness of some model make you forget for what purpose you want the garment.
6. Pay especial attention to accessories. They make or ruin a costume. They may match or contrast, but they should be carefully assembled, in not more than two colors, one of which should match the dress or coat.
7. Select fashionable colors of the moment only if they are becoming to you. For instance, if eel gray makes you feel and look depressed, don't wear it, even if you do see quantities of it in every shop window.
8. If you are above medium height, never wear low heels to make you look shorter. They are in good taste only with sports clothes and costumes designed for walking. With dressy or formal clothes, flat heels only serve to call attention to your height, thus defeating your purpose in wearing them.
9. Watch your carriage. Gowns immediately take on added distinction if you stand and walk erect.
10. Never attempt the exotic. Bizarre, fantastic, extreme effects may attract attention—but, if you wish to be called truly smart, it is not the attention you want.

MARY LANE

To help readers of the New Movie Magazine choose their autumn wardrobes, Mary Lane has obtained autumn color schemes shown in the new wardrobes of four different actresses of different types. This has been arranged in a circular which will tell you the smart colors and color schemes for street, sports, formal evening and informal evening wear. If you would like a copy of this circular please send your request to Mary Lane, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HOLLYWOOD STYLE FOR YOU

You can make the new lingerie designed in Hollywood with the aid of our New Method Circulars

By FRANCES COWLES

Rochelle Hudson gives us a glimpse of the smartly tailored lingerie she chooses for daytime wear.

IT seems like a simple trick to design slips and step-ins, combinations and nightgowns in keeping with the prevailing mode. But actually it's not so easy, and nowhere are young women so exacting about the design of their underthings as in Filmland. They must provide a perfectly smooth foundation for the new form-revealing clothes, yet there must be nothing tight or uncomfortable about them.

Strictly tailored lingerie should be worn with tailored or sports clothes while the more elaborate lace trimmed or finely embroidered garments may be worn with afternoon, evening and light summer dresses.

Rochelle Hudson chooses strictly tailored things for daytime wear. They are made of the finest quality silk, but they are so simply designed that it's no trick at all to copy them. Hand-made French lingerie with just a bit of fine embroidery are chosen by other stars while for evening wear, lace is often used with a lavish hand.

Lovely fine material can be had at moderate prices in soft shades of pink and blue or white if you wish. Why not start the New Year by replenishing your lingerie supply. You can make it yourself by hand or by machine in spare moments and it will have that individual touch that you do not find in ready-made lingerie.

Our New Method Circulars this month give diagrams from which you can replenish your own supply of dainty lingerie. Here they are:

Ja. 274. Hollywood combination made with a smoothly fitting top and side pleated lower portion.

Ja. 275. Hollywood step-ins with side pleats to give smooth straight line at the hips.

Ja. 276. The new nightgown with diagonal seams to give admirable waistline slimness.

Ja. 277. The new four-piece slip with diagonal seaming.

Ja. 278. French panties with flat hipline—with directions for embroidery trimming.

Ja. 279. A new style combination that may be altered to suit the figure by means of the diagonal side seaming.

To obtain diagram circulars please turn to page 93.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Fryer

Mary Astor seems to grow lovelier every day. Each new portrait endows her with added charm. You see her now as a new Warner star, lately in "The Kennel Murder Case," and last in "Convention City," in which she dazzles with Adolphe Menjou, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

Youth Looks Ahead

(*Continued from page* 40)

Dorothy Short, M-G-M's newest discovery, with Maureen O'Sullivan. Her first picture will be "Tarzan and His Mate."

in Polly Ann's costume, the substitution of Loretta was not noticed. It was Loretta's opportunity, and she recognized it. Soon after that she was given a contract, left school and began her career as an actress.

It was about this time that she went to see "Seventh Heaven." She saw herself as a great star. The next day she rushed into Jack Warner's office.

"I've found a director," she said breathlessly. "If you get Frank Borzage to direct me I'll be as good as Janet Gaynor."

Recently — six years later — she worked under Frank Borzage's direction for the first time in "A Man's Castle."

Elevated to stardom during the past year, Loretta has, nevertheless, played several supporting roles recently. "It doesn't matter whether I'm the star or not," she explained. "All I want is good parts. And I'm not sure I want the responsibility of carrying a picture by myself."

Sound logic, surely, and worthy of a person older than Loretta. But, at twenty, Loretta Young has an amazing maturity, as if she had seen all there is to see and done most of what there is to be done. Yet she has lost few of her illusions and she looks forward to the future with all the eagerness of a college girl.

"I probably appreciate what life has to offer more than the average girl of my age," she said, "because I have the comparison with what it has already given me."

WHAT life has given Loretta since the day she doubled for her sister, Polly Ann, includes: one marriage, one divorce, a period of separation from the family that is a passion with her, featured roles and, finally, stardom. And, of course, there has been romance in plenty.

"I'd hate to live if I thought the future didn't hold lots of romance for me," she said, frankly. "Some people think my unsuccessful marriage made me cynical. That isn't true. I want to keep my illusions. I don't want to become cynical, because I think it would show in my screen work, and it would make me an impossible person, too. My marriage gave me an appetite for the sort of beautiful romance that I know must exist. It didn't mar my illusions one bit. I realize that older persons have the idea that my marriage ruined my life. Mother says if I had been older I would have felt it more deeply—the failure of it, that is—and my life would have been permanently affected."

Loretta would have you think she wasn't deeply affected, but it isn't true, for though she was young at the time of her divorce—just eighteen—she was deeply hurt. It is a part of her gay, young courage to pretend a frivolity she doesn't really feel. She was sincerely in love, but aside from that fact, failure in anything is not a part of Loretta's scheme of things. When she found her marriage was a mistake, she ended it by getting a divorce. She put the whole thing behind her and out of her mind as much as she was able. That's the way she does things—quickly.

"One mistake doesn't fill a lifetime," she said, with an air of imparting something new. "And I'd hate to think my life wouldn't be as full as my mother's."

Loretta looks toward her mother as the ancients looked toward the oracles. And, indeed, while Loretta is popular with the younger set and is continually being reported engaged to first this one and then another of the Hollywood swains, her real friends are mostly older people. That is, people much older than Loretta.

"I like the companionship of older people because they talk sense to me. I learn from them. I know they have nothing to gain from me, so I am sure their friendship is sincere," she explains.

Loretta's adoration of her family isn't a wordy sort of affection that makes itself felt in compliments and sweet nothings. She does things for them; for the two beautiful sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blaine; for the brother, Jack, now in college, and the baby sister, Georgianna, who is too busy with her dolls to think of a career; for the mother who sacrificed her youth to them after they were deserted by the father. Recently she built a fourteen-room, Colonial house for her family. The only thing she fears for the future, she says, is the loss of some member of the family.

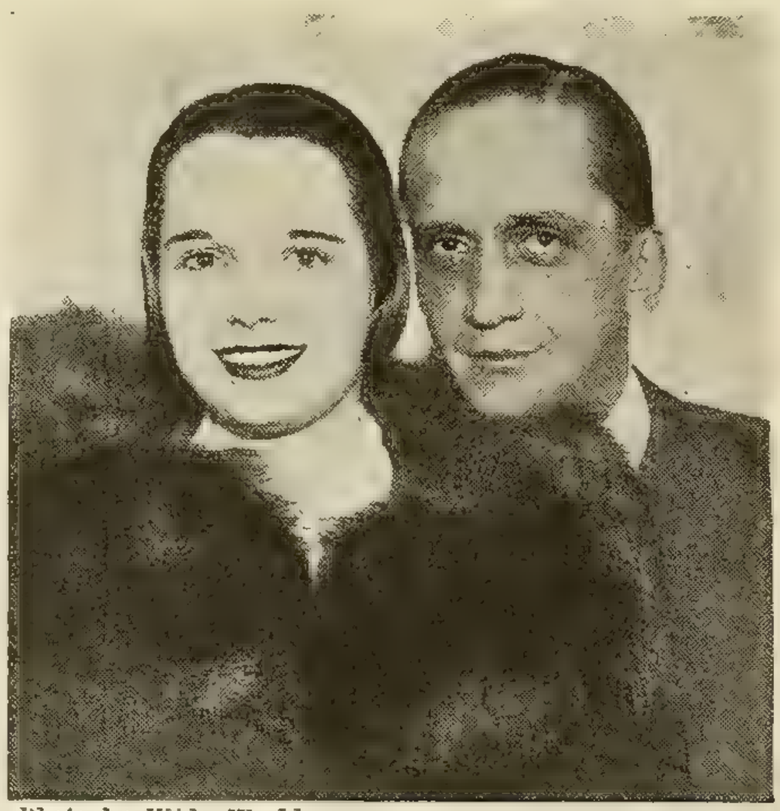


Photo by Wide World

Perhaps you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, one-time Paramount star, who disappeared into comparative oblivion when the talkies came. Here she is as the bride of Deering Davis, Chicago society man, aviator and polo star.

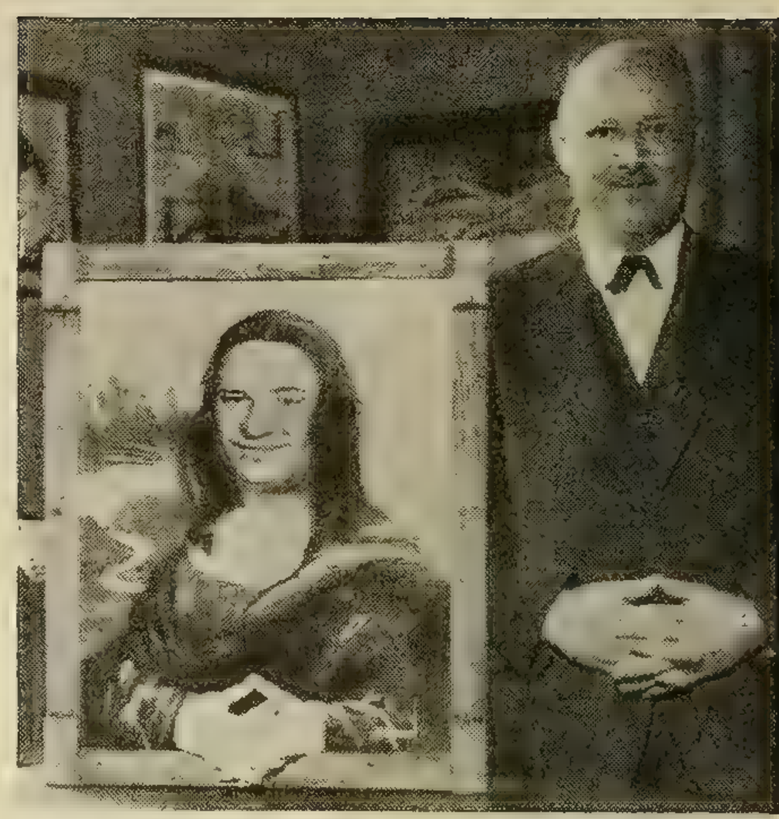


Photo by Wide World

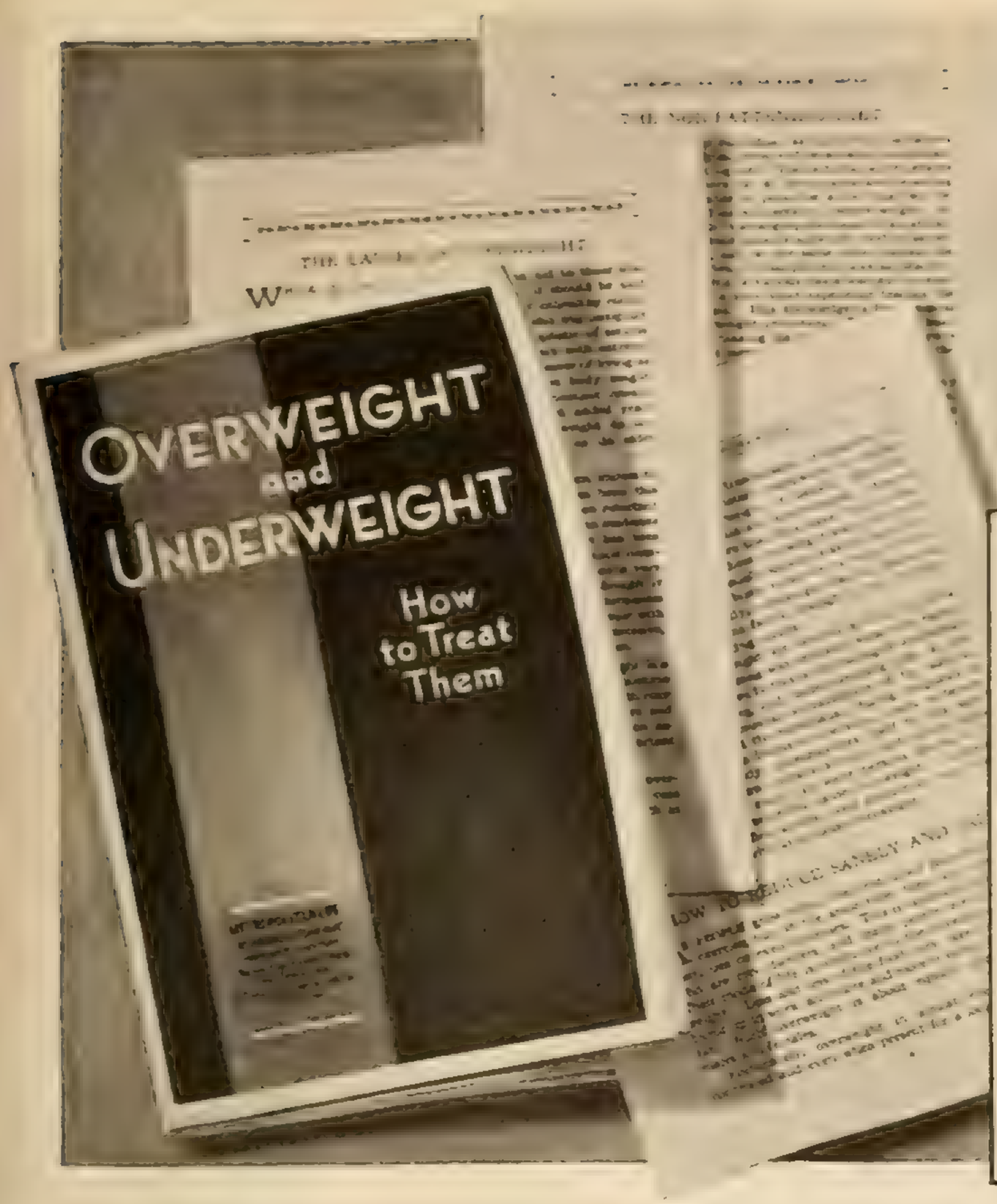
In Detroit, the Scarab Club holds, annually, a "fake" art exhibition of take-offs on old masters. The portrait shown here is known as "Mona Beery," a burlesque of "Mona Lisa," the famous art classic. Its creator, Floyd Nixon, is shown beside his masterpiece.

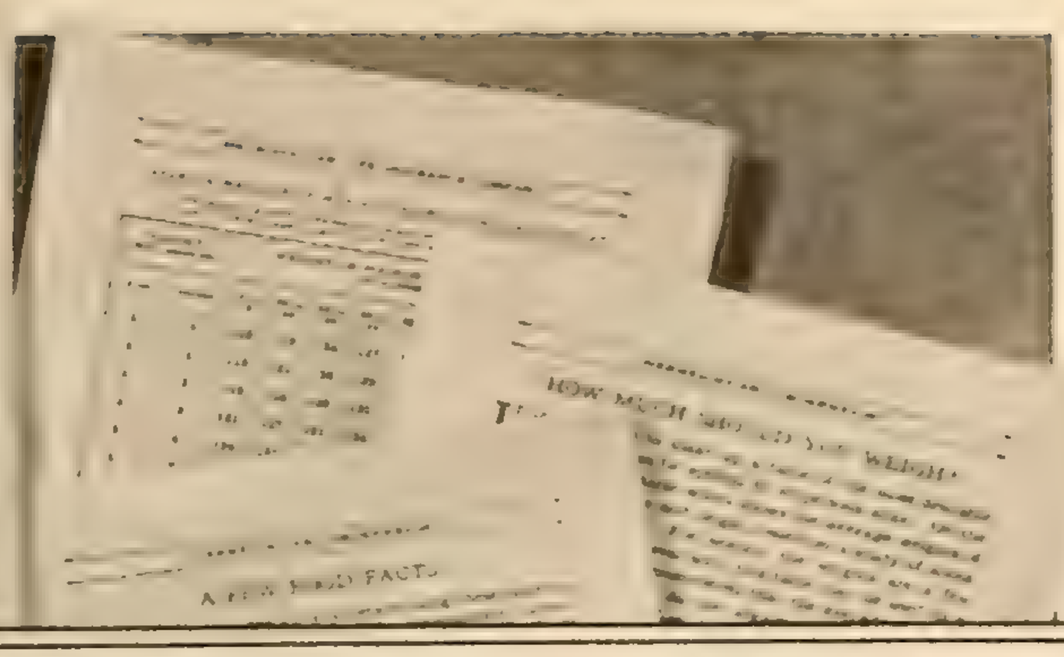
"I think I could bear almost anything but that," she said passionately. "I'd rather lose my stardom. No one knows what it has meant to me to have an understanding mother. I don't know what I would have done without her. She keeps my feet on the ground.

"I'm not trying to give the impression that I don't like the glory that comes with stardom. I love it! It pleases my ego. But I realize that I'm very young and that makes me reckless. That's what is so wonderful about being young. If I were older, I'd be afraid to be reckless. Youth makes me superior to older people.

"The most important thing I have to look forward to now is my work, my new contract with Twentieth Century, which is for the next five years. After that I look forward to marrying again. But who can tell what may happen before that? I'm not in love with anyone now but I can't promise I won't be tomorrow. And if I should fall in love tomorrow, I would immediately give up my work. From my own experience and also from observation, I do not think a girl can have a successful marriage and work at a career, too. Marriage, when and if I marry again, is going to mean more than that to me.

"I want to make more money. When I was making fifty dollars a week I wanted two hundred. When I was making two hundred I wanted five hundred. Now I'm hoping for thousands. I want to be terribly rich so I can travel, educate myself, so I can have all the freedom and all the children I want!"





The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet called "Overweight and Underweight" which tells you what to do to overcome either condition. It shows a chart of average weights, according to age and height, and tells you how to reduce sanely and safely. It contains food tables, menus and exercises to be used in reducing. You will find this booklet a valuable help. It will be mailed without cost at your request.

* * * *

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Dept. 134-B.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet, "Overweight and Underweight."

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ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Overweight is Dangerous

It is sometimes extremely difficult to persuade a jolly person who weighs many pounds too much—and who honestly says "I never felt better in my life"— that excess pounds are as dangerous as some of the diseases to which he would give immediate attention, if afflicted.

Consider these figures, especially if you are more than 35: People past 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death-rate greater by one half than the average for their age. If they have a persistent 40% overweight, the rate is almost double that of the average.

As a simple cold may lead to pneumonia or to serious bronchial trouble, so excess weight may be a forerunner of high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble, hardening of the arteries, or apoplexy. It makes recovery from surgical operations and acute diseases more difficult.

In rare instances, overweight is caused by disease of the glands of internal secretion, but in nearly every case it is brought on by eating too much food and exercising too little.

You will not be uncomfortably hungry if you gradually change to foods which are bulkier and less fattening than the foods which have brought the dangerous extra pounds. With a corrected diet and proper exercise, it is usually possible to reduce excess weight, comfortably, about a pound a week, until a reasonable reduction has been attained.

Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

If you weigh too much you should treat your overweight as you would a menacing disease. Give it immediate attention. Fill out and mail above coupon.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Breakfast at Seven

(*Continued from page* 58)

stop working because his star will have disappeared in the direction of the restaurant by twelve-fifteen. And when it is quitting time at night Mr. Rogers simply asks, as he walks toward the exit: "What time tomorrow?" At lunch, in the studio cafe, he always grabs all the lunch checks. He usually lunches with men.

Doug Fairbanks is nearly always up at five o'clock in the morning and by six has read the papers. He breakfasts not later than seven and reads everything in sight before, during and after his meal.

Miriam Jordan always has her breakfast of fruit juice, toast and coffee at seven. If you wish to reach her by telephone you must call her before eight-thirty because she always gets out of the house by that time and sometimes before that time.

When Mary Pickford is working in a picture she has three meals a day at the studio in her bungalow. She has breakfast at seven and at eight she consults her press agent and others on business while she is being made up. She usually invites her director or some of the company to lunch with her at noon, usually one o'clock, and then works steadily all afternoon. If there are children or a lot of extras working, the California laws stop work after an eight hour day, but by the time Mary is ready to stop, has looked at the previous days' rushes and is ready for her dinner it is at least eight o'clock. And she has guests and talks business during her dinner, and often long after dinner.

When Mary is not working she has her breakfast about nine o'clock. Some actors say that the habit of getting up early to go to work is one that they can't get rid of when they aren't workings. Others say they are so tired of getting up early to go to work that they are glad to sleep late when they have an opportunity and take full advantage of it until they start work on a new picture.

George Arliss always rises at six o'clock, has his breakfast, reads the papers and his mail and takes a long walk before going to the studio to work. He eats a light lunch, tea and pound cake at four and dinner at seven.

Work never interferes with Mr. Arliss's afternoon tea. When he first came to Hollywood his directors objected. "It is all nonsense," they said. "Stopping work in the middle of the afternoon so an old man can have his tea!" But they objected and snorted in vain. Mr. Arliss had his tea regardless and it wasn't very long until the directors were saying that it was a good idea, resting for a few minutes; that it pepped them up for the rest of the day. So Mr. Arliss can be credited with starting a new custom in the studios.

Gary Cooper doesn't feel hurt when he has to eat his breakfast alone. He is very resourceful and doesn't feel it is necessary to have company at every meal. He reads everything and thinks a lot. When working in a picture he has lunch at the studio cafe, talks to everyone and usually sits with a group of five or six men who are working on a picture with him. He often takes the director or a script writer home with him for a quiet dinner and entertains about twice a week with a small group of friends. His guests are asked for eight o'clock, which is his usual hour.

Elissa Landi likes to eat outdoors and whenever possible has her meals served on the veranda or in the patio of her beautiful Brentwood home. One of her favorite desserts is hot apple dumpling and coffee. Elissa is one English girl who isn't addicted to the afternoon tea habit. Her dinner hour is seven.

Ken Maynard never eats lunch when he is working in a picture, but between pictures he goes on picnics with his wife, eats three squares a day and even has tea with her sometimes.

The Ralph Morgans, New York stage folk, have adopted the elastic dinner hours of Hollywood. They set dinner for seven-fifteen and get to it as near that time as possible. Mr. Morgan and his daughter, Claudia, are tennis addicts and usually serve tea to a foursome in the late afternoon which is very refreshing after several strenuous sets.

Claudette Colbert likes an early dinner whether she is working or not. She likes French cooking, of course, and always has breakfast in bed when she is not working. She eats a light lunch, tea in the afternoon and a substantial dinner.

Marlene Dietrich, a true Continental, enjoys food and makes a ceremony of a meal. Her afternoon tea is coffee. She brought her cook with her from Germany and is very proud of the pastries made in her own kitchen. "You'll not get these anywhere else, I'm sure," she said to me when she offered me a very special German pastry one afternoon at her home. It resembled a date tart with whipped cream on it. When she serves tea to guests there is a decanter of rum on the tea tray and if the guests wish, she adds a little rum to each cup of tea.

Lilian Harvey never stops eating, or so it seems to her friends. When she is not working she has breakfast in bed after sleeping late. But when she is working she has a well-developed appetite by noon which she doesn't mind appeasing. She eats anything she likes and as much of it as she likes. When I had lunch with her one day she finished her dessert, a deep dish apple pie with ice cream on top, and said: "I think I'll have another one just like it. Will you have another?" When she finished her second dessert she said, "Now, I feel fine." She is so active that she keeps her slender figure regardless of how much or what she eats. She does not drink.

If you want to reach Regis Toomey at dinner time, it will do you no good to call him then. The Toomeys eat at seven o'clock but the servants have been trained to say that Mr. Toomey is at dinner and cannot be disturbed.

The only time I ever lunched with Paul Muni he asked the waitress to bring him a bowl of sour cream, a dill pickle and some fresh radishes and green onions. He cut the pickle, radishes and onions up fine, added them to the cream and ate the mixture with great gusto. I was so fascinated that I couldn't say whether he ate anything else or not.

To obtain this month's food circulars please turn to page 92.

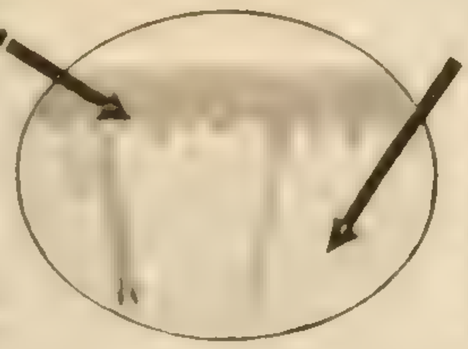
Photo by Alex Kahle

(Left) Ralph Bellamy at the door of his new home, built on the California hacienda style. The doorway in which he stands opens on a large patio.

To avoid *Wrinkles* treat your Under Skin

When Dryness *bothers treat your* Outer Skin

OUTER SKIN which roughens and dries, if unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheated houses, make-up—which tend to *dry out* its natural moisture.



UNDER SKIN which shrinks when tiny glands fail, thereby causing the outer skin to form folds and wrinkles. Here you help these glands to work properly.

WHAT *causes* wrinkles? What *causes* dryness? Since Eve, women have dreaded these two greatest enemies to skin loveliness . . . charm . . . Romance!

Today we *know* the answer to these old riddles.

How Wrinkles Come!

There are two layers of skin. Each entirely different. Both smoothly fitting in youth as the skin and flesh of a firm ripening plum.

But the under skin soon loses that glorious firmness . . . Shrinks, as its own beauty oils fail. The Outer Skin falls into folds. Little lines form. Eventually, dreaded *wrinkles!*

Pond's Cold Cream is made to help you avoid these very troubles. It is rich in oils. And it penetrates all the way to the *under skin.* Brings it just the oils it needs to keep it firm and full. When you use this lovely satiny cream, your skin feels rejuvenated—to its very depth—*instantly!* Because it goes so deep, Pond's Cold Cream is the thoroughest cleanser as well as beauty builder.

How to Correct Dryness

But Dryness occurs in the *Outer Skin!* That thin layer of skin that has to withstand sun, wind, cold, the dry heat of modern houses.

When the moisture cells in this fine skin are dried out by exposure, it becomes harsh, chaps.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to correct this trouble. This fragrant, fluffy cream is made especially for the *Outer Skin.* It contains a very marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually restores it, and smooths away roughnesses *in one application!*

Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous also as a powder base. It takes your make-up beautifully, and holds it for hours.

Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.

Society beauty, cares for her exquisite blonde skin the Pond's way . . . Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Pond's Creams in the new oval jars with smart jade-green tops are the SAME marvelous creams . . . in MORE generous quantities . . . and at the SAME blessedly low prices!

The TWO-SKIN TREATMENT *society women use as told by*

MRS. THOMAS CARNEGIE, JR.

1 "At night I cream face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, then remove it and the day's dirt with Pond's Tissues. A second cleansing tones my skin deep down.

2 "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for my overnight cream—so much better than sticky creams. It takes away roughnesses, dryness . . . and it's so *delicious* to use!

3 "In the morning, and in the day, Pond's Cold Cream again. Then Vanishing Cream to prepare for make-up and prevent chapping or drying. This 2-cream treatment keeps my skin feeling alive and glowing."

MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. A, 127 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and six shades of Pond's new Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

NRA

Tune in on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network

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Meet the Puppets

(*Continued from page* 31)

Earl Blackwell, Richard Cromwell, Violet and Helen Axzelle, Henry Wadsworth, Virginia Howard (Sam Goldwyn's sister-in-law), Bob Horner, Tex Brodus, Frank Losee, Marion Lessing, Kathryn Lee and Jimmy Bush were taken into the club. Soon after that Mary Kornman, Jacqueline Wells and I were also made Puppets.

A day was set aside to go house hunting. All twenty-two of us packed in cars and scoured Hollywood. We found a house in Laurel Canyon, and signed a lease. But the girls' mothers decided it was too dangerous a place to reach at night in cars—so that was out. But another twenty-four hours found the Puppets delighted with a little one-story, five-room dwelling on Beechwood Drive—two blocks from Hollywood Boulevard.

Then the fun began.

"Now that we have the house, what will we use for furniture?" asked Billy Janney.

"Well, we could always buy some—if we knew what they were using for money," wisecracked Ben Alexander.

"Listen, kids," suggested Tom. "Let's all go home and see what we can dig out of the cellar and attic. Any old stuff. Tell your families it's just to get started."

"Very good idea. We have an old bedroom chair," shouted Grace Durkin.

"I think I know where there's a discarded day bed," yelled Pat Ziegfeld. "And we have an old couch that the bottom's falling out of," said Patricia Ellis. "And we . . . ."

THEY'RE off!

Two hours later saw the greatest collection of odd-looking furniture that anyone ever hoped to see. But the Puppets were thrilled to death and said they'd be all fixed up in no time. One look at the potpourri of odds and ends made one wonder. There were no curtains on the windows, and the glass was filthy; the floors were dirty and scratched; the wall paper in one room was badly marred; and the back yard, though spacious, looked like a weed patch.

"Well, it's a cute little place," remarked Mrs. Ziegfeld (Billie Burke). "It will do for a while, anyway, until you get some money in the treasury."

"Tomorrow morning we'll all meet here," cried Junior Durkin, "and start to work."

It was that very next day that brought the surprise of a lifetime to the movie colony. And each day since the wonderment has increased to higher and higher degrees of amazement. If anyone had predicted that a group of young fellows and girls who have spent all their lives on the stage and screen —lived in hotels, and been waited on hand and foot—could do the work that they did, we would have laughed and said it was absolutely impossible.

Ten o'clock Tuesday morning — the sun was shining, as usual, in Hollywood; the stores opened at the regular hour; the studios were operating on schedule; even the banks were open—but 2107 Beechwood Drive, now known as the Puppets Club, was in a state of excitement and merriment that the little ramshackle wooden dwelling never dreamed it would see.

Lupe Velez flirting with the statue—or is it?—of Jimmy Durante, which plays such a prominent part in "Hollywood Party." Don't fail to read Lupe's own account of her "Jeemy" in an early issue of this magazine.

Walking in the front door, we found Junior Durkin and Maurice Murphy in old corduroys, scrubbing the floor; Tex Brodus and Pat Ziegfeld, tearing off the old wall paper in one of the back rooms; while Ben Alexander put up the new white paper, and Billy Janney and Earl Blackwell painted floors. Bob Horner was covering furniture in the front room; Patricia Ellis and Gertrude Durkin scrubbed the sink. We found Grace Durkin standing in the bath-tub, washing the windows.

FOR days this kept up. Jimmy Bush became chief gardener, assisted by Tom Brown, and with some of the other fellows, they weeded the field, cut out paths, lined them with rocks, trimmed the arbor, transplanted flowers, watered the grass and made a beautiful outlook.

The boys decided the back room would be their room. Bob Horner conceived the clever idea of covering the old furniture, including that bedroom chair and Ziegfeld's old couch, with black oilcloth. White thumb-tacks, arranged in neat array, lined the edges of the pieces and held the pleated oilcloth in place. Pillows were covered to match, and the floor painted black; while Tom, Ben and Junior painted the woodwork an ivory white. It is now known, ladies and gentlemen, as "The Black and White Room." And take my word for it, it is really striking. A black and white mirror and black tables were donated, to complete the picture.

"Say, the boys have everything! We've got to fix up a room," decided Helen Mack and some of the other girls. They would not be outdone. So, while one of the fellows got a couple of old orange crates, Pat Ziegfeld, Grace Durkin and the Axzelles located some cretonne, and the results are two attractive dressing tables on each side of the full-length mirror in the little side room. Cretonne draperies and a day-bed covered with the same material, to match, go to make up what is now known as "The Girls' Room."

Directly behind the living room which you enter first from the street, is a mahogany-paneled room which has been converted into an office. A desk, telephone and chair constitute the furniture, and the walls are decorated with pictures of the Puppets.

Joe DePew decided they'd have to have a bar. Of course, the by-laws declare there's to be no drinking (and most of the Puppets don't smoke or drink, anyway), but, still, they could have a bar, plus all the effects, and serve soft drinks and beer to their guests. So Joe as chief bartender, and with the help of the other male members, took over the two-car garage, and converted it into the cleverest old-time Western saloon you ever saw.

Although the walls are of wood, the floor is cement, which didn't go at all with a saloon. Hence, three barrels of sawdust were purchased from the nearest mill, to give the room that old-time flavor.

The boys bought a little lumber and went to work making a bar and tables, while the girls sewed together red-and-white checked gingham curtains and tablecloths for the saloon.

We got all the empty liquor bottles we could find (quite a job around Hollywood) to decorate the rustic shelves behind the bar and give the saloon that realistic touch. When you visit the Puppets Club, I'll guarantee you'll be rushed, first to the great Black and White Room, then out to the saloon. They are exhibits "A" and "B," and let me assure you, they are all, and even more, than the proud Puppets crack them up to be.

GERTIE DURKIN appointed herself chief cook and waitress, and all during the "reconstruction" days, she made sandwiches and coffee on the little two-burner stove, and carried lunches to the other boys and girls at work.

A few months have elapsed. Now they have decided to build a small practice stage in the back of the "garage-saloon." More decorations have arrived for the house, including two beautiful new rugs, given to the Puppets by their good pal, Robert Armstrong. Marion Gehring is donating some end tables, and Mrs. Alexander Leftwich has promised them a grand piano. Mrs. Fremault, Anita Louise's mother, presented the club with a complete set of china.

The Puppets are at home to their friends every afternoon and evening. Tea is served at five o'clock in the beautiful garden under the arbor. Dancing by radio, every evening in the saloon; or a good game of limericks in the living room until eleven o'clock. At that hour Gertie comes in with her beautiful big smile, a coffee pot in one hand, and a plate of sandwiches in the other. "Come, darlings, supper is served." And, boy! is it good!

The Puppets are the grandest bunch of young people I have ever seen. Good natured, talented and hard workers—these same moving picture people who you and I thought could do nothing but pose before cameras all day; and at night go to the wildest parties they could find! Now you know them better.

Hollywood's younger generation is the town's back-bone. Watch them make good!

"It cleared her Complexion *surprisingly* quickly"

Dr. Hufnagel is Chief of the Dept. of Skin Diseases of the Hospital of the Rothschild Foundation in Paris.

says the noted

DR. LEON HUFNAGEL,

Paris Dermatologist

One of the best known skin specialists in France, Dr. Hufnagel, co-author of the famous "Traité de Dermatologie," describes this typical case:—

"MLLE. D—typist. Persistent furunculosis (boils) and pimples on face and neck. Complexion muddy. Complained of headaches.

"Patient had been subject for years to constipation. X-rays showed intestines weakened by laxatives. I prescribed yeast.

"In 3 weeks her evacuations became normal. Her skin eruptions dried up and no others appeared. Her headaches disappeared and her digestion greatly improved."

"A POOR COMPLEXION" states Dr. Hufnagel, "is usually a sign of poisons in the system. External treatment, therefore, is not enough.

"I advise people suffering from constipation and skin affections to add yeast to their diet. *It is the surest corrective for skin eruptions that I know.*"

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast actually strengthens the intestines—softens the clogging food residues—promotes the daily evacuation of bodily waste that is so essential to a clear skin and abundant energy.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast (rich in vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Try it—now!

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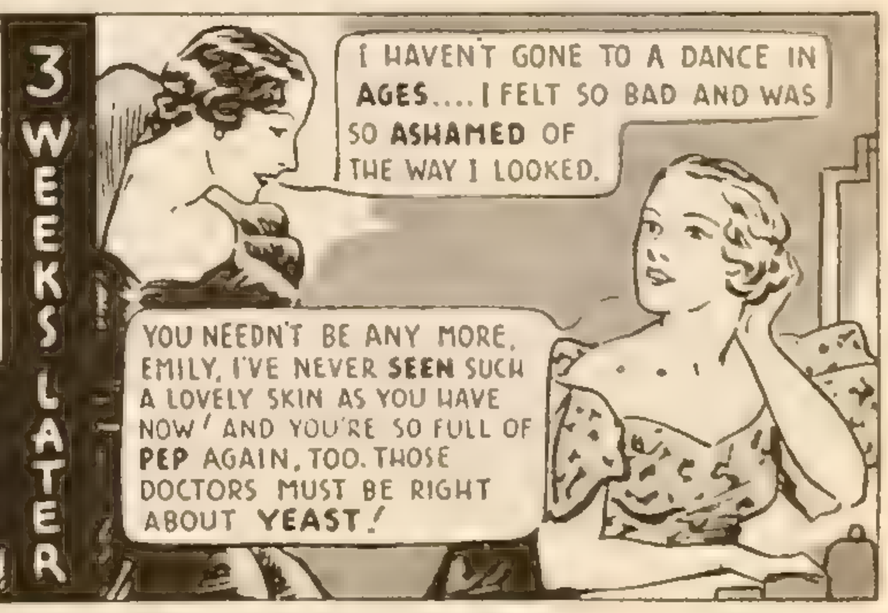
● "I am a teacher," writes Miss O'Brien. "I'd become run-down—had indigestion. Felt miserable...

● "Then my face began to break out in eruptions. I was horrified. I worried about it terribly . . .

● "So I went to my doctor. He advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it faithfully.

3 WEEKS LATER



● "Very soon my health improved. Indigestion left and my skin cleared up. It was wonderful!"

Speaking of Money

(*Continued from page* 43)

absurd topsyturviness of movie rewards: A person with trained voice sings into the mike while a player on screen wags lips like a ventriloquist's dummy—and the dummy gets the dough!

STAR impressions of a dreamy boulevardier:

Cecil DeMille—circus wagon; Mary Pickford—little white hen; Pola Negri—stormy weather; Johnny Weissmuller—battle cruiser; Myrna Loy—new moon in a mirror; Greta Garbo—greyhound; ZaSu Pitts—long underwear on a line; Charles Laughton—cup custard; Jean Harlow—Angora that's eaten a mouse; Lubitsch—sausages *mitt* Brahms; Carole Lombard—white candle unlighted; Lilyan Tashman—May basket full of jellybeans; James Cagney—firecrackers; Ramon Novarro—organ grinder's monk; Mae West—apple dumplin's with brandy sauce. . . .

Andy Devine, photographed to show the world that he has lost ten pounds. Horseback riding. They've retired the horse. . . .

HOLLYWOOD is getting dangerously biographical. It is not only dishing such cold royal remains as Napoleon, Marie Antoinette, Queen Christina and Empress Catherine, but live warm fellow citizens. "Bombshell" was inspired by a local star.

If this keeps up they'll be taking one another for rides. A plastic surgeon agrees with me. He told an interviewer about fixing a star's ears. The star made threats. Surgeon laughed. Later a gangster telephoned: "I see you squealed about What's-his-name's ears. Lissen, if I catch you ratting about my face-lift you'll go for a picnic up a canyon." Map-maker no laughee, no talkie.

Boulevardier goes biographical:

JUDY of Ottawa writes to ask: "Just how does one go about getting into your type of livelihood?"

Why, what do you mean, Judy! Aunt Bella advises me not to answer as it might be incriminating. I will say that after the first misstep, it's easy. A boulevardier, literally, is a boulevard walker. Of course, that's not what you had in mind. You say you're red-headed, and red-headed women always ride, as you know if you saw Miss Harlow in that epic with car and companionate chauffeur.

A fan writer never *makes* that much. In fact we're about the only people in Hollywood who do not make more than the President; this tends to make us ugly.

On the other hand, we are practically fed free. A fan writer is a sort of gigolo of journalism—always lets the other party pay the check. No sneers, *puleeze!* After all, Adam was a gigolo. Eve had to give him an apple first, didn't she?

Following this tradition, interviewers insist on being lunched. There are over two hundred and fifty munching off Hollywood. Practically all pretend to be bosom pals of the stars, whereas, actually, the stars consider them a confounded nuisance. Oh, exceptions, of course, though the only one I can think of offhand is Elsie Janis, who happens to be a great star herself and the most charming interviewer. So, Judy, why don't you write Elsie?

DO I enjoy interviewing? You ask. Yes, but not writing afterward. The most interesting players I have interviewed? You mean those who have made the best copy? Mae West, Anna May Wong, Valentino, Stepin Fetchit, Nazimova, Bull Montana, Pola Negri. . . . Then there are those I like personally who don't seem to jell into copy—too regular.

"BOMBSHELL" seemed to me a boring exaggeration. Everyone over-acted except Pat O'Brien.

I have never met a star as nutty as Miss Harlow was made to appear. In fact, I have never interviewed one who was ritzy, disagreeable or posey.

I can't say as much for the fellow fan writers. Some of them have the superiority complex, the old power-of-the-press feeling abetted by envy.

One "exposed" Ivan Lebedeff. She said he was not a Russian nobleman, but a boy who had gone to school back in Massachusetts or somewhere. Mr. Lebedeff produced credentials to prove his nobility and proved it further, to the relief of the newspaper, by not suing for libel.

These modest producers! This is Harry Cohn, head of Columbia studios, going out to luncheon with Evelyn Brent, and trying to give the go-away sign to the candid cameraman.

PRODUCERS have been lambasted for stealing stories and abusing literary genius. There is another side to the picture. The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences awarded a prize to a writer for the most original story of the year and the next day he was sued for plagiarism!

A STUDIO staff writer appropriated a published story without taking the trouble even to change the title. And the authoress was an actress on the lot! She complained to the producer. He heard her case and said: "How much do you want?" She timidly suggested ten thousand. He wrote a check for fifteen thousand. When she said that she did not mean to take advantage, he replied: "Don't worry. It will come out of our genius' pocket. This is not the first time that writer has played pirate."

Publicity item: "Miss West dictates her stories to a secretary lying in bed."

Any room for another secretary, Miss West?

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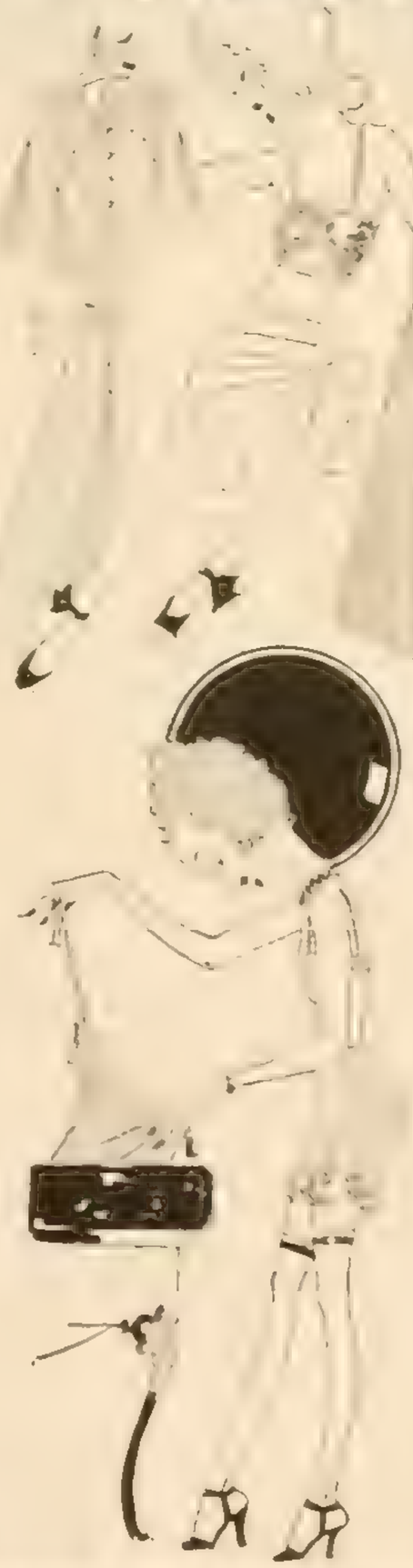

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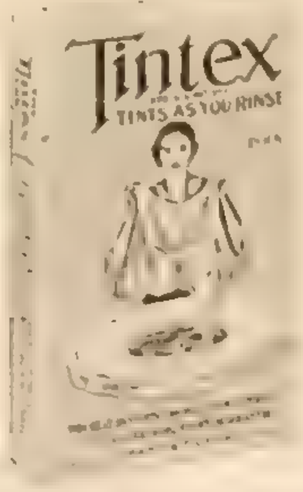
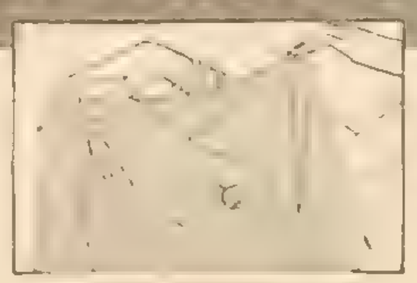


To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER

Supposing you have a dark dress (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .



Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

Men I Have Loved

(*Continued from page 28*)

Educational studios are making a series of one-reel comedies, called Baby Burlesks. This is the cast. Every so often it is bribed into further histrionics with ice-cream cones. None of the actors is more than five years old.

like Spencer, slow and easy-going but, once aroused, a dynamo of determination. Spencer didn't take himself seriously, however. He laughed about his activities, about being a "moom pitcher" actor, but he loved his work. There was a genial, friendly heartiness about Spencer which would win any girl's heart.

No story of my life would be complete without mention of Bob Williams, who has gone forever from the screen and from life. I had heard a great deal about his successes on the New York stage and when I was given the leading role opposite him in "Platinum Blonde," I was excited, of course, and more than a little scared.

The excitement lasted but the fright died as soon as I met him. Bob Williams was the personification of every girl's dream of the suave, quiet, sure-of-himself lover, who had been everywhere and has seen everything. He was the sort of man from whom every girl wants to learn about life and love. He didn't tell you what he knew. He didn't have to. You felt it instinctively. What I learned from him was a sort of post-graduate course in the art of romance.

A SHORT time later I had the unique experience of having three lovers at once. I've heard girls boast about being engaged to two or three men at one time, but I'll bet that none of them ever had three such lovers as I had in "The Secret Six," big, handsome Johnny Mack Brown, big, handsome Clark Gable and Wally Beery, whom all superlatives fail to describe.

It was my first visit to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and I was nervous about it. So I found a kindred spirit in Clark. He was just beginning his screen career and was almost as nervous as I was.

Johnny was a veteran of the studio and of pictures. Wally was—well, you know as well as I do, what he was and is. Clark joked with me to cover both our frights.

JOHNNY was always sweet and courteous and I made conversation with him whenever possible just to hear his slow, low, southern drawl. Wally was completely indifferent to me. He preferred whittling little pieces of wood and talking to the director, George Hill, about hunting and fishing to conversation with frightened blondes. When I worked with Wally recently in "Dinner At Eight," I reminded him of his indifference during "The Secret Six." He didn't apologize and he didn't change his attitude. Wally is wise in the ways of the world and women. He probably knows that indifference piques feminine interest.

Johnny had that same charming lack of interest. But his was more a casual detachment than Wally's indifference. Johnny has that touch of gallant chivalry, which gentlemen of the old South are reputed to possess and which they rarely do, at least, to the extent that fiction writers give them credit.

Even, when he made love to me across a counter in a cabaret scene filled with extras and cigarette smoke, he seemed to bring an aura of moonlight and flowering jasmine. Maybe it was the caressing tone of his voice. Maybe it was the look in his dark brown eyes.

Johnny was worried about his southern drawl, was trying desperately to lose it. Heaven forbid that he ever shall. No girl can listen to his soft "you-alls" and "fohevahs" without feeling a flutter in the region of her heart.

Clark was entirely different from the seriously sweet Johnny and the tantalizing Mr. Beery. He was like a boy, laughing, joking, making a frolic of his work. Neither of us dreamed at that time that some day we would be playing together in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man." Clark didn't believe that his popularity would reach the amazing extent which it has.

And I thought that my career was almost at an end. I was discouraged about the parts which I was playing. I wanted to do something beside tough girls and gangsters' molls. I knew that you could go only so far—that your stay was bound to be short—if you continued in that one type of part. Your day would die with the death of the gangster era in pictures.

Clark was happy in "The Secret Six" because he was playing a straight and honest young newspaper reporter after a series of gangster roles. His love-making in those days—as later in the other two pictures—was more or less of the slightly laughing, non-serious variety. He was the kind of lover of whom no girl can ever be sure. He was the deadly "take 'em and leave 'em" variety. Women in the audiences felt it, just as I did, playing with him. Any girl with a Clark Gable lover can never know exactly where she stands. Even in his most ardent moments, you would feel the qualm of knowing that it couldn't last. I did.

Clark's first words to me I'll never forget. "You're not at all the kind of girl I had imagined," he told me, after we were introduced.

"That's just the reason I'm so anxious to get away from this kind of role," I explained to him later. "No one sees Jean Harlow. They simply see a hard-boiled, worthless girl who isn't even likeable in her toughness."

Clark has a philosophy all his own. He doesn't take himself or his work or even life seriously.

"Things have a way of working out," he told me. "Look at me, for instance. A few years ago I thought that there would never be a place for me in pictures. And now, without any warning, I get a contract and one good part after another. It'll turn out that way for you. Wait and see."

AND Clark was right. A few months later, when I did leave Hollywood for a personal appearance tour, expect-

(*Please turn to page 84*)

"Author! Author!"—this was once the cry. Now it is, "Director! Author!" William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones (shown here with Judith Allen), after writing and doctoring many of Paramount's greatest successes in the last few years, have taken over the megaphone, too. Their first film is "Cap'n Jericho."

"The RECIPES of the MONTH"

Start a Library . . . of *Favorite Recipes* . and Add to it Each Month

Start this library of favorite recipes and we'll wager that you'll never get a meal without using it . . . because they cover all different types of cooking, give excellent menus, exciting recipes and food news. Each food circular (10c complete) is the same size so you can fit them all in one big binder. Then each month the Home Service Bureau will announce a new food circular in this magazine. You'll want it for your library.

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Well-balanced menus and appetizing recipes that simplify cooking for a small family . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . what utensils you need.

3 FOODS THAT MEN PREFER—10c

Breakfast breads . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . confections . . . menus.

4 FAVORITE COMPANY DINNER MENUS—10c

Menus, simple and elaborate, but the kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . first course dishes . . . meat recipes . . . vegetables . . . salads . . . cakes and pies . . . popular frozen desserts.

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Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . using canned meats.

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Nursery and kindergarten menus . . . diets for grammar school age . . . high school diet . . . height and weight tables . . . school box lunches . . . menus.

7 FRUIT RECIPES—10c

Fruits for breakfast in ways you'd never suspect . . . fruit dishes children like . . . fruit with meat . . . fruit salads . . . shortcakes and muffins . . . fruit pies . . . beverages . . . food value of fruits.

8 ALL-PURPOSE MENUS FOR THREE WEEKS—10c

Not a menu to plan for three weeks! They're all worked out *for* you. Rules for reducing and gaining . . . feeding children . . . non-acid and special diets . . . recipes.

9 HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT—10c

Delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . favorite pies . . . ten gelatine desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice-box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts . . . 100-calory portions in desserts.

10 REFRESHMENT MENUS—10c

Menus and recipes for one and two-course party refreshments . . . beverages . . . party sandwiches . . . canapes . . . home-made pastries.

Check the Numbers Below, Detach and Mail Coupon.

Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am checking here the numbers of the food circulars listed above which I wish you would please send me. I am enclosing 10c for each one I want.

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So now, when it's time to take a laxative, all hands—all ages—reach for the little blue box of Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

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In 10c and 25c sizes at all druggists. Ex-Lax, Inc., Brooklyn, New York.

Men I Have Loved

(*Continued from page* 82)

ing never to return to the screen, I was given my big chance in "Red Headed Woman." The girl in that picture was tough, of course, and entirely heartless, but she had the relieving quality of humor, the saving grace which made audiences laugh at her and like her in spite of her faults.

There is something of the eternal boy about Clark. He will never grow up. Not that he doesn't have his serious moments. He does. He has the ability of veiling lightness with a veneer of ardent intensity in his love-making, that most provoking and provocative of methods.

After my trio of lovers, Clark, Johnny and Wally, had gone on to other fields of romantic adventure, I met Walter Byron and played with him in "Three Wise Girls." You can imagine the contrast. Smooth, poised, polished and English Walter after the other three so essentially American lovers. Walter had the continental flair, the slightly bored, man-of-the-worldishness which every woman finds so attractive. His love-making was never direct or blunt, but always veiled with a subtle language of eyes and unspoken words.

AFTER Walter came Wally Ford, gay, laughing, clowning, intense Wally. That was in "The Beast of the City." Never have I known such a contradictory personality as Wally. He is the eternal comedian, always smiling, always clowning. And he is also so dynamically intense that he sweeps you off your feet.

With a lover like Wally, no girl's life would be peaceful. She would live in a constant bewilderment, wondering what in the world was going to happen next. Wally would stop his joking with the members of the company to walk into a dramatic scene. Instantly his entire personality would change. Working with him, you could feel a sort of electric current of vitality. His love-making was the breathtaking, almost belligerent sort. And then, the kiss ended, he could laugh about some amusing incident at yesterday's ball game. He was certainly the most bewildering lover I've known.

Chester Morris had that same intensity, without the clowning. I met Chester during the making of "Red Headed Woman." I couldn't have known him at a more nerve-wracking, upsetting time in my life. Here was my really big chance. My whole future hung in the balance on the success or failure of my work in that picture. Chester understood. He always knew just when to say the right words of praise and encouragement.

CHESTER seemed to me the epitome of the true American lover, sincere, serious and considerate. If I were writing a fiction story and I wanted to describe the average girl's idea of a perfect lover, I think that I should try to picture Chester. He was honest, straightforward and direct, the sort of man on whom a girl could depend. He was the strong protector as well as the ardent lover.

In the picture he had to hit me—and hit me hard. Chester didn't want to do it. He had the normal young American's dislike of physical violence against a woman. He tried to think of a substitute scene. But the director insisted. His first slaps were so weak and unsure that we had to retake the scene several times. Finally, when he did make up his mind to slap, his punch was as strong as any delivered by the rough and ready Jimmy Cagney in the height of his striking career.

During the time we made "Red Headed Woman," Chester's small son was going through a siege of the croup. Between scenes Chester stayed close to the phone, getting hourly bulletins from his home. His worry about his family is a part of his ultra-Americanism. Chester fulfills every girl's secret demands for the perfect lover and husband.

THEN, after Chester, Clark came back into my life in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man." It was wonderful to work with him again. Success had swept him to the top of the Hollywood ladder since we had worked together in "The Secret Six" but it had not changed him one bit. He still had the same philosophy of life, the same ability to laugh at himself and at the seriousness of living. And I'll never forget his considerateness during "Red Dust," when I returned to work after living through the greatest sorrow of my life. He expressed no verbal sympathy. He acted as if nothing had happened. It was the finest, most understanding thing any man could have done.

Then my path crossed Wally Beery's once more in "Dinner At Eight." He, too, was the same. More interested in whittling, in airplanes, in his baby daughter, Carol Anne, and in Marie Dressler than in me. Some day I'll even scores with Mr. Beery. No girl likes indifference.

And now I've just finished a hectic love affair with my thirteenth lover, Lee Tracy—not counting, of course, Laurel and Hardy. When I think of Lee, I think of dynamos, whirlwinds, tornadoes, perpetual movement. During the entire course of our affair—and being with Lee Tracy it was a rough and turbulent course—there was never a dull moment. I often looked at him in absolute amazement, wondering at his source of vitality and energy. Off the screen and on it he is just the same.

Heaven help the girls with lovers like Lee. Here today and gone tomorrow, sweeping you into his arms one minute and forgetting you the next. That's Lee Tracy. He is the sort of man who admits no barriers, who smashes through all obstacles. At the end of a day with Lee I was completely breathless. He carries you along with him on the wave of his enthusiasm. He doesn't know the meaning of the words "no" or "can't." If he wants something, he goes after it with a determination, which can't be stopped.

THERE they are, the thirteen of them, not counting Laurel and Hardy. Ben and Jimmy Hall, Lew, Jimmy Cagney, Spencer, Bob, Clark, Johnny, Wally, Walter, Wally Ford, Chester and Lee. I defy any girl anywhere, on or off the screen, to produce such a list of lovers. By this time I should know what romance is about. I've learned about love-making from them.

Rudy's Brother

(*Continued from page 27*)

GIVING up all thought of work, I accepted an invitation to lunch. The food was good and I was just about to start on my description of my evening at the St. Regis (the story that made my cousin laugh till he split the buttons off his vest), when the man across from me (who was paying for the lunch), said, "Say, Bill, you're pretty close to R., aren't you? Well, I've got a scheme whereby he can easily make $50,000 without turning a hand. . . ." I threw him through the window without turning a hand, but my foot's been sore ever since.

By working in a corner where no one could see me I managed to get through the afternoon.

DINNER is by invitation and supposedly respectable. Ripples of conversation spread 'round the table as I waited to leap in with a pun that had just occurred to me. Just as I stood mentally poised for the leap, they turned out to be the customary tidal waves and out came the little book of answers to questions about R.

PEOPLE, of course, vary. Some are nice-because-of and others are nice-in-spite-of. Harry Rosenthal of "June Moon" fame was on the party given R. at his last birthday and we talked for five whole minutes without a single reference to anyone but ourselves. Obviously, a nice-in-spite-of man. Morton Downey is another one of these. He yelled "Hi, Bill!" to me from his car the other day without a word about anything but me. Of course, the car was moving. . . .

Ted Husing gets himself on my honor roll by sticking to kidding. He kids my New England accent and I tell him he's conceited.

When R. had to quit the "Scandals" for a week, Willie Howard wanted to put me on in R.'s place in the several dramatic skits that he played in. Fate, George White and myself put a stop to talk like that. George Gershwin made me feel like a Rhapsody in Blue the other day when he said, "Ah, but I've never met your brother." Sounds pretty bad, doesn't it?

BEFORE I forget, I want to tell you about the one altogether too brief stage appearance we made together. It was at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater. Many a goggle-eyed customer lolled in his seat unaware that a great spectacle was to be unrolled before his very eyes. Then, with nary a quip or jest, out from the wings rolled a beautiful tandem propelled by the Vallee Brothers, tandemists de luxe. The program note was wrong. It didn't take ten minutes to clear the house. But R. alone would have packed 'em in.

Yes, it is pretty tough. But it's been getting on the nerves of other brothers of other celebrities too. So much so that when I ran into Leon Friedman (brother of Ted Lewis), we put our heads together. That's the putting together of heads that was heard 'round the world. As a result of this we promptly organized a club, or rather a refuge. Now the Brothers of Celebrities Club has a distinguished list of members—Tom Patterson (Russell's brother), Everett Crosby (Bing's) and some long-suffering others.

"We both have one grand friend!"

"WHAT?" protested the overalls. "Do you mean to say that the same soap that washes greasy dirt out of me is gentle enough for feminine frills?"

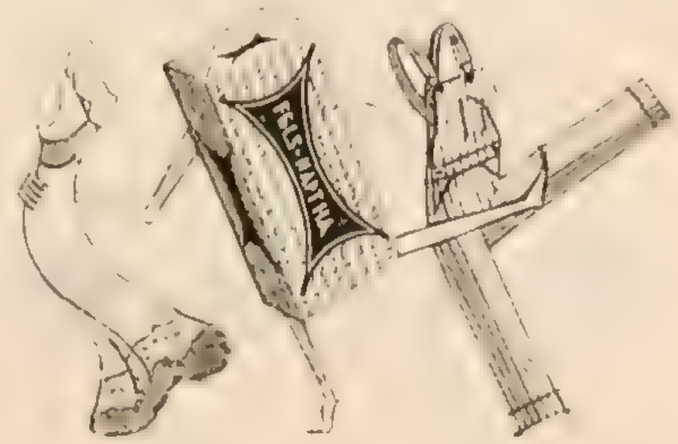
And the loveliness of the nightgown answers, "Yes, Fels-Naptha Soap does that very thing."

Here is Fels-Naptha's secret. It brings you the *extra* help of two active cleaners—good golden soap and *plenty* of naptha. When these two cleaners tackle the job, even ground-in dirt has to let go. There's less work for you—no hard rubbing. Clothes are washed so clean, they fairly sparkle with sweetness.

Yet Fels-Naptha is always safe. Its soap is mild and bland. The naptha in it is the same gentle cleaner that dry cleaners use. Fels-Naptha couldn't hurt a thread of your sheerest finery. And it's friendly to hands, too.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap! Get a few bars and try it in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—for soaking or boiling clothes.

When you've seen how gently and thoroughly it washes, we believe you'll agree that Fels-Naptha is just about the best washday friend you and your clothes ever had!



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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M -1-34
Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address completely)

Don't dilly-dally another minute, if you yearn for a baby-smooth, baby-clear complexion. These raw wintry winds can make a girl's face like sandpaper, if she's not careful. So start your Ivory beauty treatments today. Ivory won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin silky-smooth.

Ivory, you know, is so pure that doctors recommend it even for tiny babies. Surely the soap that is best for a baby's sensitive skin is safest for your own complexion.

And . . . stay far, far away from "beauty soaps" that may hide impurities behind fancy perfumes and lollipop colorings.

And be a baby about your bath, too! Hot, dry rooms—raw, chilly winds! These days, your skin all over needs Ivory's soothing, gentle care more than ever. Hop into your odorless Ivory bath. Hop out feeling smooth all over. And thank your lucky stars that fine white Ivory costs you only a few pennies at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure · It floats

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Another in the series on what goes on behind the scenes in the studios

By JACK JAMISON

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT: The spot in the studio where people go to ask about things they don't know themselves and can't find out about anywhere else. Because there are lots of people in a studio who don't know anything, this keeps the researchers very busy.

YOU MUST HAVE WONDERED how they make the insides of submarines look so real, how Mae West knows how to dress the way they did in 1890, how they make sure the "No Smoking" signs in a French railway station read **"Priere De Ne Pas Fumer."** The Research Department! It sees all, knows all, tells all.

AN AVERAGE DAY'S WORK for a research department means: (1) answering 40 to 150 questions sent in by other departments; (2) reading and clipping photos from twelve magazines; (3) bringing up to date the file of information on every picture being shot; (4) correcting mistakes in costume and background in three scripts (5) conferring with writers and directors; (6) finding a technical adviser for a picture. This is regular routine that goes on every day of every month in the year.

BUT VARIETY is the spice of the research department's life. One day brings demands for photos of the white gowns and feathers worn by ladder-climbing socialites presented at court, a duplication of Chicago cops' uniforms, and information as to the how and why of the oxygen-tanks worn by altitude flyers. Every request must be met. And they must be met promptly and correctly.

FROM START TO FINISH on each picture, the researchers have their fingers in the pie. First, the writer comes to them, saying, "I've got an idea for a story laid in Seventeenth Century Holland. Get me the dope." Then the director comes and asks, "What the dickens (or something) did streets in Holland look like then?" Then the art director wants to know how the Dutchmen built dining rooms, what kind of door-knobs and lamps they used. The casting office wants to know what types to hire, fat or thin, whiskers or more whiskers. The "prop" department has to know about furniture. And, finally, someone from the research department must sit on the set all during the filming of the picture, just to make sure that no member of the cast or among the extras, etc., spoils things.

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

ALL TECHNICAL advisers are hired by the research department. They range from college professors to ex-Grand Dukes, with military usage and court etiquette at their fingertips. A director's call for "a reliable convict" to sit in on a prison picture resulted in the hiring of Robert Joyce Tasker, now a highly-paid studio writer. On one gangster film of illicit brewing—do you remember when America had Prohibition?—a bootlegger was technical adviser.

THE TOUGH ASSIGNMENT for the researchers aren't such things as "What kind of negligee did Marie Antoinette wear, if any?" Those are easy. The tough ones are the recent ones. (Because historians haven't had time to put them into books.) Duplicating a 1908 soda-fountain for "Turn Back the Clock," had the M-G-M research folk biting off each other's fingers. For "Gabriel Over the White House," interiors of White House bedrooms had to be copied from photos. There were no photos. None had ever been taken. But procured photos must be, and procured they were. Most difficult job being tackled in Hollywood at present is getting data on French prison camps. The French Government swears there aren't any such camps. Studio informants whisper there are. To get pictures is the job.

SAMPLE QUESTIONS in a day's work, which must be answered offhand, are "What kind of bathing-trunks are in vogue at Antibes this year?"—"Were the Egyptians sun-worshippers?"—What did Queen Elizabeth's bathroom look like?"

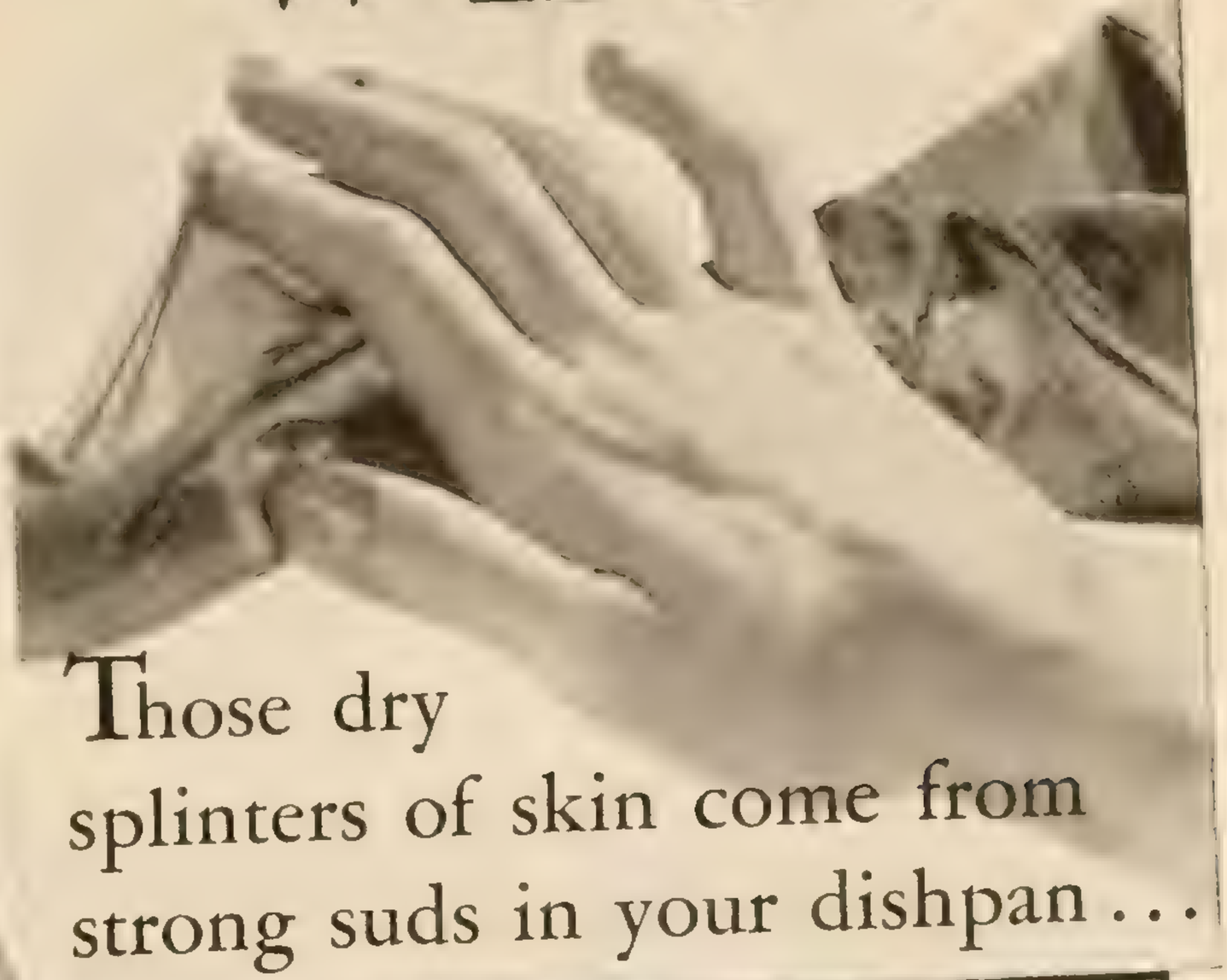
THOROUGHNESS under this steady barrage of questions is next to impossible, yet it must be maintained. A file of information for "Queen Christina" was kept for a full year before ever a camera turned. Garbo returning from Sweden, brought baskets and baskets of material with her. Almost every bit of it was already in the files at the studio, so thorough a job had the department done.

THIS AND THAT: The Research Department is usually upset about something or somebody because, being precise itself, it expects everyone else to be just that way. Even directors and stars. (Is that a joke?) So, after the department has labored for weeks gathering every minute detail as to coiffure, "props," architecture, costumes and all manner of things, someone will knock the whole scene topsy-turvy for "dramatic" reasons. Such as, for instance, the star using a cigarette lighter in mid-Victorian settings, or casually projecting some of our newer slang into a Roman holiday.

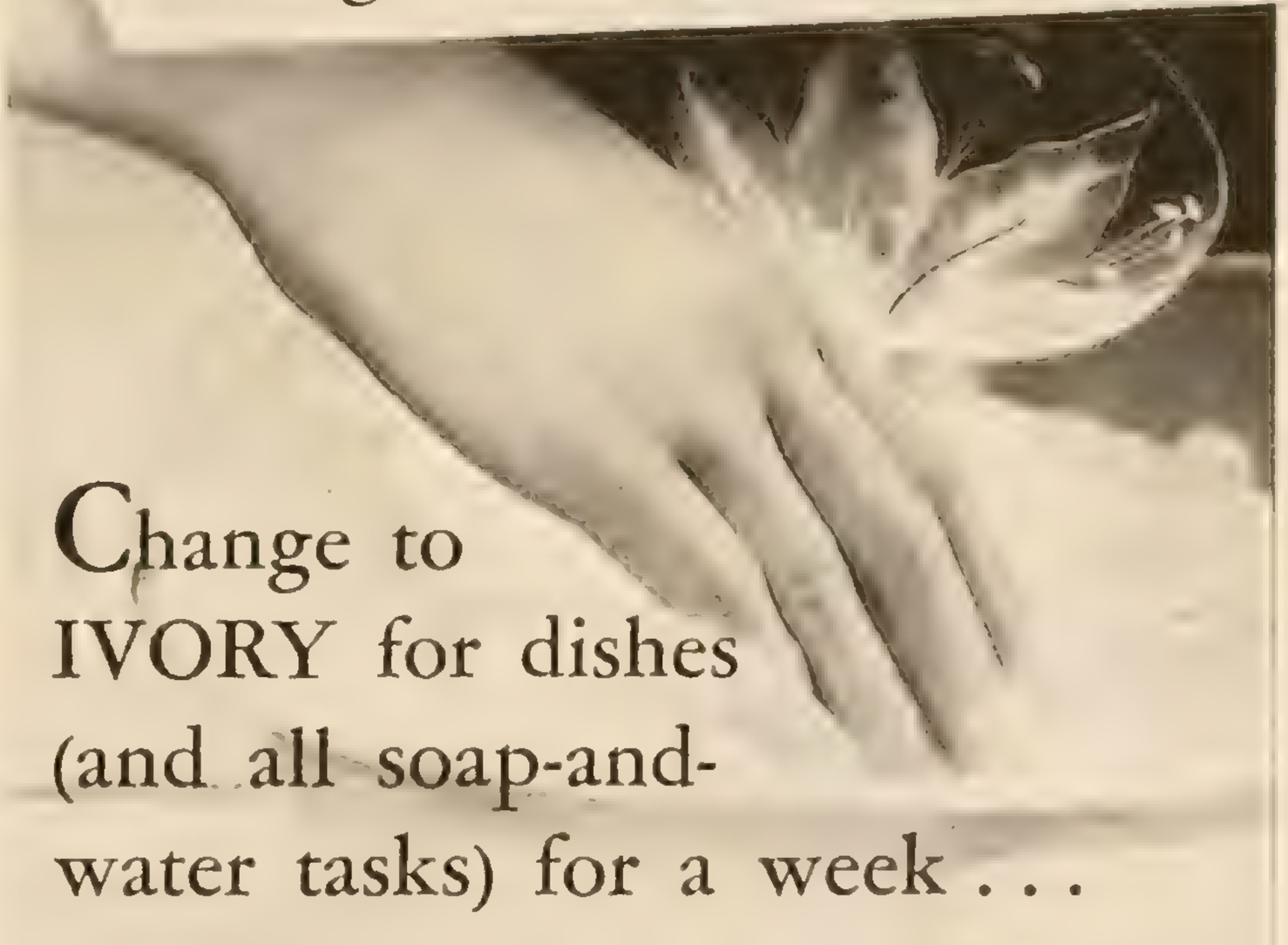
One of the outstanding research directors is Harold Hendee, of RKO, who maintains a staff in New York close to the museums and libraries, and floods the studio with huge volumes of data on each production. His latest research opus is "Little Women." Harold, once a well-known actor, left the stage ten years or so ago when, taking stock of himself after a season of being in three failures, he found that his year's work added up to nine weeks—even though it was at top salary. So he entered a scenario department, gradually took to research and now heads a department that is the pride of the industry.

"Catchy" Fingertips—

WHY?



Those dry splinters of skin come from strong suds in your dishpan . . .



Change to IVORY for dishes (and all soap-and-water tasks) for a week . . .

Watch your hands smooth up. Ivory has no free alkali to dry and redden your hands. Although Ivory costs so little, it is pure enough for a baby's skin . . . 99 44/100 % Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

True beauty LIES WITHIN THE Eyes!

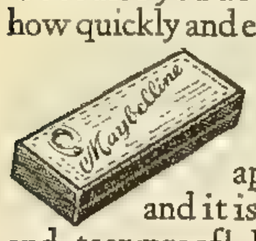
Bring Out the Hidden Loveliness in Your Eyes

with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Do you wish for large, expressive, and alluring eyes? Of course you do! What woman doesn't? Then learn how quickly and easily you may have perfectly natural and long appearing, dark lashes by using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This will instantly make your eyes appear larger and more expressive, and it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof! It can't make the lashes hard or brittle, but on the contrary keeps them soft and silky because of the pure, high-quality oils it contains. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes.



To intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow softly on your eyelids. Pure and creamy, it comes in five exquisite shades to match any eye: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Perfect, graceful eyebrows can be formed with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black if you are dark, Brown if you are fair.

The natural growth of your lashes is best stimulated by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring. Its pure, nourishing ingredients are wonderfully beneficial.

Be sure to ask for Maybelline eye beauty aids. The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. Special purse sizes on sale at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Hollywood's Haunted Hill

(*Continued from page* 53)

should live within a stone's throw of each other and that each one should be struck down in the full flush of youth and accomplishment?

Two of the screen's first great matinee idols lived on Whitley Heights —J. Warren Kerrigan and Francis X. Bushman.

J. Warren Kerrigan still lives in the rambling white bungalow, half hidden by pepper trees and with scarlet geraniums growing rampant, at the foot of the hill. Almost any day he can be seen strolling about, his hair still thick and curly but almost white, a cap on his head and a pipe in his mouth . . . as on the cover of the very first movie magazine I can remember.

ON the top of the hill is the house where Francis X. Bushman used to live. It is an old-fashioned frame house of definite charm, with a high fence around it and a winding driveway bordered with daisies. Though no other star ever earned as much from the films alone, today Bushman is bankrupt. However, in a newspaper statement he said that he didn't care. That he was happy. That his life had been replete with good things and that he would like to live it over.

When I lived in the middle west, Eugene O'Brien made a tour with a play called "Steve." Movie stars were rare enough, but Eugene O'Brien in the flesh was something beyond all dreams.

Gene has a lovely home on Whitley Heights. He still lives there . . . very quietly. Almost every afternoon he sprinkles his lawn in his bare feet. Gene is still very handsome though he has a bit of a tummy. He speaks without a great deal of enthusiasm of going on a diet and staging a comeback. Over his fireplace is a huge oil painting of Norma Talmadge and when in a mellow mood, Gene grows reminiscent.

Wanda Hawley lived in the house on the other side of Eugene O'Brien. Wanda was blond and dimpled. She appeared in many of DeMille's earlier pictures; she was Valentino's leading lady in "The Young Rajah"; and for a time she was starred in a series of comedies. But Wanda grew fat, so fat that after a while she was seen no more.

AND still the hill continued to take its toll. Ethel Clayton, the girl with the languorous, dreamy eyes and flyaway hair, who appeared in the film versions of a dozen or more of Rupert Hughes' novels, was another who lived on the hill and whose footsteps were dogged by misfortune. After years of devotion, that became almost a Hollywood tradition, to the memory of her first husband, she fell in love with and married Ian Keith. For a while they were ideally happy; then everything was over in a flare of ugly publicity.

Eleanor Boardman lived up here when she was considered one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger actresses, and the hillside smiled on the ardent wooing of King Vidor. They were married and Eleanor deserted the screen for babies and domesticity. Their marriage ended recently with a barrage of not-too-pretty charges and counter-charges, and Eleanor was sued by the private detective she had hired to shadow King. Since the advent of the talkies she made one picture . . . and that during the year she was under contract to Paramount. Though she looked very pretty, her debut was considered woefully inauspicious and Paramount didn't renew her contract.

Another ill-fated pair who challenged the spell of the hilltop were Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet. Mickey, in whom there is a real flame of genius, is no longer in Hollywood, and Blanche, still slim and romantic looking, is seldom heard of.

Helen Lee Worthing, one of the most gorgeous to find her way out of the Follies, lived in a big white house, looking directly down the boulevard, with her dusky doctor husband. After many tragic episodes, which included investigations by the Federal authorities, attempts at suicide and soul-searing publicity, Helen is in a sanitarium.

SOME time or other they all lived on Whitley Heights. Maurice Chevalier took a house on the hill when he had been in Hollywood but a few days. Every morning he would set out for the studio accompanied by the tiny girl with the enormous eyes, who was Mme. Chevalier, formerly Yvonne Vallee, Parisian musical comedy star.

Their devotion was apparent to everyone. All day long Yvonne sat on the set, and around the studio they said that Maurice never as much as looked at anyone but Yvonne. But after a little while a hurt and bewildered expression crept into the eyes of the little French girl. She returned to Paris without her Maurice. Maurice followed. There was a quiet divorce. The King of Spain's cousin lives in the house now.

Thomas Meighan, Ralph Graves, Monta Bell, Richard Barthelmess, Joseph Schildkraut, Sidney Franklin, Lawrence Tibbett, Montague Love, George Arliss, Dorothy Devore, Mary Doran, Dorothy Peterson, Gloria Stuart, Greta Meyer, Stuart Walker, Chester Morris, and a host of others have lived or still live on the hilltop.

There may be a curse on the hill, but romance and beauty still linger there. As, for example, the most intense current romance in Hollywood—and the sweetest—concerns Tom Brown and Anita Louise. If you take a short stroll you will see Tommy's shining new roadster parked before Anita's gate.

Perhaps this new generation of screen stars will lift the spell from the hill. Pretty Patricia Ellis, one of the most promising newcomers, lives with her parents, the Alexander Leftwiches, in Francis X. Bushman's former home. There is a small swimming pool and the younger set gathers there for hilarious times. Those on the way up . . . and those on the way down.

YES, unquestionably, the hill exerts a mysterious enchantment. It comes on the breeze in the tinkle of distant laughter, a quick strain of music, a breath of perfume, as the hill lies soft and tranquil beneath the pale September moon. There is a rustle in the trees, then all is silence, but it seems that the hill is smiling pityingly that anyone should sigh for those who lived and loved and laughed on her lovely, treacherous bosom . . . and there is a whisper that seems to say that the story of the hill-top and those who have lived on it has only started.

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 54*)

of the lyric. It's good, though. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6653.)

"Whose Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" Well, I guess no one by this time if familiarity really breeds contempt. But this is a good record, anyhow. This time it's a vocal, and Ethel Shutta sings it for us. As she has plenty of instrumental effects to go with it, I'm sure you'll like it. The other side, also sung by Miss Shutta, is Hoagy Carmichael's tune, "Snowball." This is really very good and is the type of song that suits her voice. (This is Columbia Record No. 2819-D.)

Bing Crosby is our next vocal artist and he is singing songs from his latest picture, "Too Much Harmony." "The Day You Came Along" is the title of the first one we listen to, and it isn't hard to listen to, either. Bing sings this tune with plenty of rhythm and puts it over in great style. Also he does a bit of his famous whistling, although, personally, I think we could dispense with that. "I guess It Had to Be That Way" is on the other side, by the same artist, and from the same show. This is just as good as the preceding one and I think you'll enjoy it. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6644.)

Freddy Martin and his orchestra are our next entertainers, and this time we hear, "Gather Lip Rouge While You May" from the film "My Weakness." This record seems to have about everything that could be desired, and I see no reason why it shouldn't meet with your approval.

"Be Careful" is the tune on the other side, also played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra. Although the tune isn't the best, this is a nice record. Martin builds it up very well and there is some enjoyable trumpet work. Elmer Feldkamp is the vocalist. (This is Brunswick Record No. 6658.)

Here's another tune from "Footlight Parade," played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. "Honeymoon Hotel" is the title, and although I think they could have increased the tempo on this one, it is very smooth to listen to.

"By a Waterfall" is on the other side, played by the same band, but after hearing Lombardo's record, this one falls flat. However, the vocal refrain is very good. (This is Victor Record No. 24399-A.)

"Savage Serenade" from Earl Carroll's "Murder at the Vanities" is next up, and this time it's George Olsen and his music doing the honors. Olsen handles this very nicely, but the high spot is the vocal work by the trio, Bob Rice, Jack Clifford and Bobbie Borger. They really put the tune over. The other side, played by George Olsen, is also a tune from the "Vanities." "Me for You Forever" is the title, and it's on the smoother side. Joe Morrison sings the vocal. (This is Columbia Record No. 2810-D.)

If you like your music warm here is one that will fill the bill pretty well. "Shake Your Hips" is the title and it's played by Jack Teagarden and his Chicagoans. The other side is also played by Jack and the boys—"Someone stole Gabriel's Horn." They sure get around this one, too. Teagarden sings the vocal himself. This is Columbia Record No. 2802-D.)

The Smartest Women Use
FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

— yet they cost
ONLY 10¢

You can pay $1 or more for your lipstick, rouge and face powder. BUT, you *cannot* buy greater purity or finer quality than that found in Faoen Beauty Aids at 10¢! Does that sound unbelievable? Then read this report from a famous Research Laboratory:—"Every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 or $3." No wonder, in this new age of common-sense buying, smart women everywhere are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids!

FAOEN PERFUMES, No. 3, 12 and 19, are captivating odeurs that have the long-lasting quality of expensive imported perfumes

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FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

PARK & TILFORD'S
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Beauty Aids

10¢ each at
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

STUNNING NEW CIGARETTE BOX *and* TWO PACKS OF KOOL CIGARETTES

$1.30 VALUE *for only* 50¢

THIS cigarette box *is* a beaut! Sleek lines, dashing color combination. It's an eye-catching ornament in a living-room or on an office desk. Holds 70 to 80 cigarettes.

It sells for a dollar in high-class specialty shops along Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. Body lustrous jet-black General Electric Textolite; lid contrasting jade green; legs and knob silvery chromium-plated balls. (Lid fits snug to keep cigarettes fresh.) Makes a wonderful gift. No advertising on it.

KOOLS are mildly mentholated by a special process that actually cools the smoke to prevent throat dryness, but doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. And KOOLS are cork-tipped; won't stick to lips.

The supply of boxes is limited. You will save 80 cents if you act immediately.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.
Dept. H. Louisville, Kentucky

Enclosed find 50¢ (stamps or money-order or coin—if latter, please protect) for which send me—postpaid—KOOL Cigarette Box (no advertising on it) and two 15¢ packs of KOOL CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES.

*Name*_____
(print plainly)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Good in U. S. A. only

The Fairy Princess

(*Continued from page* 57)

It is a far cry from that shared dressing-room to the suite provided for her by Warner Brothers today. But, if she lives to be a thousand, Ruby Keeler Jolson will never have a more staunch friend, a more faithful and loyal believer in her talents, than Texas Guinan.

EVERY dollar that Ruby earned went to the support of her family. Her father was ill, her sisters and her brother were too young to work; so the burden rested on Ruby. She didn't care. As always, she snapped her fingers at the silk dresses, the fur coats and the limousines that other girls bought with their money. She spent her salary on her folks. And when there was a little left over, she spent it for voice lessons or on horseback riding.

Ruby was eighteen when she got her first real break, a dancing part in "Lucky." What thrilled her most, though, was the beautiful messages of congratulations she received from the Sisters of the Convent she attended as a child. Even when she was a cabaret dancer in La Guinan's club, the sisters sent her nice messages.

At about the same time another thing happened that sent her spirits skyrocketing. And no wonder! Ruby fell in love. She fell madly in love.

It lasted for three years.

It might be that if Ruby hadn't made a trip to California, and, while out there, hadn't fallen in love with Al Jolson, that she would have married the boy. But she did make the trip, and she did fall in love with Jolson, though she kept it a secret for many, many months. When she came back to her parents' home in Long Island, she told her mother that she had fallen in love with Al Jolson.

"But, Ruby, what about . . .?" her mother asked. "After three years, you can't just tell a man you don't care for him any more."

"But, Mama," Ruby answered, "I love Mr. Jolson. I want to marry him."

YOU see, she was honest. And she didn't believe that, being in love with another man, she should pretend that she was going to marry the boy. Her mother persisted—what about this boy who was in love with her and had been for years?

"Oh, I can't help it, Mama," Ruby cried. "I'll have to tell him. He is not made of stone—I'll have to break it as easily as I can. I love Al. I love him so much I didn't think it possible."

Ruby, however, followed her mother's advice. She waited before telling Johnny. Jolson returned to New York and Ruby got a booking at the Capitol Theater.

One evening she appeared backstage with a new diamond ring, a five-carat square-cut diamond that the others couldn't help noticing. She was extremely mysterious about the donor.

The ring was a gift from Jolson but, since she had not yet told the others about her new love, she couldn't publicly acknowledge such an extravagant gift from another man. But the boy saw, and he asked questions, and soon the whole story came tumbling out.

NOW, it was generally known around Broadway that the boy in the case was not one to be thrown casually aside by any girl, no matter how much he loved her. Yet, when he learned from Ruby's lips of her love for Jolson, he did the unexpected. He didn't get angry. He behaved splendidly.

It was like a fairy story, the Jolson-Keeler romance. One day Ruby was a little girl supporting her family. The next, she was married to Jolson at Port Chester, New York. On the following day she was on board the *Olympic*—in a stateroom, mind you—sailing for Europe on a honeymoon.

Ruby Keeler, the little tap dancer and cabaret performer, the wife of a millionaire, a man who was and is one of America's foremost celebrities.

Three months later Ruby had an opportunity to show the world how sacred that marriage was to her. It was when Eddie Cantor cracked the joke about her marriage. He didn't mean to offend—it was just a good joke to be used in the show. But Ruby was angry. She threw up the best role of her career and walked out of the show in Pittsburgh. She knew she might incur the wrath of Equity and of Ziegfeld, but she didn't care. Besides, she was lonesome for her husband who was in Hollywood. He mattered more to her than all the fame in the world.

ZIEGFELD, though he was known as a harsh taskmaster when it concerned his shows, must have admired and respected her for her stand, for a short time later he asked her to play the leading role in a new show, "Show Girl."

Ziegfeld was not the only one who admired Ruby for what she did. Jolson's love took a new bound. When Ruby returned to New York to play in "Show Girl," she displayed a new gift from her husband, a wrist watch in a bracelet surrounded by diamonds. A few months later, when her husband joined her in New York, little Ruby Keeler, the girl who all her life had lived in a crowded flat in Long Island, had a suite in the Ritz Tower.

LIFE was perfect. Ruby looked ahead seeing nothing to mar the view. She had her husband; she had her career; Ziegfeld had said she would be a great success; and Al was encouraging her to do her best; he had faith in her abilities.

Day and night she rehearsed, getting herself perfect in the part. The show opened in a blaze of praise. Ruby Keeler was an overnight hit. Even Al, sitting in the audience on the opening night, could not contain his happiness. He rose from his seat and, standing there in the midst of a hushed house, sang "Liza" to his wife on the stage. Even first nighters, brittle to sentimental scenes, were touched.

Then came calamity — and Ruby Keeler Jolson felt its heavy hand.

One night, just at the end of the second act of "Show Girl," Ruby collapsed in her dressing-room. A doctor was called.

"She needs an operation at once," he said.

Ruby was taken home and the frantic Al Jolson called in Dr. Alfred Hellman. Dr. Hellman wanted to send her to the

hospital immediately, but Ruby begged to be allowed to continue in her part until a substitute could be found. Though she was in terrible pain she still appreciated the opportunity Ziegfeld had given her and she wouldn't let him down.

Ziegfeld, always sensitive to loyalty and courage, told the entire cast that he had never known a pluckier person than Ruby. He wired to Dorothy Stone, then in Hollywood, to rush to New York and replace Ruby. It was three days before Dorothy arrived, so for three evenings Ruby played her part on the stage. And each night in her dressing-room she writhed in agony, between scenes.

When she was well, Jolson, afraid to leave her alone since her illness, insisted on taking her back to California with him. And she went willingly, for Ruby snapped her fingers at such things as careers when they interfered with her marriage.

In California, such is the way of the movies, that when it became known Ruby was not interested in a screen career the movie moguls immediately began to hound her. Ruby was flattered, but for all the attention she gave the screen offers they might as well not have been made.

"I don't think I'll go in the movies," she confided to a friend. "I've noticed Al when he is working. He is terribly nervous and worries all the time. Think how awful it would be for him if he began to worry about my work, too. No," she shook her head, "I wouldn't want him to do it."

One day Paramount called and asked her to take a movie test.

It is the sort of call for which thousands of girls wait with bated breath. Ruby understood its importance and said she would report for the test. But then, Al came home and said exuberantly that he thought a trip to Catalina would be swell. Ruby promptly forgot all about the test and went along. Once more Al won out and Paramount lost. She never reported to make the test.

Why, she asked herself in Catalina, should she bother about work when she was happy being Mrs. Al Jolson? If she had considered the question, she might have said it was a case of relative values. Why chance certain happiness against the uncertain pleasures of stardom?

GRANTED that giving up material things for marriage is a form of bravery, Ruby Keeler is also brave in other ways.

Take the time she was on a train leaving Los Angeles, when a bandit climbed on board and began robbing passengers. Ruby was walking in the corridor when she came face to face with the bandit. He carried a gun. His face was masked. Those were two items to shake the courage out of any girl.

Ruby stared hard at the bandit; then she began to scream as loudly as she could, forgetting entirely to take into account the fact that the man might shoot her for giving the alarm. Somehow, he escaped, but it wasn't Ruby's fault. However, her lusty screams saved her own jewels while other passengers were robbed.

While Al was busy with pictures

(*Please turn to page* 92)

Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and *at Lady Esther's expense!* Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is *the* one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER, 2020 Ridge Ave.
Evanston, Ill.

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS

CITY.....*STATE*.....

This offer not good in Canada. (2)

Good-bye COLD!

When You Take This Complete Cold Remedy

A COLD is too serious a thing to trust to half-way measures. Remember, a cold is an internal infection and must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the thing to take because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

The 4 Things Necessary

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes —30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to exploit you.

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

The Fairy Princess

(*Continued from page* 91)

there was little for her to do, so she asked if he objected to her returning to the stage. Al said, no, he didn't mind—subject, of course, to a sudden change in plans.

An offer came from the producers of "The Vanderbilt Revue" and Ruby accepted it. She rehearsed her part for several weeks and played it as she thought it should be played. Now, Ruby lays no claims to being a Duse or an Eagels, but she does know when she is good and when she is punk. Suddenly she walked out of the production and went back to California.

You see, Ruby has a standard to live up to, and when she feels that she is falling short of that standard, she gives up the role. Always in the back of her mind is the thought—Will Al think this right? Will he want me to cut out this bit of business? Will he approve of this? And if the answers in her mind are negative, she snaps her fingers at contracts.

NOW, Ruby doesn't care for horse racing. She would rather see a tennis match than watch a horse race. But Al is mad about the races. He can sit and watch a horse lose five thousand for him without blinking an eyelash. Ruby can't. But as long as Al is fond of horses, Ruby interests herself in them. She even went to the extent of owning a thoroughbred, Concorde, by name. In July, a year ago, Concorde was entered in a race.

Ruby was half-crazy with excitement about the horse. Besides, Earle Sande, the celebrated jockey, was riding the horse. Came the mile and seventy-yard race. Concorde was not the favorite, but that made no difference to Ruby. She knew he would win. The race was well on when Concorde got the lead and held it, coming in an easy winner.

Anyone seeing Ruby on the day of that race would have asserted that she was the world's greatest track enthusiast. Yet, not long ago, Ruby stood on the porch of her parents' home in Woodside, Long Island, and watched Al drive off in his car, alone. He was going to the races. Since she did not care to go along with him, he went by himself.

She sees no reason why, since her interest in the races is only spasmodic, she should interfere with her husband's pleasure. And this, little children, is another of the fundamental reasons why Ruby is considered the perfect wife by her husband.

Until she married she cared little for golf. Since she has played the game with frequency, she has grown to love it. Now she shoots in the eighties, which is a better game than most men play. She took up the game because Al is so fond of it.

You see how wise she is? No being a golf widow for Ruby Keeler Jolson. If Al liked ballooning, the chances are that Ruby would take it up, too.

HER life has become a good deal like that of a Fairy Princess who has met her Prince Charming. She never knows what gifts she will get. Maybe Al will come home with a new diamond ring or a bracelet. Perhaps he will surprise her with a limousine or a trip to some place she has expressed a desire to see. He would get her the moon if she wanted it.

Can you blame her for putting her marriage before a career? It was what the Sisters at the Convent taught her to do—and life has borne out the truth of their lessons.

A prying soul once cornered Ruby and asked her a lot of stupid questions, the first of which was: "What do you think of separate apartments for married persons?"

"What?" she was actually shocked. "Separate apartments? Why, I think even separate rooms are silly. What do people get married for, if not to be together?"

The prying soul was still inquisitive. There must be a weakness in the idyllic romance.

"Don't you think," asked the P. S., "that couples should take trips away from each other to get a fresh perspective? Don't you think artists need a change from one another?"

Ruby was wide-eyed with amazement. "I should say not," she answered vehemently. "I should hate to think that Al wanted to make trips without me—and I find half the pleasure in traveling is in being with Al."

Still the P. S. was impatient. She pried and pried until Ruby was vexed.

"I think," Ruby exploded, "that all this bosh about separate rooms and separate trips is nonsense. Either people are or aren't married. There isn't any half-way measure."

"Oh," said the Prying Soul, dragging out her ace card, "the reason you feel that way is because you and Al like to do things together; take trips, play golf, attend races and parties, together."

Ruby objected to the smug statement, but she held on to her Irish temper.

"That is not true," she retorted. "Al and I just enjoy being together—not doing things together, but just being together. You know, the way you like to have somebody around, someone you really like."

And this brings us back to where we started:

Ruby thinks it's great to be a movie star. She is happy in her success. But —Al and marriage come first. And it may be soon—it may be a little longer —when she will desert her career and start raising a family. When it happens, don't pretend surprise. We warned you!

PLANNING YOUR MEALS

This month's food circulars have been designed to help you plan and serve your formal and informal meals. Here they are:

1. Chart for table setting
2. Formal table setting
3. Informal table setting
4. Company luncheons and dinners
5. Afternoon refreshments
6. Late evening refreshments
7. Sunday breakfasts
8. Family luncheons and dinners

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

Ted Cook's Cook-Coos

(*Continued from page 50*)

tending drinking parties, habituating beauty parlors, gallivanting over the countryside in automobiles, and otherwise flaunting their lack of interest in home life."—Helen Twelvetrees.

In fact, it seems that there are just too many present-day wives.

And on the other hand, Hollywood might very justly complain that its public is always demanding something new—but will never stand for anything different.

MANY a movie exhibitor (you know . . . the gent you see standing around the lobby, wearing a worried expression and a tuxedo) is of the opinion that pictures with unhappy endings make the audience unhappy. If such stories must be made, exhibitors believe the studio should also send along an alternate happy ending. Then the exhibitor could be left to decide which ending the public wants.

This suggestion will doubtless receive plenty of consideration because it complicates an industry that is already too complex. What worries us is the suspicion that exhibitors are apt to be wrong about what the public wants.

(However, let's not get into a discussion of adagio dancers.)

As a matter of fact, anybody can be wrong about what the public wants. So what we say is: why not give the customers their choice of whether a picture is to end happily or be a financial failure?

Show *two* endings and let the public forget the one it doesn't like. It ought to be easy enough. If we had good memories, we'd all be scenario writers.

BUT there's another factor that should be taken into consideration. The final scenes aren't the only things we fanzy wanzies object to in a lot of movies. Dear me, no! So why not have only half, say, of each superproduction made originally? Show this half to the cash customers. After thinking it over, they could fill out cards indicating what they'd like to have happen next.

These cards could then be sent back to the focal infection point. Hollywood could complete the epic along the proposed lines and ship it back to the audience which by this time would have found something else to worry about.

And, with nobody interested in seeing the rest of the picture, the surplus film could be converted into celluloid collars and distributed free to censors to get hot under.

To obtain circulars described on page 72, write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

BLONDES:

Faded Hair is Old Hair!

MAKE YOUR HAIR RADIANTLY *YOUTHFULLY* BEAUTIFUL WITH MARCHAND'S

Even if you are only 21. If your blond hair has become faded or darkened —IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have—AND CAN HAVE!

Blondes! Keep your hair radiantly, *youthfully*, beautiful with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Pretty hair is your birthright. Enjoy all the admiration (and envy) it can bring you!

Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you'll like—one that's becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New hair growing in can be matched. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair On Arms And Legs Unnoticeable With Marchand's

Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard or stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse regrowth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Dept. 1-B

YOUR NAME .....

ADDRESS..... CITY..... STATE.....

DRUGGIST'S NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

Hands That He Adores — Cherish Their Charm!

Always, men are sensitive to the allurement of soft, fair, smooth-textured hands . . . Wise is the woman who *keeps* her hands at their loveliest, no matter how busy they may be!

With Pacquin's, that is easy! This marvellously penetrating cream actually restores to the skin the natural softening oils which are constantly being lost by exposure to water and weather. You'll be delighted at the way it preserves the supple, youthful texture and fairness of the skin! (Doctors and nurses, whose hands need constant sterilization, use Pacquin's for its soothing, softening protection.)

Try Pacquin's for a week. You'll find it *different* from all ordinary hand creams—and surprisingly economical because a little pat goes so far!

don't try to hide your hands—use

Pacquin's

In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to $1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 49)

but I decided not to pursue the inquiry!

"You'd better come along with us, miss," broke in Claude, who had availed himself of the interval to repair the ravages of the night, and was once more his impeccable, uniformed self. "We can park the little car here, if you say, and use the big car, or we can all three get into this one. Mr. Stresseman won't sleep till we get you back. He's been phoning the filling station here every few minutes all night."

"That's right, baby," agreed Sam, "the boss is goin' nuts!"

It was a strange, compelling spell—a binding web—which this yellow-haired, green-eyed giant wove around me. Tonight I was too tired to try to break its threads.

WHEN I next awoke, it was long past high noon. The rays of the sun through the casement windows, which had been so hot and yellow the day before, were softer now; voluptuously caressing. I don't know when I became aware that Fritz Stresseman was sitting on the edge of my bed, looking at me and calling me by a strange, new name. I don't know how long he had been sitting there. All I know is that it seemed quite natural that I should be opening my eyes and looking confidently into his.

The name by which he was calling me is no longer strange or new, to me or to the world. It is the name which has blazed in myriads of lights on countless theater marquees in thousands of cities and towns from Tokio to Tia Juana. I will not use it here, lest Wentsch and the rest of those shiny little men who control my pictures sue me and seek to recover millions for exposing the lie which they have made me live these last two years; but I will use another name, which means the same thing.

"Astra," he was saying, "Astra!"

I rubbed my eyes and dug myself in a little deeper in the billowy sea of silk and linen.

"Why do you call me Astra, Mr. Fritz?" I asked, sleepily.

"Because you are like the stars, Astra. I have been watching you. The sun, when it is high in the heavens, buries its golden rays in your hair, and they come out silver. You shine pure, Astra, pure like the stars."

I liked that. What girl wouldn't? He was marvelously good to me, this yellow-haired giant with the compelling eyes. I couldn't leave him. I knew that now. Yesterday, I had been an hysterical girl. Today I was a woman. My mind was once more star-like in its clarity. How could I, an unknown, with only a few dollars in my pocket, without powerful friends, hope to find another unknown, a vaudeville actor who could change his name a dozen times and throw me completely off the trail—who would do that, I knew, in his present mood, if he thought that I was following him.

NO, I would stay here in this beautiful place, I would make money and fame and powerful friends. I would draw this boy back to me by the very magnetism of my success—and if that failed, I would bring him back by virtue of the influence I could command. Yes, I thought somewhat sleepily, that was by far the better way.

"Astra," the big man was saying, "it is for you to get up now. We leave for New York in one hour."

I was no longer sleepy. I was prepared to listen to Fritz Stresseman's arguments that I should stay; I was even prepared to yield gracefully to them; but, even with what I had already seen of the man and his methods, I was not prepared for this.

"Here," he said, handing me a lovely Chinese thing—or was it Egyptian?—all embroidered in gold, "you must not take cold."

He *was* kind, Mr. Fritz!

"I have had clothes made for you," he said in his most assured manner.

He had left the window and was standing at the end of the bed, holding high in his great arms a darling little frock of a rough, golden woolen material—half dress, half suit—ideal for traveling. I stopped half way through my orange juice, and, broken-hearted though I was, I gasped:

"Will it fit?"

"Of course. Pierre took your measurements the other night after you fainted. He and his people have been working day and night ever since. In these bags, you will find everything else you need."

I FOLLOWED his glance to the chaise longue, which was piled high with traveling cases, each with a cover and the initial "A" on each cover.

He held suit and hat high again in his big, gentle hands, while he caressed them with his gaze. My woman's eyes roamed to a tweed traveling coat, which hung over the back of the chair where, on my previous visit, Sam or someone had hung my clothes. Fritz's eyes followed mine.

"This," he said, lifting the coat, "will do for the plane, and also for the boat."

"The boat?"

"Yes. In one day, we reach New York. In four more days—five days in all—we reach Paris."

I AM not going to bore you with my trip by plane and boat from Hollywood to Paris and return. This is the story of a Hollywood slave, not a travelchat for the guidance of itinerant tourists. Suffice it to say that we left the Burbank Airport at 4:15 Monday afternoon, that we arrived in New York at 9:10 the following evening, that we boarded the *Bremen* at its Brooklyn dock in time for its midnight sailing, and that, on the Friday night following, we were dining at Ciro's in Paris.

On the boat I had a suite which had been occupied, only two sailings before, by the great Jeritza. From New York to Cherbourg I never left it. Fritz had a simpler, more mannish suite on the same deck. He roamed the ship freely, telling everybody how he was going back to Europe to find just the right girl to play the Egyptian goddess in his new picture.

The radio operator picked up the story, and relayed it back to New York. The New York papers carried the story, and so did the Associated Press. In Hollywood, his secret departure in his own plane created a sensation. One columnist said that he had gone all the way to Europe by air. It was the beginning of the ballyhoo, the lie, which

Home-Makers

Here's Aid to HOME BEAUTY

LIVING ROOM COLOR SCHEME

Walls:	Apple green.
Floor:	Dark brown.
Rug:	Rust.
Draperies:	Cream background, rust, green and yellow figures.
Curtains:	Cream.
Furniture:	Maple.
Upholstery:	Rust, black, green and rose.
Accessories:	Rust, green, pewter, yellow and terra-cotta.

COLOR harmony in a room and the treatment of your windows are two of the most important phases of making your home lovely. Do you know how to work out your color scheme with the aid of a color chart . . . what primary, secondary, complementary and neutral colors are? Do you know what curtains are best for casement windows . . . when to use a plain or a figured drape?

These two pamphlets will answer these and many other questions about color and draperies.

"BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR" explains the distribution and balance of color and gives twenty different color schemes for living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. This pamphlet tells how to give the effect of warmth to your rooms, of spaciousness and good taste.

"WINDOW TREATMENTS" explains draperies and tells how to curtain French, English, Italian, Spanish and modern rooms. Illustrated with different types of windows with directions for making fifteen styles of attractive draperies.

Send 10c for each pamphlet to

HOME BEAUTIFUL

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Slave

was to entrap me, and finally to enslave me—while it gave to expectant millions the new "European" sensation which they craved!

Fritz continued to be kind to me, even when I showed myself the least promising of linguists. Patiently, for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, he labored with me and my French. He, with his German accent, and I with my Ohio one, we talked endlessly and unintelligibly about such subjects as my limited vocabulary permitted. By the time we landed on French soil, I was, at least, voluble. It was not necessary, Fritz insisted, that I be correct; but I must be fluent. And fluent I was—throughout my Paris stay—to the confusion, and I have no doubt the amusement, of waiters and concierges!

That first Saturday in Paris was one seemingly endless confusion of dressmaking salons. Fritz or Sam or somebody had cabled ahead to half a dozen noted Parisian coutouriers, whose representatives crowded the lobby of The Meurice, where Fritz had taken two wonderful suites overlooking the Tuilleries Gardens. Far into the night, I learned the next day, Fritz had sat up with these people, looking at sketches, examining costumes and embroideries, choosing fabrics, rejecting, eliminating, narrowing the choice so far as possible in order to expedite matters the following day.

He had chosen Chanel for sports costumes and street dresses. We went there first, and stayed until just before lunch: an endless procession of tall, willowy mannikins passing before us in the costumes Fritz had selected for a final choice. I had never been in a place like that before. I thought they were beautiful. I couldn't see why Fritz continued to have any interest in me, but somehow, he did.

AFTERWARD, we had luncheon with Paul Pierre himself in his famous garden. I thought he was an ugly old man, but his garden was lovely. So were his clothes. Any disappointment I may have felt at the apparent ordinariness of the clothes in which Fritz Stresseman had chosen to smuggle me unnoticed out of Hollywood and out of America vanished at the sight of the exotic wardrobe which he now chose for me from the bizarre collection of the famous Monsieur Pierre.

"Are all these things for the picture?" I gasped, when he had told the vendeuse to lay aside the fifth or sixth sumptuous evening frock.

"None of them are for the picture," he answered. "They are for you. They are for the new you. So is this."

Monsieur Pierre himself was approaching with an antique tray on which there stood the largest bottle of perfume I had ever seen, the largest I had ever imagined; and of exquisite design.

"This," said Fritz, "is the work of the two Pauls—Paul Pierre and my own Paul in Hollywood. They have been working over it by cable and trans-Atlantic telephone ever since we left. I have now approved it. It is yours. It is you. Look—it is 'Astra'."

He held before my astonished eyes the beautifully designed label, all in yellow and black. Yes, it was "Astra."

"You will use no other."

(*Please turn to page* 96)

OVENSERVE

The Gift She'd Choose Herself

BAKE

Something new! You bake. You chill. You serve. All with the same beautiful dishes.

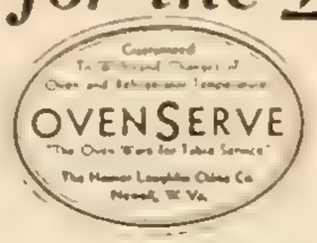
OvenServe saves time . . . saves dishes . . . serves food more attractively. Heat won't break it. Cold won't crack it. You've never used dishes like this before. They are made by the famous Homer-Laughlin potteries.

SERVE

OvenServe has all the dishes you'd expect to find: service and salad plates, cups and saucers, platters and serving dishes. Plus the out-of-the-ordinary: French style casseroles, individual bean pots, covered baking dishes, Welch Rarebit plates, shirred egg dishes. You'll want them for yourself. You'll want them for gifts.

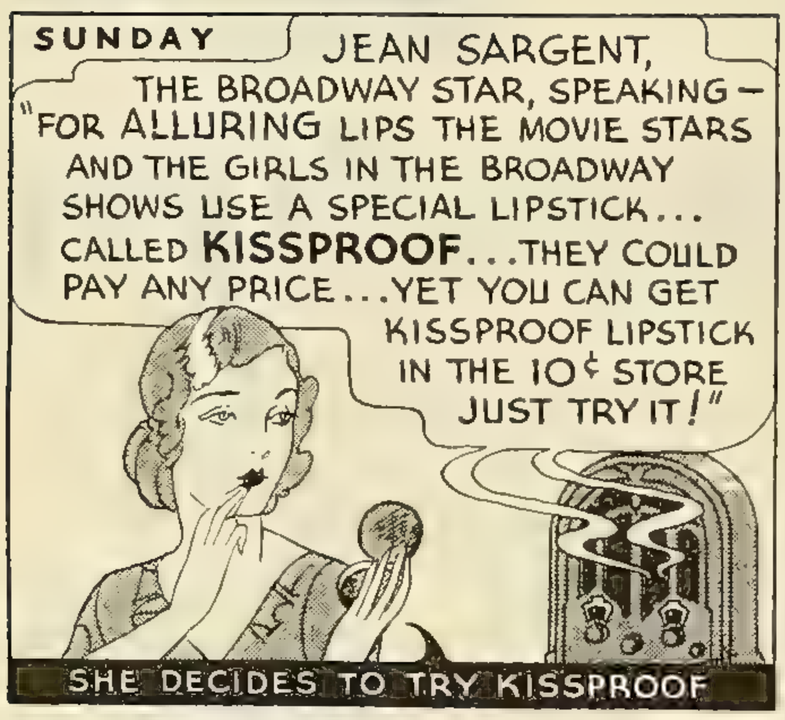
CHILL

Look for the Label



SOLD AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive *KISSPROOF* gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for *you.*

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color,* at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof
Indelible **LIPSTICK**

Hollywood Slave

(*Continued from page* 95)

"May I smell it?" I ventured.

"It is not necessary," he said, "I have approved."

The next day we played. The morning at Versailles. It was the Sunday when the fountains play. Luncheon at the Trianon. Tea at Saint Germain. Dinner at Foyot's.

"We stay here one week," said Fritz, as we crossed the bridge in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower on our way back to the hotel. "We will do nothing tomorrow, next day, any day, except what you call it, absorb. Yes, we will have fittings, many fittings; but always in the mornings; our afternoons, our evenings shall be free. We will go to restaurants, to music halls, to Montmarte. For fun? No. To absorb."

I wasn't sure what he meant by that word "absorb," but I soon learned. Everywhere we went, we saw people of a kind I had never seen before, people of that strange polyglot world which is the tourists' Paris. Women we saw from the Latin countries, from the Argentine, from Balkans, from Russia—especially from Russia—who dressed, who walked, who danced as no women I had ever known had dressed and walked and danced. Everywhere he went, we heard English: strange, broken, delightfully charming English: "English English," as Fritz had said, but with a Russian accent, a Spanish accent, a Roumanian accent.

IT was as Fritz had prophesied. I absorbed. Mimic that I was, I found myself talking as they talked, walking as they walked; assuming what in Cadiz would have been called "airs," but what I well knew would pass in Hollywood as personality. A mirror, that's what I was. The gift of reflection, that's what I had. How well this man with the green eyes had judged me! At the end of the week, I was cinema perfect: "Europe's Gift to the Silver Screen."

I am ashamed to say it, but it wasn't until I had emerged from this mad week's whirl, and was safely tucked up in my steamer-chair on the sun deck of the west-bound *Ile de France,* that my thoughts went back in any permanent way to the boy I had left behind me in far-off California. I blamed myself horribly for this neglect—and yet, I wonder if it wouldn't have happened to most girls under such extraordinary circumstances? Anyhow, with the prow of the great boat set for home, my thoughts were again with Trav.

I had written him a brief, hysterical note from the little theatrical hotel in Fresno, where I had gone in a last vain hope of finding him. It didn't say much except that I loved him, that I hadn't done anything wrong in staying at Fritz Stresseman's the night I fainted in the goddess gown, that I would come to him wherever he might be to share his luck whatever that luck might be. Of course, I had not heard from him. Perhaps, I never would. The only address I had was the agent's in San Francisco. Perhaps he would never go there. Who could tell?

Perhaps, on the other hand, he had got my letter right away, and had written me to say that he forgave me, that he would take me back—perhaps he had even rushed back to Hollywood, only to find me gone to Europe with another man!

IT was with a heavy heart, now that the first excitement was over, that I played my part—my lie—for the benefit of the passengers on the boat and the reporters on the press-boat in New York. This was back in the publicity-mad days of Mayor Jimmy Walker, when anyone with sufficient pull could be met at Quarantine by the official tug *Macon* and be motored up Broadway in city-owned automobiles through showers of ticker tape and the torn leaves of telephone books to receive the keys of the city on the City Hall steps.

I suffered it all, even the Walker wisecracks, but it left me cold. I could have kissed Fritz for taking me out of it all the moment the necessary photographs had been taken and the necessary word of thanks—in broken English which the newspapers characterized as "charming"—had been spoken into the microphone. I could have kissed Claude, too, for having the bird-like silver plane all tuned up and ready to go the minute we reached the Newark Airport.

Just as we were taking off, a special messenger, traveling at racing speed under a motorcycle escort, reached us with the afternoon editions. We were a success. We were front page news. Every paper in the broad land over which we were about to fly would hail this night the rise of Astra, the new European star. Tomorrow, at Burbank, all Hollywood would be out to welcome us.

We dropped Claude at Tucson; and on the last lap over the purple desert, Fritz himself took the controls. It was better theater, he explained, that we should land alone. At the Airport in Burbank the scene was beyond description. The studios of Isadore Wentsch and his associated producers, employing some two thousand people, had been closed for the day. Great trucks and buses and sight-seeing cars and a small army of taxicabs had been used to transport these paid claquers to the scene of welcome. In addition there were flocks of private motor cars of every kind and description which had brought their curious owners from Los Angeles and the surrounding countryside to catch a first glimpse of that mysterious European importation, that discovery of the great Fritz Stresseman, that glittering, glamorous, and oh! so European me.

Then there were the city officials, the representatives of the civic societies and the trade associations, the ministers, the German consul (in honor of Fritz), people from the Hays office, correspondents of the New York papers, writers for the fan magazines, reporters for the local press, radio broadcasters and, of course, photographers. Photographers, photographers! Photographers everywhere!

They snapped me with Fritz, with Isadore, with the microphone, with the plane, with the beautiful new car—a landaulet like Fritz's, black like Fritz's, but with tiny stripes of gold, and on the door a great gold "A"—which Isadore Wentsch, on behalf of the studio and with appropriate words to the microphone as to its obvious and entirely believable costliness—presented as a welcoming token to his new star.

"*His* new star!" growled Fritz, so loud that I am sure his voice reached the ears of Isadore Wentsch; it may

Hollywood Slave

even have reached the ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience in Kankakee.

I KNEW little more until the great car—on the front seat of which sat two impeccable brothers of the impeccable Claude, each in a gold uniform trimmed with black—reached Beverly Hills, began to climb the high hills above "Pickfair," and stopped in the courtyard of the great Moorish palace with the forty rooms and the shaded patios and the playing fountains and the blue and gold macaws.

"Well, baby," whispered a familiar voice behind me, which I recognized as Sam's, "how'd'ye like yer little hut?"

Before I could answer in my best broken English, the spell, which all this grandeur had temporarily cast upon me, was broken, destroyed, annihilated, made as if it had never been. As I entered my great living room—that living room, you remember, which was sixty feet long and forty feet high—a tall, tail-coated butler handed me a tray on which there rested a special delivery letter. The address—I knew it before I looked at it—was in Travis Jackson's handwriting.

"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur Fritz et Monsieur Sam," I managed to say for the benefit of the butler; and ran precipitously out of the room, through the hall, up the broad stairs and into the chamber, where I have since penned so many of these words.

Yes, it was as I had hoped. Travis had gone to the agent's in California. He had got my letter from Fresno. He had understood, he had forgiven, he had begged for my forgiveness. He would do anything that I wished. He would wait for me while I made my picture, while I tried my luck, grasped what might after all, be my chance, or he would come back for me at once. The agent was sure that he could get us the Orpheum time at the old salary—perhaps at a fifty dollar increase. The great thing was to let him know *at once.*

I looked at the post mark on the envelope, and my heart sank. The letter was three weeks old!

THIS time, though, my mind was made up. I would not be diverted by convenient sophistry. I would drop everything and go. Now, before another minute should pass, I would tell Fritz, tell him that I must seek the man I loved. Letter in hand, I rushed to the top of the stairs. Below I could hear the masculine voices—Fritz's deep resonances, Sam's nasal twangs.

"Okay, boss," the latter was saying. "When do we start to shoot?"

"Tomorrow," replied Fritz Stresseman. "She'll be made up and on the set at nine o'clock!"

A slave! That's what I was. It all came over me as I stood there at the top of the stairs in the grandiose Hollywood palace which was the symbol of my servitude. Hadn't this man bought me in the market place? Hadn't he taken me into his home and clothed me in fine raiment? Hadn't he made all the people of his kingdom bow down to me? Hadn't he spent fabulously of his fortune to make me what I was? Hadn't he given magnificently of himself, his time, his strength—and asked nothing in return? His very kindness had entrapped me.

(*To be continued*)

Are You A COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE?

If you have one miserable cold after another—if you have four or more colds a year—you're what medical authorities call a "Colds-Susceptible." Very important to you, then, is the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Used at that first nasal irritation or sneeze, they aid in avoiding many colds altogether.

If you have much trouble in throwing off colds . . . you're a Colds-Susceptible! To help reduce the severity and duration of a cold, use the modern method of *treating* colds—Vicks VapoRub. Just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime. Like a poultice it "draws out" tightness. And all night long its medicated vapors bring soothing relief.

Welcome News For COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLES!

In thousands of clinical tests . . . supervised by physicians . . . Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds has greatly reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds, has cut their *dangers* and *expense.* The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

What are YOUR Home Making Problems?

Address
Miss Mary Marshall

TOWER MAGAZINES
INCORPORATED

55 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Whatever they are—about food, about children, about time-saving devices—why don't you dispose of these irksome questions by packing them off to Mary Marshall at Tower Magazines. She knows a lot about homemaking and is very glad to help you if she possibly can. Of course, there's no charge—it's a special service for readers of Tower Magazines. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your question.

● "I had to stay home from the office," *writes Miss Sheerin,* "my cough was so bad. So I called the doctor. He said, 'Take Pertussin—it's the best thing there is for a cough.' Am I glad I did!... *Next morning my cough was gone!*"

MILLIONS OF GLANDS—like tiny water faucets—inside your throat and bronchial passages keep the tissues healthily moist.

But when you "catch cold" these glands clog up with thick, infected mucus! Your throat feels tickly—dry. You cough and cough, but you can't "raise" a thing.

You must get those little moisture glands back into action, to stop a cough. And Pertussin does just that!

Doctors have found that a spoonful or two quickly stimulate the glands to start pouring their *natural moisture* out into your throat. Germ-laden phlegm is loosened. You throat feels soothed and relieved. Pertussin is actually helping Nature herself to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb famous in treating the most severe coughs known. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. Get a bottle today!

●

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE Pertussin for babies, too—it's so safe. "It's the best remedy I know for coughs," writes one doctor. "I use it for my own family," another states. It won't upset the digestion.

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*

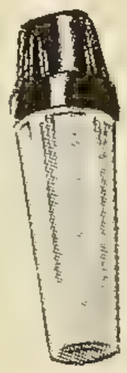
The MAKE-UP BOX

IF you're trying to decide just what to do with your Christmas check or are looking for gifts for someone else, the cosmetic manufacturers are ready to help you with a thousand and one attractive new ensembles from perfume and powder boxed together to a complete set of products for every use and occasion. In many cases these ensembles are priced lower than their contents would cost if bought separately. There is a new body tint dusting powder for women who wish a flesh-colored bath powder.

THERE'S a new dedorant stick shaped like a lipstick, in a black and white case, attractive as can be, as well as an assurance against perspiration odor. Most women realize now that deodorants are not meant for Summer use alone—are as a matter of fact of even greater importance in Winter when we're wrapped in woolens and furs. When you go shopping and must wear your coat into a hot, crowded store, you will reach for your deodorant stick with great relief. This one is particularly pleasant to use and has a slight attractive perfume of its own in addition to its deodorizing qualities. It's small enough to fit into the tiniest handbag and is quite inexpensive.

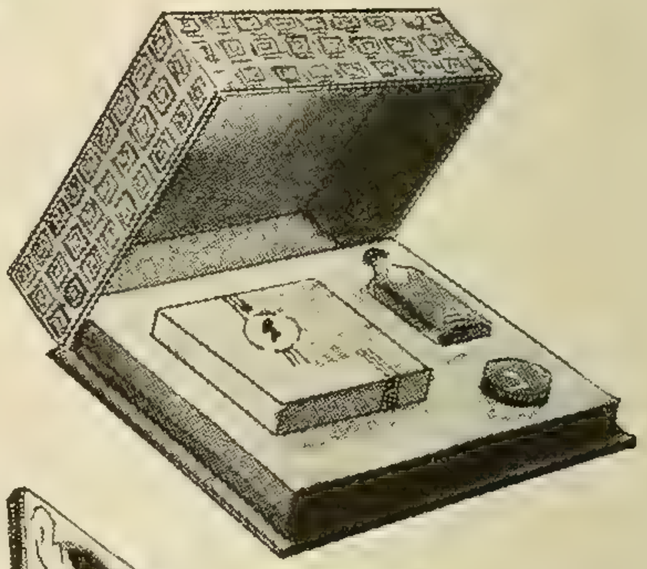
A permanent wave that's different.

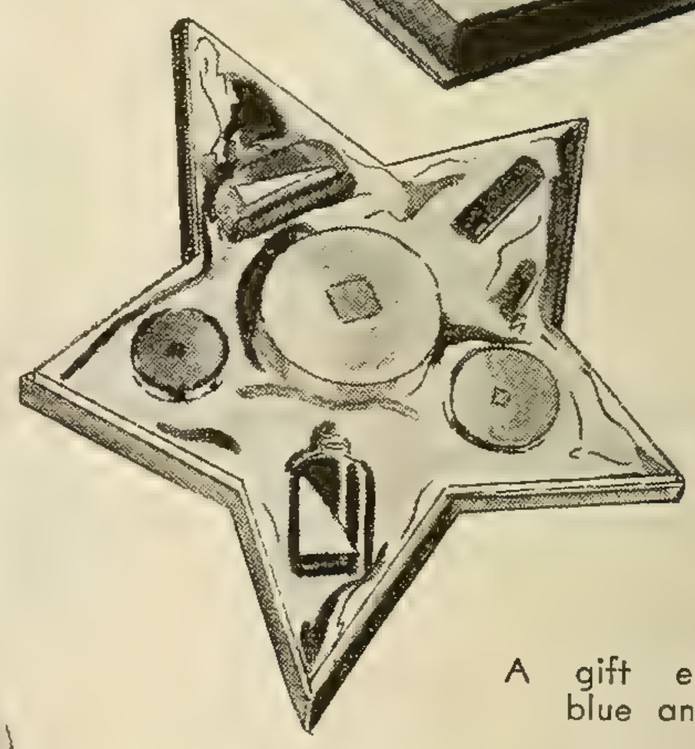
WE'RE keeping the inventors busy giving us just what we want in the way of aids to beauty. Newest of the new in permanent wave machines is ready for you now in your favorite department store beauty salon. And it is NEW. A mechanical winder is one of the features—a "magic hand" that winds each coil swiftly and perfectly, wrapping around each strand of hair a coil of tape to hold it flat. Fifteen minutes is all it takes to wind a whole head. And not a hair pulled in the whole process. In addition, the waving machine itself is new, using less than four volts of electricity to heat through a foil-wrapped sachet and steam your little curls from the inside out as well as from the outside in. After we had watched it in action the other day and saw the beautiful waves that emerged, we signed up for a wave ourselves.



Deodorant stick in black and white.

Powder, perfume and rouge in a black and silver box.





A gift ensemble in blue and silver.

SILVER and deep blue, or pale blue and gold are the colors chosen for another group of cosmetic ensembles that you will want to give to someone—and to yourself as well. One of the loveliest is a sapphire blue box with a silver cover equipped with a diamond shaped mirror. Another has the Paris skyline embossed in gold around the sides and combines pale blue with rose. In addition, there are flacons of perfume in satin-lined boudoir cases.

For further details including names and prices of the articles described above as well as other beauty news, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Bing Crosby's Secret

(*Continued from page* 39)

I got back in America he had helped himself to a lot and he is not ready to stop doing so by any means.

In 1929 I met him at a party in Hollywood. He and the other two Rhythm Boys, Harry Barris and Al Rinker, were out here to appear with Paul Whiteman in "The King of Jazz." That production was the last of a cycle of screen revues. It was almost as stupendous as the Boulder Dam and took nearly as long to be completed.

I never saw it, having temporarily lost my enthusiasm for musical pictures. This year they have brought it out again. The newspaper advertisements here on the Gold Coast read, "Bing Crosby in 'The King of Jazz.'" I believe that he only appears as one of the Rhythm Boys, but if he were just in the ensemble he would still get the billing today. The worst part about being the man of the present is that the man of the past is always being dragged in to take a bow or a slap. Bing's past rates mostly applause, I'm sure.

THERE were a few months of "going Hollywood" and the party where I met him was right in the midst of the voyage. I still felt sorry for him, though he obviously was sitting on the crest of a wave of whoopee. He dived off before anyone could pull it out from under him.

Bing, Barris and Rinker were the toasts of Hollywood. They were all three drinking toasts to most anyone. Night after night they were the life of those parties which must have life even if death follows disguised as lost prestige.

Bing was singing divinely that night. Harry Barris was playing his own compositions which a few months later became the songs of the hour, Al Rinker, less spectacular, but just as important in his own quiet way, was contributing his harmonious third to the trio, and, leaning on the piano with a sort of "They're not like this all the time" expression, was a very pretty little blonde.

She is now Mrs. Bing Crosby, the mother of the still-quite-new baby Bing. I spent my time between hanging on the piano and telling people that something ought to be done about those boys. It was done very shortly, but not through any influence of mine, I'm sorry to say.

Every night now you can tune in on KFI, our local station, and hear a cheery voice saying, "We are taking you to the world famous Cocoanut Grove, the playground of the stars." Bands come and go. Phil Harris, Abe Lyman, Jimmy Greer and others. They are all good but most of the "world fame" credit must go to Gus Arnheim, who not only had a fine band at the Grove that eventful year but was expert showman enough to grab the Three Rhythm Boys and inside of two weeks start featuring Bing Crosby as soloist.

It was there that little Harry Barris dashed off song hits so fast that by the time you had memorized "Beside a Shady Nook," he had you humming "Just One More Chance." No sooner had you agreed to give up your Shady Nook for that One More Chance than it was "I Surrender, Dear," then "At Your Command."

(*Please turn to page* 100)

What Jo-cur Did for "Discouraged JANE"

Try This New Waving Method Tonight

THERE is now a remarkable preparation you can buy at any toilet goods counter with which you can fingerwave your own hair perfectly for 5c . . . It is called JO-CUR Waveset . . . It is the very same French invention noted stage and screen stars use to give their hair the alluring waves you admire so much.

Instead of paying $2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, try this remarkable discovery yourself. All you do is just wet your hair with JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! *In a few minutes . . . you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair in this easy way!*

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a *quince-seed* base—which eliminates all stickiness, all gumminess, and will *not* leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts 7 full days. Try one today. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.

Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET

ONLY RELIABLE PRODUCTS!

That's the pledge of Tower Magazines to its readers. You can make up your shopping list from the nationally advertised products you read about in Tower Magazines and be sure that they are what they claim to be.

Tower is careful to accept only the advertising of reliable products with the guarantee of a reputable manufacturer back of them, and has consistently rejected in the past and will continue to reject in the future those of any other type.

For Food, Beauty, Health Products and Home Equipment . . . buy from Tower Magazines.

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
FIFTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

"Weep No More My Lady"

OVER DULL, DRY, UNMANAGEABLE HAIR

HERE'S MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

"So weep no more today"—or from now on. Get a bottle of the wonderful new Castile Shampoo developed by Marchand's (makers of famous Marchand's Golden Hair Wash). It may cost a few cents more. But you won't be taking life and beauty out of your hair every time you shampoo with Marchand's. You'll be putting beauty into it. Marchand's Castile Shampoo:

1 Cleanses the scalp gently and thoroughly.
2 Does not dry out the scalp the way highly alkaline soaps do.
3 Contains rich olive oil, nourishing to scalp.
4 Leaves hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb and manage.
5 Hair looks lustrous, alive. The color of the hair is NOT lightened or changed.
6 In perfect condition for waving or dressing.

Best for children's tender scalps. Men whose scalps tend to be dry should use NOTHING ELSE. LOW PRICE.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

If Your Druggist Hasn't Stocked It Yet—Get By Mail

For a Regular Sized Bottle. Fill out coupon; send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

Druggist.....

Address.....

Bing Crosby's Secret

(*Continued from page 99*)

That was just about a song hit a week, but I'm wondering now just what would have happened to those songs if it had not been Bing who sang them. They were lovely, but they have gone the way of many songs, while Bing is still starting every song he sings on the road to certain popularity.

I believe Bing is just one of those chosen people who arrive to remain in spite of all efforts to find someone quickly to replace them. They tried to rob Bing of his place in the sun before he had even felt the full strength of its warmth. He was the rage of the Coast. Men liked him as much as women. That was a help when all around town parties would call off games, dancing, bridge and gossip to gather around the radio at eleven-thirty listening to Bing.

When we heard he was going to New York it was really a blow, but we were reassured by the fact that he was going to broadcast from there. For several sad last weeks he was still here, saying a series of farewells, due to the fact that Gus Arnheim realized the "playground of the stars" was about to lose one of the chief interests of the stars and tried his very best to hold him.

I'VE seen quite a bit of Bing during the last two years, both in New York and out here. He is modest, grateful and above all, humorous. He doesn't want to play the romantic lover. He likes light comedy which, to use his own phrase, "takes the curse off the crooner business." He has a new baby, a new contract, a new house, all acquired by his own efforts, but the foundation that made it all possible remains the same.

He has no ambition to develop that voice into something bigger or change his style. He wants to hold what he has earned, the title of the world's sweetest singer. That's not his admission, but it's my contention. Bing will do whatever he sets out to do. Behind the calm blue orbs there lies the fire that you hear in his singing, smouldering perhaps. But just try to put it out!

As a proof of his "stick-to-it-iveness" I submit the following word picture . . . The island of Catalina, the Capri of California. Miss Janis, following the President's suggestion to spend, breaks out and charters a yacht. It is swordfish time at the Island. Miss J. thinks she would be satisfied with a few mackerel but goes ashore to buy some heavy tackle just in case . . . Dinner on shore and the return to the yacht which lies at a mooring, probably saying to itself, "I hope she isn't going to start running me in circles after one of those (sea captain language deleted) swordfish." Seated on a bench near the club landing, alone, except for a two days' beard and a pipe, is a man. Miss J. doesn't glance at the lone figure until it rises and somewhat blocks her progress.

Miss J—"Bing! What on earth are you doing here—er—I didn't know you—" Bing—(without a smile) "I'm after a swordfish. I've been trying to get one for three years. Every time I can get a few days off I come over here. I won't stop till I get one."

Miss J—"But, are you all alone?"

Bing—(Still smileless) "Yes! I couldn't get anyone to come with me. Dick Arlen's working, so's Jack Oakie. But I don't mind, I just go out with a fisherman and—"

Miss J.—"How's Mrs. Crosby?"

Bing—"Fine! I had a strike today; got him up to the boat and lost him. It was terrible. I—"

Miss J.—"How's the new baby?"

Bing—"Swell! Did you see the fish Thomas caught today? Three hundred and forty pounds. It's hanging out there at the end of the pier. I was just out there looking at it—"

Miss J.—"I hear you've just signed a new contract—"

Bing—"Yeah! That guy landed that fish in twenty-eight minutes." (Our hero looked as if he was going to sing "Just One More Chance" any minute.)

Miss J.—"Want to come out on the boat for a glass of beer?"

Bing—(Looking at watch) "No! Thanks, just the same. It's nine-thirty; I've got to turn in. I start out at six in the morning—"

Miss J.—(Very near tears) "Well, better luck tomorrow, Bing. I have a hunch you'll get your fish!"

AND he did start out at six. I watched him go, though he didn't know it. At a little before noon I saw one of the fishing boats headed for the pier, flying the swordfish flag. Without looking through the glasses, I knew that it was Bing. It just had to be.

The Captain, my young man and I rushed to the pier to welcome the conquering—and, I supposed, satisfied—hero. He was as calm as if he had been catching swordfish every day before lunch for years. Everyone on the pier was apparently more excited than Bing. They dragged the monster onto the scales. Bing watched intently. I didn't know that to receive the gold button from the Tuna Club, you must land a two hundred pounder.

I stood trembling with pride, thinking Bing's fish must be the biggest ever caught. The scales registered one hundred and eighty-six pounds. The triumphant fisherman registered complete disgust.

"But, Bing," I said. "Last night you were crying for a swordfish. Now you've got it, what more do you want?"

"I want a button!" His white teeth clenched on the stem of his pipe. "And I'm going out again as soon as I get a cup of coffee."

He fought the fish over forty minutes. He was called back to work without getting that button, but when I saw him the other day at the Metro studios where he is playing with Marion Davies, he said, "I'm afraid the swordfish will have stopped running by the time I finish here." He smiled in anticipation, as he added, "But there's always a next time."

My sympathy is with the swordfish or any other "poor fish" that thinks Bing won't eventually land him if he makes up his mind. He is that rare combination of gentleness and strength. Incidentally, I don't feel sorry for him any more, but I do feel sorry for the disgruntled sap who says that Bing Crosby is a temporary fad. If he is a fad, so is love; if he is temporary, so is music. Anyway, they're all three doing pretty well—so far.

Hollywood Day By Day

(*Continued from page* 18)

friends rallied to his defense with the argument that he wouldn't have been elected cheer leader if he was so terribly unpopular. The former peer of all kid actors is now nineteen and is five feet nine inches in height. And he is still growing according to all reports.

SETS are being built at the Chaplin studio but no camera cranks have been turned as yet. Charlie still says that he won't shoot until he has it all down on paper but those who know the famous comedian's impulsiveness and his dependence on inspiration during the shooting smile at this. Charlie will have it all down in black and white but he'll shoot ten times that much and will probably emerge with an entirely different story.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN who once told the world that he was not married—that was way back when he was hailed as king of the movies—is now thrice a grandfather. They say he doesn't like it either. But darned if I can see how he's going to get any relief. His oldest son Ralph, who is known on the screen as Francis X. Jr., has one child and his daughter Virginia, wife of Jack Conway, the director, has two of them. Another daughter Lenore was married this fall to a Los Angeles medico. Ralph is now employed by a Los Angeles business house, selling furniture or something like that.

RUTH CHATTERTON has kicked over the traces and notified her bosses that she will no longer portray the character of a lady of more or less easy virtue. She was slated to appear as something of that sort in "Mandalay" and her refusal to do it resulted in quite a row until the producers finally gave in and slipped the nomination to Kay Francis who accepted, with pleasure.

Wouldn't be at all surprised to see Jean Harlow adopt a similar stand next and who knows but what Mae West will insist upon playing Pollyanna roles after the public gets fed up on her invitation to "come up some time." But we really hope she won't do that.

DON'T be surprised to hear of that fine old stage star, William Faversham, signing for pictures. He is now visiting his son in Hollywood and occasionally reading over a part sent to him by some optimistic and hopeful producer.

"Anthony Adverse" regarded as the best selling novel of the last decade is headed for pictures. Warner Brothers will make it some time early this coming spring.

Now a Concentrated Antiseptic Mouth Wash

10c MAKES A PINT

A WILDROOT PRODUCT
—tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

You Mix It With Water At Home

Thousands no longer pay high prices for mouth wash. They have learned that Five Star Antiseptic is safe, pleasant tasting, amazingly effective, yet goes *three to ten times as far.*

Scientists who tested this new discovery against other well-known antiseptics were amazed at its extraordinary penetration. A leading bacteriologist said: "Five Star Antiseptic not only kills germs rapidly, but *has a far more lasting effect* in preventing bacterial growth in the mouth."

Yet because it is a powder—you mix it with water yourself—Five Star Antiseptic costs you only 10c a pint. Get a package today!

If You Have a Man to Cook For . . .

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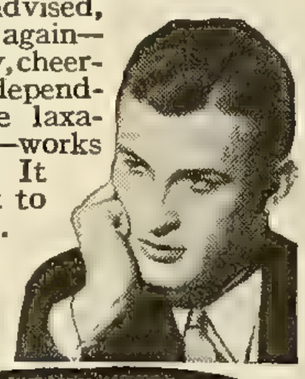

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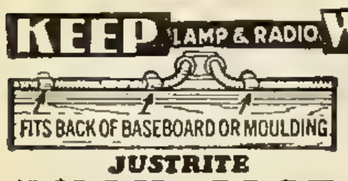

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Attractive American and European Plan Rates. Write

WILLIAM HAMILTON, *General Manager*

You Must Come Over

(*Continued from page* 60)

Jack Oakie about their golf, and Frank Craven remarked, "Well, thank heaven, I'm younger than my score!" while Jack Oakie declared he would sell his game for a nickel.

Mrs. Oakie told us about her trip east on the train with Maurice Chevalier, and how kind and thoughtful he was for her comfort.

"At every station," she said, "he had to go out and take a bow, and he always took me along. When anybody asked if I was his mother, he always said, 'No, she's my sweetheart!' And he saw to my comfort in every way. And all the kids on the train adored him."

They brought the babies downstairs, finally, to be admired, and the Arlen baby was crooning happily.

"I thought I was the only crooner around here!" exclaimed Bing.

Stu Erwin said, "Look at the dog house out there, and nobody in it!"

"Never mind," Russ Gleason exclaimed. "Bing will be in it before the day is over!"

Sue Carol was having coffee with Nick Stuart, and spilled a little of it on him. "I don't want him to look so nice!" she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Crosby, Bing's father and mother, had come all the way from Portland, Oregon, to be present at the christening and party.

THE Puppets do give the most colorful parties!

Take their progressive dinner party, for instance, followed by dancing at the Santa Monica Miramar Hotel, all in honor of Junior Durkin and his two sisters, Grace and Gertrude Durkin.

The fun began at Helen Mack's home, with a cocktail party at five o'clock. At six Virginia Howard, Frances and Samuel Goldwyn's charming sister, received the Puppets at the Goldwyn home for the soup course. It was turtle soup, too!

Seven o'clock found the Puppets at Tom Brown's place, enjoying Waldorf salad.

The customary dinner at eight was enjoyed at Anita Louise's home, with filet mignon as the course.

Nobody was permitted to eat dessert then, and at nine o'clock the Puppets found themselves at the Miramar, where they danced to Jay Whidden's orchestra, and between dances nibbled at ices and French pastry.

Guests also included Ben Alexander, who brought Helen Mack, Howard Wilson, who brought Patricia Ellis (Where was Earl Blackwell? Why, with Bobbe Arnst, to be sure!), Grace Durkin and Jack Hupp, Gertrude Durkin and James Ellison, Mary Blackwell, Joseph Depew, Virginia Howard and Robert Horner, Violet Axzelle and James Bush, Jacqueline Wells and Maurice Murphy, Jane Barneberg and Frank Losee, William Janney, Henry Wadsworth, Richard Cromwell, and Junior Durkin.

As there were more boys than girls, the boys waited patiently their turns to dance, or occasionally cut in.

"I'm," remarked William Janney dolefully, as he munched at a cookie for consolation, "just a spare!"

The Wonder Woman of Pictures

(*Continued from page* 23)

it through the line with a big, husky line-bucker like General Hugh Johnson, he'll sneak around the end himself or shove it to a fast hip-weaver like that Chicago fellow—what's his name? Oh, yes, Ickes—Ick-kus you pronounce it.

"But however he does it, Quarterback Roosevelt is going to make one first down after another until he crosses the goal line. . . . . How I run along! All I meant to say was that they have got me talking on what my friend Al Smith calls the 'raddio,' bless him! And I love it! For two cents I'd leave the movies flat and go on the Mike Circuit boosting the NRA and our great President. What a man! I used to think that Theodore was the bull of the woods when it came to Presidents, but this boy Franklin is a world-beater."

"MISS DRESSLER, who is your favorite screen actress?"

"Oh, gosh! That's a tough one. After seeing my old trouping friend, May Robson in 'Lady for a Day,' I'm inclined to hand the palm to her. But the studio woods are full of mighty good actresses—Garbo, of course, and Joan Crawford and Harlow and that little Miriam Hopkins, to name only a few. I like 'em all.

"Garbo interests me because I don't think she is a happy woman. She's really very shy and the studio people have sort of let her spoil herself in some ways. When she got to saying: 'Aye tank Aye go home, now,' they just gasped and let her walk out on them, and after she got home she didn't know what to do with herself. I'm interested to see what she does with 'Queen Christina of Sweden.' There was a character, that one. After turning her own country upside down, she made Rome howl for years."

"Well, who is your favorite screen actor?"

"Charlie Chaplin," she came back like a shot. "There's none like him, never was and never will be again. He has that lovely welding of pathos and humor, of tears and laughter which distinguishes only the greatest of comedians; that thing which the great French actor had, Coquelin who played 'Cyrano,' you remember.

"I discovered when I was very young that the world wanted to laugh, and then I learned that laughter had to be forced out of most people. All laugh-getting problems are really simple, you

The Wonder Woman of Pictures

know. I think up most of my business and then add a lot of spontaneous stuff that creeps in.

"Then, too, my voice is never the same. I have a deep voice which I can turn on at will, but I have a lot of tones, for monotony is deadly. That's why so many woman radio speakers are flops. They speak with a wearisome monotony of tone. You know, I had to learn to laugh, for I had hard going when I was a young girl, mighty tough sledding, and it was a case of keeping my chin up and laughing out loud or else taking the count."

THE telephone jangled. A secretary came in with the reminder that the Countess Somebody-or-Other was waiting to see Miss Dressler, and that half a dozen other folk were parked in the reception room.

"Oh, tell 'em they have got to wait," said the gray-haired girl who makes the box-offices sit up and beg. "Now where was I?"

"Away back at the beginning. And just where was that? Your name isn't actually 'Dressler,' is it?"

"No. It's German. Koerber. Leila von Koerber, actually, although the 'von' has been silent for some years. We lived in a little town in Canada called Cobourg, and there I was born. I got my teaching at home and then mother let me join a musical show on a road tour when I was only about fourteen.

"My father had departed this world, leaving very little of value behind him. And it was up to me to hustle. The only stage training I had had, if you can call it that, was some experience in bareback riding which I had picked up hanging around the tent of a little traveling circus. My blazing ambition was to drive a chariot in the circus, and the circus people told me I would have to begin by learning how to ride bareback, the horse, you understand, not me. What's more, I *did* learn to stand on the back of a loping horse, learned it within three days—could do it now if I had to."

"MISS DRESSLER," interjected her delighted visitor, "that would be a sight worth going miles to see. If you ever put that in a picture, they'll trot out all the S.R.O. signs in America."

"It's an idea, at that," returned the lady. "I guess I still know how to take a fall. I began to fall at the age of two, because I was big, even then, for a baby, and I saw that people laughed when I fell down. So I just naturally kept it up. When I wanted to drag out a laugh I took a fall.

"I have fallen on some of the hardest stages in the world and on some of the softest men. Why, do you know, I hadn't been on the stage any time at all when playwrights would come to me saying: 'Miss Dressler, I've got a wonderful play for you. You fall down in every act.'

"My first salary was eight dollars a week. As far back as the year Bryan ran for President, I was making good money, and then typhoid fever slapped me down and nearly rubbed me out.

"A few years later I was broke in London. Then I came back to New York in 'Tillie's Nightmare,' the most successful play I was ever in, the one I liked best. I got going again, and was hitting a lively pace, when I fell for the Florida real estate boom. I bought a home in Boca Raton and signed up for a real estate future. It was all beautiful until the big wind came along and laid us all low.

"I have made three or four fortunes in my life, but I hope I'm on my last lap. The time may come when I will just want to sit around and watch the flowers grow. The time may come when I shall want to give whatever energy I have left to three things—the three things worth while in life—laughter, music and religion."

"MISS DRESSLER," said her visitor, "everyone knows that when you went out to Hollywood there wasn't any price at all on a stout, graying comedienne. No price at all. Everyone knows you had to scramble for a living when you went out there, taking minor parts when you had the luck to get them. How did you manage to ring the bell with such a whang?"

"You know, looking back over my career, I can see that I was too homely for a prima-donna and to big for a soubrette. But the fact that I was never a beauty has always been an asset. The upkeep of my face has never been heavy. I have had no heartaches at seeing something vanish which I never possessed.

"I have never had to park my face in a cold-cream jar. I never let a beauty parlor cramp my style. One doesn't need a permanent wave to get a laugh. As long as I can still do a fall or wear funny hats or button over my upper lip, I guess I can get by. Well, sorry you must go. Haven't had a nicer talk in many a day."

"Nor have I," this writer returned fervently, "nor to a more charming woman. May your shadow never grow less, *Tugboat Annie!*"

Forty-four years in the spotlight or the camera lights! Down, but never out! On the ropes, but never licked! The motion pictures have never known and cannot match the gorgeous success of this human woman. Going out to Hollywood when most elderly ladies would have been glad to take a load off their feet and settle down to their knitting, Marie Dressler has made herself the great star of the cinema, the sure-fire box-office attraction, the Number One Girl of the flickers.

Only the other day a publication in Hollywood sent out a questionnaire to theaters all over the United States, inquiring as to who had the greatest appeal to theatergoers of all ages and kinds. There were 3440 replies to that questionnaire, and, lo! the name of Marie Dressler, this sixty-two-year-old supreme artist, led all the rest. Far behind her were the youthful beauties, the swaying sirens of sex. And, nowadays, when Marie Dressler so much as sneezes, there is a fever of fright in the front offices where the magnates dwell.

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2 cups flaked left-over fish
1 cup vinegar
1 cup water
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4 whole peppers
1-2 teaspoon brown sugar
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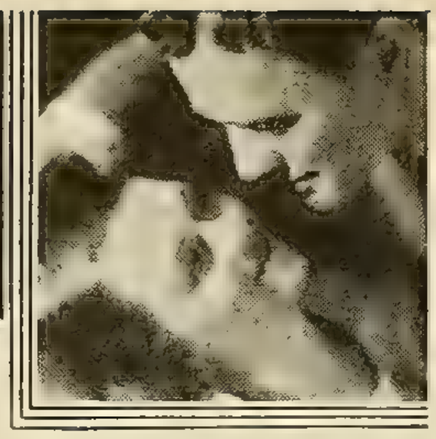
Boil all ingredients together except fish for five minutes. Pour hot over the fish. Chill and serve.

•

Just send 10c for Fish Recipes to Rita Calhoun, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Secret of a New Enchantment



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ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Advance News

(*Continued from page 67*)

side, leading into a ship, you'd never believe you were not actually at the dock.

One scene which you will see in the picture that was not in the script was taken while Miss Harding and Little Dickie Moore were fishing from a pier. Dickie accidentally fell off into the water and Ann fished him out. It fitted so well into the picture that the cameras kept on grinding and the scene left in.

Dickie Moore's mother was on the side lines watching her precious offspring, but never interfering. They say she is a perfect stage mother; she keeps herself so well in the background. I asked her how she kept Dickie from becoming spoiled.

"Well, maybe he is spoiled," she said, "but of course I think he isn't. He really is a good little boy." I asked her if it was true that she does not allow him to see his own pictures. She laughed. "I don't keep him from them. He refuses to go. Pictures bore him to death. He will only go to see Mickey Mouse."

Meanwhile, Ann Harding, Otto Kruger (and how that chap has become a favorite almost over night!), Betty Lawford, Janet Beecher and Theresa Conover—all very smartly dressed by Gwen Wakeling—were taking a vote on how to pronounce Maria, Miss Beecher's name in the picture. Should it be the old-fashioned Ma*ri*a with a long "i" or should it be the more modern Ma*ree*a? You'll have to see the picture to find out; I couldn't wait.

All the men in this picture have one thing in common and that is Miss Harding. They all fall in love with her . . . Clive Brook, who makes a big sacrifice to further her happiness; Tullio Carminati, who proposes marriage but enjoys a week-end trip with her instead; and Otto Kruger, who wants her to be a mother to his adopted son, Dickie Moore.

IF you remember the play by Siegfried Geyer, you know what to expect in the screen version of "By Candlelight," for F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly have adhered strictly to the original theme in their scenario.

The story is a delightful slice of continental life and has smart and sophisticated dialogue and amusing situations that lend themselves perfectly to the screen.

Being a lady and also a good actress, the role of servant to a lady of high rank, who impersonates her employer during her spare time, is a natural for Elissa Landi. And when Nils Asther, a Count, exchanges identities with his butler, Paul Lukas, you may expect a good time.

As I approached the set I saw Elissa, regal in a long black velvet evening gown and looking every inch the lady she was impersonating, lean over to pick up something from the floor. Nils Asther playfully gave her a little spank and, caught off-guard she gave herself away by exclaiming, "You must be off your nut!"

There was a coffee percolator on the set for the convenience of the stars and people were continually asking James Whale, the director, who is English to his fingertips, to have some. Finally he burst out: "Thanks very much. I don't want any coffee, but if you'll bring around a dish of tea about four o'clock, I'll be obliged."

Between scenes Lukas, a Hungarian, was trying to persuade Nils Asther, who is Swedish, to exchange a few lessons in languages.

ON another stage at this studio John Boles and Gloria Stuart were making "Beloved." Gloria was nursing a bruised nose when I arrived, having just been hit in the face by her hoop skirt when she forgot and sat down in a hurry.

You will see John Boles in another role which takes him from young manhood to the age of eighty years. Remember him in "Back Street?" Gloria is at his side during most of the picture, playing an older woman for the first time. Of course, with John Boles in a picture you expect music and you won't be disappointed, for the score and musical numbers are by Victor Schertzinger, who also directed the picture.

"When I get that old make-up on I feel a hundred," sighed Gloria, who looks about eighteen. It is small wonder that Junior Laemmle says "no" whenever she asks him if she may go to England to make one picture. She has been offered a guarantee of $3500 a week for ten weeks, but Mr. Laemmle has refused, to date, to let her go.

Gloria's trial separation from her husband, Blair Newell, is working out perfectly, she says. "We're not together so much when we are tired," she explained, "and it has removed the strain. We have dinner together every night and we hope by the end of our trial year, to be living under the same roof again."

"ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN" shows Lee Tracy in his most familiar role, that of a newspaper reporter. And he wears the same dirty, old hat that he always wears when he plays a reporter.

"Don't you think you should wear another hat?" asked the director, Al Werker. "That one looks pretty dirty."

"No, sir," replied Lee. "I never saw a newspaper man yet wearing a clean hat. I've worn this hat for two years. In fact, it's the only hat I own and I'm going to wear it in this picture."

In this story Lee has been banished to the Advice to the Lovelorn column as punishment for getting drunk and sleeping through an earthquake. He tries to get himself fired by making the column ridiculous—advocating free love, discouraging marriage and boosting cheap cosmetics for which a crooked druggist pays him—but his column boosts the circulation of the paper enormously and the managing editor only applauds his efforts.

Isabel Jewell, playing the role of a girl who took his advice seriously and comes to no good end, tries to shoot him.

This picture marks the return of Sally Blane to Hollywood and, although she admits having enjoyed making pictures in London, she confesses that she likes Hollywood best.

Little Adalyn Doyle, Katharine Hepburn's former stand-in and present protegee plays a telephone operator.

Along Came Bill

(*Continued from page 37*)

Boots Mallory was searching desperately for an antidote to the many depressing difficulties that so cluttered her daily existence.

Finally she found the answer within herself—poetry. Her first book is being published under the title of "Brown Autumn." You may have read her poem, "Fool That I Am!", previously published, but it's improbable that while doing so you realized just how fortunate it was that Boots finally learned that great spiritual consolation may be derived from pouring the troubles and doubts of one's heart and soul into writing.

BORN Patricia Mallory in New Orleans, La., she soon evinced talent for entertaining. As a kid she zipped off neat tap dances at amateur affairs or startled the audience with her expert banjo playing.

Just where she acquired her talent is a mystery both to herself and her family. Her mother was in no way connected with the stage, and her father was a tugboat captain. Talent, nevertheless, she had. She couldn't have been more than fifteen or sixteen when she took off for New York and became the wife of a musician.

In order to eke out their income, Boots modeled all day for art photographers, dazzled the bald-headed row at the "Follies" in the evening and spent the rest of the night dancing and leading an orchestra in a night club. The late Florenz Ziegfeld called Boots the most beautiful Follies girl since Dolores Costello; she was, however, a frail child, never strong physically. She should have been forced to ease up the terrific pace she had set herself; she should have rested occasionally, taken life less intensely, even though it necessitated her and her husband paring down their living expenses to the minimum. In spite of increasing lassitude and strange, unaccountable dizzy spells, Boots kept on . . . and before long her health cracked under the strain.

"When a doctor told me that if I wanted to live even a few years longer I'd have to skip my night work and go West," Boots recently recalled, "I thought the end had come. And, truthfully, I didn't much care if it had."

MUCH to Boots' surprise, the end hadn't come; for Winnie Sheehan, Fox executive, spotted her in the Follies, and apparently agreeing with Ziegfeld as to her beauty, gave her a contract to appear in Fox pictures.

At first she was infinitely happy. Gradually, however, she discovered that intensive work before the cameras and the duties of a potential movie star were as gruelling as her previous jobs in the East. She wondered vaguely if her health could stand it, and, if so, for how long. At this point unhappiness precipitated a crisis in her marital affairs.

This hectic period was not without its effect on her health. Anæmia weakened her to a point where it was utterly impossible for her to stand the studio work. Time and again she fainted on the set, unintentionally holding up production. And these fainting spells grew more frequent.

I shall never forget one afternoon at my apartment while a crowd of guests, scattered about the room, were chatting merrily. I suddenly noticed Bootsie sitting on the arm of a chair, staring at me in a dazed sort of a way. She gave me a queer, faraway smile; then, as her eyes rolled in their sockets, she keeled over and landed plunk on the floor. Having never before seen a woman faint, I was panic-stricken. I thought she was dead.

Frantically, Tom Brown—I believe it was—and myself lifted her to a couch and someone applied a cold towel to her forehead. Slowly her eyes opened, and with a wan smile she apologized and tried to wisecrack our fears away. "Don't mind me," she whispered. "I faint often. It's one of my more amusing habits." An hour later she fainted again.

Needless to say we drove her home. The next day friends convinced her that she had better go to a hospital and let the doctors see what they could do about it. Boots reluctantly agreed to think it over. First, however, she had to make a retake at the studio. Somehow she managed to hang on to herself until the scene had been shot. Then she told the studio officials she would be unavailable for a few days.

"But where can we find you in an emergency, Miss Mallory?" they inquired.

"In the hospital," said Boots.

SHE went on the operating table, and she stayed on it two solid hours under ether. When I finally got her nurse on the phone I was told that "Miss Mallory is doing as well as can be expected . . ." That, of course, might mean anything. Nevertheless, for the next three days this answer was all the satisfaction Bootsie's friends received from the hospital.

Finally, a day or so later, at midnight, my phone jangled. Sleepily I reached over and answered it. "This is Miss Mallory's nurse . . ." a voice said. And before I could ask any of the questions that ominously crowded through my befogged brain, another voice caught up the conversation. A weak, faraway sort of a voice. "Hy!" it said. "This is Mallory!"

"Hy yourself!" I said. "How do you feel?"

"Terrible!" said she. "But I've written a poem. Listen."

So she read me a poem in that faint voice of hers while I strained to catch every word. The poem sounded swell to me. The title was "Fool That I Am!"

Although her poems were written in a mood of temporary despair, you'll find them devoid of bitterness. True enough, you'll discover that her sense of humor is equal to the task of laughing at herself, or rather of smiling at herself and at the restless self-importance of humanity; but underneath them all you feel a wistful longing . . . and this briefly is the true Boots. Being disturbingly honest with herself as well as with everyone else, she admits she wasn't quite sure what she wanted out of life . . . perhaps a new peace and happiness, some never-experienced joy, a new love. . . . Because of this vagueness, she simply and charmingly dedicated her book "To a Desire". . . . A throbbing, haunting desire. . . . And then, as Bootsie would have you know: "Along came Bill!"

Don't Neglect a COLD

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New Pictures You Should See

(*Continued from page* 35)

but a good story. Miss Twelvetrees seems cursed by an unbroken run of poor scripts. Her ability as an emotional actress deserves something better. In "My Woman," her bad luck still holds, despite fine support from Mr. Ford and Victor Jory as the faithful and unrequited lover.

High Spots: Aspiring radio performers, shaking in terror before the microphone. . . . The buck-passing agility of studio executives faced by a difficult problem.

Before Dawn—C

Directed by Irving Pichel. Released by RKO

THIS film has been taken from a horror tale by Edgar Wallace and all of the original author's dexterity has been left behind. Whatever it was in print, on celluloid it sounds just plain silly.

Frank Reicher, a veteran of the stage and the sea captain in "King Kong," always gives a praiseworthy performance. Warner Oland is famous for his smoothly villainous portrayals; Stuart Erwin, who plays *Dwight Wilson*, a detective, is reliably amusing. Dorothy Wilson, as *Patricia Merrick*, a clairvoyant, is more than adequate and Dudley Digges as her scoundrelly father brings to his part the same skill that he displayed as *Smithers* in "The Emperor Jones."

Assembling them for "Before Dawn" is rather like asking the architects of the Empire State Building to knock together a woodshed.

Keep This List for Your Reference Guide to the New Pictures

ROMAN SCANDALS—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor as an awe-struck modern suddenly transported back to pagan Rome. Beautiful girls, chariot races, Roman pageantry, music. Ruth Etting sings. (Dec. release).

A MAN'S CASTLE—(Columbia)—Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy in a tender romance. Much of the action takes place in New York City along the historic Hudson river. (Dec. release).

DESIGN FOR LIVING — (Paramount) — Re-written from the stage play, by Noel Coward. The screen version is by Ben Hecht and Ernst Lubitsch. It concerns the tangles in the life of a girl who can't decide between two men. She marries a third man to get away from it all. Women liked the stage play better than men and it is probable that they may like the screen treatment better, too. Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Edward Everett Horton carry most of the footage of the picture. (Dec.)

HOOPLA — (Fox) — Clara Bow's second starring picture since her return to the screen. It is a story of the World's Fair in Chicago with Preston Foster, Minna Gombel and Richard Cromwell. Clara is "Little Egypt," the dancer. (Dec.)

BOMBSHELL—(M-G-M) — An hilarious picture concerned with the life of a somewhat dizzy motion picture star. Jean Harlow, as the star, and Lee Tracy, as her press agent, keep the action moving. If you are sentimental about Hollywood this picture might offend you—since so many of the incidents are taken from life. (Dec.)

BLOOD MONEY—(United Artists)—George Bancroft, back to the screen again, in the role of an underworld leader who has great influence over politicians. Judith Anderson, Chick Chandler, Frances Dee and Blossom Seeley are in the cast. (Dec.)

DANGEROUS TO WOMEN—(Universal)—Formerly titled "Kid Gloves"—Chester Morris as a prizefighter. Helen Twelvetrees, Alice White and John Miljan aid in the unfolding of the story. (Dec.)

ANN VICKERS — (RKO) — Irene Dunne as *Ann* in the powerful and dramatic story by Sinclair Lewis. Some of the harshness of the book has been smoothed over in the picture. (Oct.)

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—(RKO)—Lionel Barrymore has the role of a country doctor whose failure is in reality his success. Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Dorothy Jordan and May Robson are also in the cast. (Oct.)

I LOVED A WOMAN—(WFBN)—The romance of the meat-packing industry unfolded for you by Edward G. Robinson, assisted by a cast including Kay Francis, Genevieve Tobin and J. Farrell MacDonald. (Oct.)

LADIES MUST LOVE—(Universal)—There are enough laughs in "Ladies Must Love" with June Knight, Mary Carlisle, Lucille Gleason, Dorothy Gleason, Sally O'Neill, George E. Stone and Neil Hamilton. (Oct.)

TOO MUCH HARMONY — (Paramount)—Bing sings and there is comedy and action by Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Lil Tashman, Ned Sparks, Judith Allen, Kitty and Shirley Grey. (Nov.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS—(Fox)—The worst woman in Paris becomes the best woman in Kansas and the most misunderstood woman in the world. Benita Hume, Adolphe Menjou, and Harvey Stephens (first picture, "Paddy the Next Best Thing.") are in the cast. (Nov.)

I'M NO ANGEL—(Paramount)—Another Mae West with Cary Grant again in support. Mae wrote the story herself. (Nov.)

WITHOUT GLORY—(RKO)—Connie Bennett as a woman spy, with Gilbert Roland in support. Connie sings. There is a large foreign cast assisting. Connie wears some swanky clothes. (Nov.)

THE WORLD CHANGES—(WBFN)—Paul Muni, of "Scarface" and "Fugitive" fame, and a cast headed by Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Margaret Lindsay. (Nov.)

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—(M-G-M)—From the stage success. Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro are teamed, the background is the Paris Latin Quartier, there is haunting music and a sparkling romance.

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1. ***A forecast of the forthcoming pictures, their titles, casts, plots, unusual situations, interesting news connected with the productions, and all other data of special interest about individual pictures.***
2. ***Reviews of pictures already released previous to the current issue of The New Movie Magazine. These will give not only the opinions of the staff reviewer of this magazine, but will also include whatever information is available upon the box-office or artistic success of the pictures reviewed.***
3. ***Changes of titles, changes of production plans, changes of casts, included in either the Bulletin itself or supplemented by a loose-leaf service.***

This is a service designed specially for the constant movie-goer—in other words, the fan—who desires to have, for reference, in handy form, a complete and compact record of film production of the season, past, present and future, something particularly valuable to keep before you to plan and choose your film entertainment.

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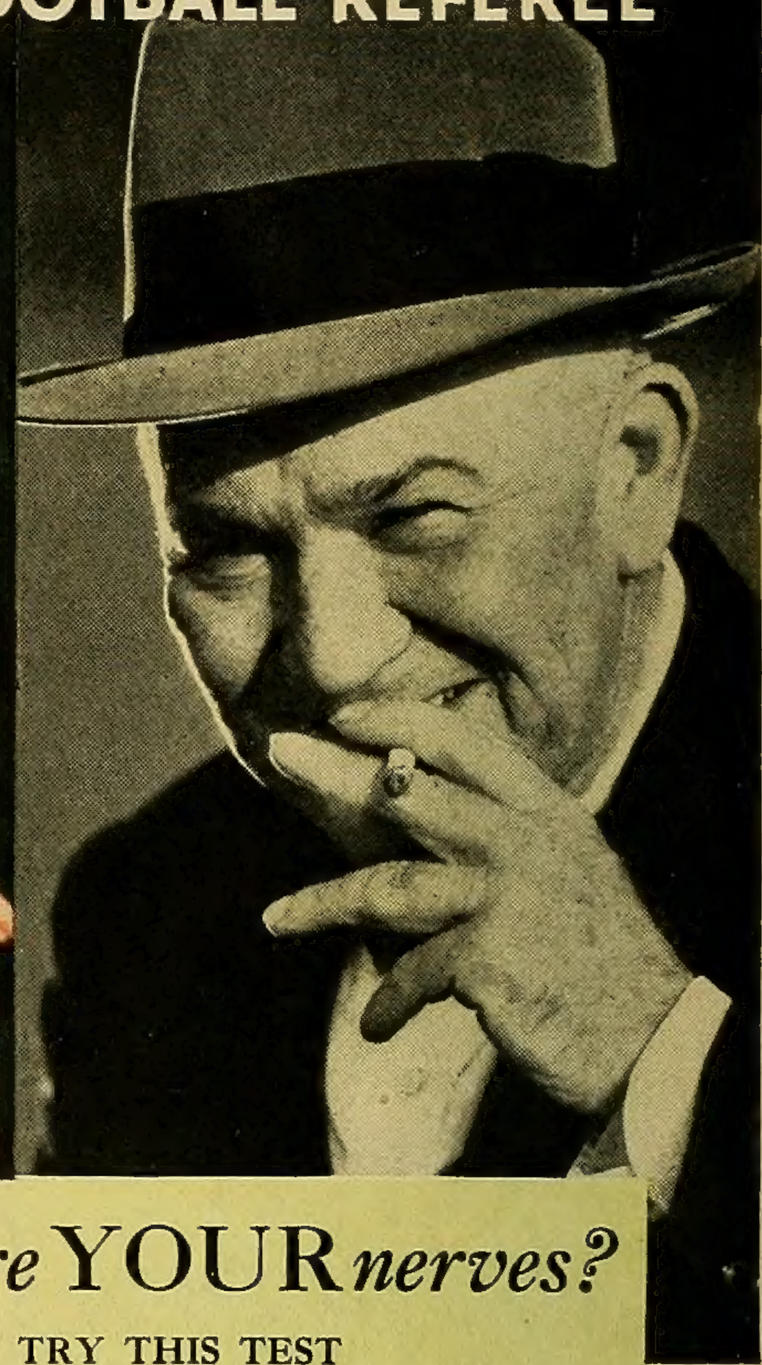
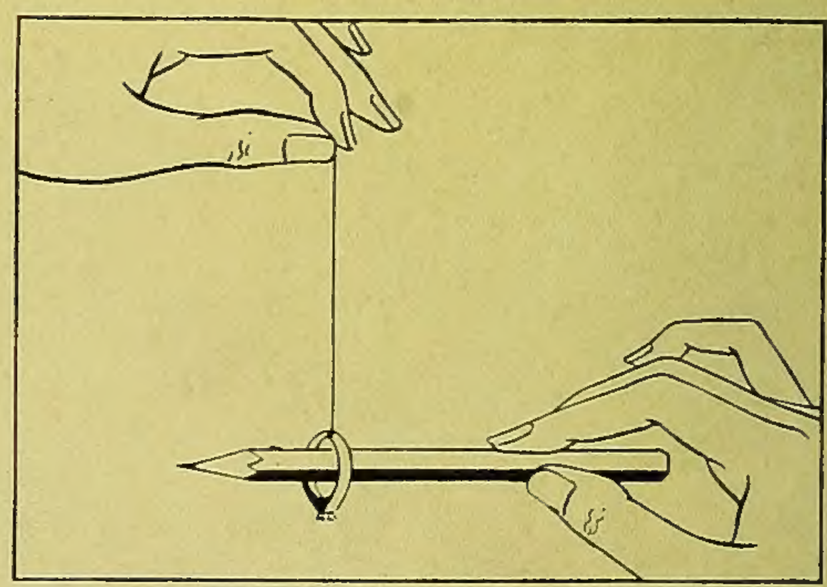


How are YOUR *nerves?*

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for *you* to make a full-arm swing downward and up...and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

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